



A WILL ETERNAL

BOOK 02

Er Gen

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

A Will Eternal

(一念永恒)

by

Er Gen

(耳根)

Synopsis

One will to ceate oceans. One will to summon the mulberry fields.

One will to slaughter countless devils. One will to eradicate innumerable immortals.

Only my will... is eternal.

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English Translation by DeathBlade @ [Wuxiaworld](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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Book 02 - The Legend of Nightcrypt!

Chapter 184: How Is This Possible!?!?

The Blood Stream Sect occupied the first branch among the four branches controlled by the Sky River Court. It was next to the Spirit Stream Sect, with the actual border between the two being the mountains that had been occupied by the Luo Chen Clan, which was colloquially known as the Luo Chen Mountains.

After passing through the Luo Chen Mountains, one would be within the territory controlled by the Blood Stream Sect.

Bai Xiaochun hurried along, sighing the whole way. It was with mixed feelings that he passed through the area. On the one hand, he couldn't stop thinking about the dangers he had faced all those years ago, but on the other hand, he also kept thinking about Du Lingfei.

If it weren't for the incident with the Luo Chen Clan, he and Du Lingfei would never have gotten close. Du Lingfei would have continued to dislike him, much the way Zhou Xinqi still did.

Likewise, Bai Xiaochun himself wouldn't have expressed himself to her the way he had. The betrayal of the Luo Chen Clan had changed everything.

Sighing, he passed the exact spot in the mountains where the Luo Chen Clan had actually been located. By now, the place had mostly been swallowed up by the jungle, and there were almost no signs that the clan had even existed there to begin with.

Some distance away was another clan that the Spirit Stream Sect had raised up to replace the Luochen Clan to guard the mountains. They had no idea that Bai Xiaochun was passing through the area.

Of course, despite being a Foundation Establishment cultivator, there were still some beasts in the area that even Bai Xiaochun didn't dare to provoke.

As he travelled along, he once again was able to witness the wonders of the larger world around him including some chaotic, primeval beasts.

He also encountered some of the local cultivator clans, and came to understand why his Elder Brother the sect leader had called a meeting of the Foundation Establishment cultivators some months before.

“The Profound Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect have gone to war....” As he looked off toward the distant location where the Profound and Pill Stream Sects were fighting, he recalled what Zheng Yuandong had told him about the war that had begun because of the Sky River Court.

The war was certainly causing heaven and earth to shake violently. Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but wonder if hostilities would soon break out between the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect.

Half a month later, he left the Luochen Mountains and arrived at the border of the Blood Continent. Taking a deep breath, he

produced the mask from his bag of holding and slowly put it onto his face.

The instant it made contact with his skin, it melted into him, and his face twisted and distorted as it transformed into the face of a stranger.

He looked quite handsome, albeit cold and arrogant. With the mask on, he didn't look warm and friendly like he usually did, but rather, fierce and sinister.

Prodding his face here and there, he confirmed that he truly had transformed, then took off his Spirit Stream Sect robes and produced some of Nightcrypt's clothes from his bag of holding. After donning them, he truly became Nightcrypt.

Even the techniques he cultivated were hidden by the mask, as well as his cultivation base. He was really in early Foundation Establishment, but anyone who assessed him would place him at the great circle of the tenth level of Qi Condensation.

He had completely and utterly assumed the identity of the original Nightcrypt. Taking a deep breath, he strode forward into Blood Stream Sect territory. Being in no hurry, he made his way slowly and cautiously through the Blood Continent.

As he did, he chatted some more with the soul of imposter Nightcrypt, and learned a lot more about the Blood Stream Sect. For one thing, the law of the jungle truly prevailed; disciples were actually encouraged to fight amongst each other.

It was the same outside of the sect, too. The entire Blood Continent was a violent and deadly place.

For Bai Xiaochun to return to the Blood Stream Sect as Nightcrypt would be very simple. According to what imposter Nightcrypt told him, of the disciples of the sect who were teleported out of the Fallen Sword World to random locations on the Blood Continent, some would have returned directly to the sect, but others would have holed up to recover from their injuries before going back.

After all, returning to the sect in an injured state would likely be more dangerous than just staying outside.

When Bai Xiaochun heard that, even more fear rose up in his heart. The Blood Stream Sect seemed like a truly terrifying place. However, the enticement of the relic of eternal indestructibility, as well as the safety provided by the mask, ensured that he simply gritted his teeth and continued on with his plan.

As he traveled, he took in the sights on the Blood Continent. Everything was a reddish brown color, as though it had been stained with blood. Not even imposter Nightcrypt was sure why that was. Apparently, it had always looked like that.

Even the plants were very aggressive in nature. Bai Xiaochun encountered quite a few such aggressive plants along the way. Some of them he simply destroyed, others he fled from.

It took two months before he actually reached the Blood Stream Sect itself. Much like the Spirit Stream Sect, the Blood Stream Sect was located right on the Heavenspan River.

Although imposter Nightcrypt had explained what the sect looked like, now that Bai Xiaochun could actually see it with his own eyes, his jaw dropped, and he even began to tremble.

He was completely and utterly shaken.

The Spirit Stream Sect's Mount Daoseed stretched across the entire river like a bridge, connecting the seven mountain peaks of the south and north banks. The Blood Stream Sect was very different.

Shockingly, it took the shape of an enormous, blood-colored hand!

The gargantuan blood hand stretched right up out of the Heavenspan River, palm down, as if it were clawing up toward the heavens. The size of it was difficult to describe with words; the five fingers of the hand were like enormous mountain peaks, each one of them roughly the same size as Mount Daoseed.

As for the rugged thumb, it was surrounded by a blood mist that made it impossible to see clearly.

It was impossible to say how long the hand had existed, its dusty, rubble-strewn surface battered by the winds. Close up, it was only

possible to see the five enormous mountain peaks stretching up.

However, from a distance, it was also possible to see that beneath the hand was a shocking, blood-colored arm!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes were as wide as saucers. Anyone who saw a sight like this would likely come to the conclusion that some shocking giant existed within the Heavenspan River, a giant who, in the moments before its death, reached up begrudgingly to try to rip apart the heavens.

And yet, even as it had done so, its arm solidified, and never moved again. As long as the hand remained, a towering mountain peak, then the will of that giant would remain.

The mountain peaks were covered with blood-colored vegetation, as well as numerous buildings. Beams of light could be seen flying back and forth; clearly, the mountain peaks were home to countless individuals, whose murderous auras caused the sky above to darken.

This was the home of the Blood Stream Sect!

“The Blood Stream Sect!” Bai Xiaochun said, taking a deep breath. “So powerful!” Seeing it all with his own eyes only further impressed upon him the power and resources at the disposal of the Blood Stream Sect.

“No wonder the Blood Stream Sect people are so brutal. Their

sect is actually built on the arm of a corpse! In fact, imposter Nightcrypt even said that the Blood Stream Sect techniques are almost all derived from the arm itself!” Bai Xiaochun’s mind reeled as he got closer to the enormous arm. As he neared, he could see that the mountain peaks even had waterfalls of blood streaming down from various locations.

Closer examination revealed that the hand apparently absorbed water from the Heavenspan River, which then seeped out of various cracks and crevices within the arm. As it did, the golden water was transformed into a bright red color.

That red liquid was also a fundamental element of the cultivation of the Blood Stream Sect.

“Spirit blood!” Bai Xiaochun thought, his heart thumping. He immediately thought back to the first introduction imposter Nightcrypt had given him regarding the Blood Stream Sect.

The Blood Stream Sect was structured in a way similar to the Spirit Stream Sect. However, there were also some fundamental differences. They had servants, Outer Sect disciples, and Inner Sect disciples. However, instead of legacy echelon cultivators, the Blood Stream Sect had blood masters.

Generally speaking, the sect rankings were very strictly enforced. Servants weren’t allowed onto the upper forearm; they lived on lower forearm, which was considered to be outside of the Blood Stream Sect itself.

That was where the population was greatest, and the area was packed tightly with buildings that were organized in concentric rings.

Only Outer Sect disciples could leave that area and step onto the upper forearm, and only Inner Sect disciples qualified to live on the back of the hand itself.

With the exception of the thumb, the mountain peaks that were the fingers of the hand were divided into the lower finger and the upper finger. The lower finger was occupied by Foundation Establishment cultivators. Those in the Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment stage were called Dharma protectors, and those in the Earthstring Foundation Establishment stage were the elders.

Only one person qualified to live on the upper finger, and that was the grand elder of that peak. Grand elders were the equivalent of the Spirit Stream Sect's peak lords. Of course, considering that there were fewer mountain peaks than in the Spirit Stream Sect, it was a position reserved for only the most extraordinary of individuals.

After the upper finger was the fingertip. From the moment the Blood Stream Sect had been founded in ancient times, each mountain peak had a blood master. That was the only person who qualified to occupy the finger tip.

The blood masters were the focus of the entire sect, and were among the most powerful people in the entire sect, excluding certain people who resided on the thumb. They were as powerful as the sect leader, and qualified to give orders to the elders of the

mountain peaks.

All Blood Stream Sect disciples dreamed of becoming the blood master of a mountain peak. Each successive generation only had one blood master per mountain peak at any given time.

The thumb was the only place with no blood master. The blood mist which surrounded it ensured that it was a restricted area. That was where the Blood Stream Sect's patriarchs and prime elders resided. Only people in the Gold Core stage could go there.

When a blood master advanced to the Gold Core stage, he or she would become a blood ripper, and move to the enormous thumb. The blood rippers occupied a position higher than prime elders, with power second only to the patriarchs.

The lowest position on the thumb was occupied by the sect leader, who was responsible for the general administration of the sect.

As he got closer and closer to the Blood Stream Sect, Bai Xiaochun once again reviewed the information he knew.

“Five mountain peaks. The thumb is called Ancestor Peak! The first finger is called Corpse Peak, the middle finger is Middle Peak, the ring finger was called Nameless Peak, and the smallest finger, the pinky finger, is called [Lesser Marsh Peak](#)!

“Corpse Peak is known for refining corpses, Middle Peak focuses

on blood swords, Nameless Peak is famous for gargoyles, and Lesser Marsh Peak is devoted to devilblood body refinement!”

Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but recall the Blood Stream Sect disciples he'd encountered in the Fallen Sword World. He had seen them control the vicious gargoyles. Xu Xiaoshan had worked with various corpses, and Song Que had fought him with a blood sword. He had even seen some of the devilblood body refinement of disciples who were obviously from Lesser Marsh Peak.

As of this moment, the Blood Stream Sect had already left a deep impression on Bai Xiaochun's mind.

However, what happened next left him completely and utterly shaken. As he neared the enormous hand, he stepped past a certain point, and his face flickered as his Undying Live Forever Technique suddenly stirred with intense desire.

At the same time, Bai Xiaochun could sense that the enormous hand was somehow calling out to him!

That summoning seemed unprecedentedly intimate!

“How is this possible?!” he thought, his mind reeling. As of this moment, all of his hesitation and anxiety vanished, and an extremely familiar sensation filled his mind and heart.

A quick note about the names, because there is some minor word play involved. The word for corpse sounds similar to the word describing the index finger. Both are pronounced “shi.” In Chinese, the ring finger is called the “nameless finger,” so I chose

to keep the Chinese version of that name for the mountain. The “Lesser Marsh” is an acupuncture point on the tip of the pinky finger. As far as the thumb and “Ancestor” goes, I don’t think there is any wordplay, although the word ‘ancestor’ does sort of rhyme with the character for ‘thumb’

Chapter 185: Secrets Of The Blood Stream Sect

It took some time for Bai Xiaochun to calm himself down. After he did, he continued on toward the sect itself. Soon, beams of light could be seen flying around near him, all of them Blood Stream Sect disciples, as well as Foundation Establishment elders and Dharma protectors.

The Foundation Establishment cultivators all radiated powerful murderous auras, and flew with incredible speed. They seemed domineering, rude, and completely headstrong. Everywhere they went, the Inner Sect disciples bowed their heads and clasped hands respectfully, not daring to show the least bit of disrespect.

One Foundation Establishment cultivator apparently thought Bai Xiaochun was in his way, so he waved his sleeve, sending a powerful gust of wind against him. Thankfully, Bai Xiaochun was very quick on the uptake, and immediately pretended to be blasted off to the side. He even managed to cause some blood to ooze out of the corners of his mouth.

The Foundation Establishment cultivator completely ignored him as he passed on by.

Other Inner Sect disciples in the area barely seemed to notice. Further down on the arm, where the servants lived, the servants would occasionally look up into the air at the Inner Sect disciples and Foundation Establishment cultivators, their expressions those of complete awe.

“So overbearing!” Bai Xiaochun thought. At first, it didn’t seem possible that the entire sect could be this way, but he quickly reminded himself that he was in the Blood Stream Sect, and flew along toward the hand itself.

As he neared, he saw a shimmering, blood-colored light that was clearly a spell formation. When he passed through it, it flickered, but did nothing to block his way. A moment later, he was inside the spell formation and on the hand.

“Passed the first test!” he thought, taking a deep breath. The light he had just passed through was the Blood Stream Sect’s defensive spell formation, which would immediately detect anyone who wasn’t a disciple of the sect.

The back of the hand was huge. Bai Xiaochun quickly realized that it was actually about as large as the south and north banks of the Spirit Stream Sect put together. That only served to further his understanding of how powerful the Blood Stream Sect was.

Only Inner Sect disciples were allowed onto the back of the hand. Outer Sect disciples could not enter without an authentication device. If they tried to, they would be severely punished. The lightest punishment for such an offense was a flogging, with more serious violators having a limb severed. The punishments were brutal, but that was how the twisted Blood Stream Sect operated. The differences between the levels were strictly enforced.

Bai Xiaochun had been nervous at first, but after reaching the

hand itself, and feeling the intimate connection between it and his Undying Live Forever Technique, he felt increasingly shaken.

“How could this be possible...?” He still almost couldn’t believe what he was feeling. However, he soon had to acknowledge a shocking truth.

“This hand cultivated the Undying Live Forever Technique!!” More precisely, beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River was a giant who had indeed cultivated the Undying Live Forever Technique!

Clearly, that giant had reached an extremely high level, which meant that the skin on the hand and arm was actually Undying Skin!

From the cracks and crevices that now existed in that Undying Skin, it was possible to see what appeared to be soil, which was the giant’s Undying Flesh. Even further down, in a location it was not possible to see, were the bones, which were Undying Bones!

However, what was most shocking to Bai Xiaochun was that the blood waterfalls which poured down from the five mountain peaks represented the highest realm of the Undying Codex, Undying Blood!

“Heavens! The Blood Stream Sect is built on the arm of a giant who cultivated the Undying Live Forever Technique! Furthermore, the techniques they cultivate were obviously passed down by the earliest members of the Blood Stream Sect, and were based on the

arm itself. That means that their techniques all stem from the same Undying Live Forever Technique that I cultivate!!”

Based on what he knew, the first volume of the Undying Live Forever Technique was not very rare. Many sects had it. However, because it was so difficult to cultivate, few people ever succeeded with the Undying Gold Skin.

Fewer people, if any, could have gone beyond that to accomplish what Bai Xiaochun had in breaking the first shackle of mortality. In fact, it was highly likely that nobody in the entire Blood Stream Sect actually knew about the relationship between the blood hand and the Undying Live Forever Technique.

Bai Xiaochun felt completely confident that only someone who had Undying Gold Skin and had also broken through the first shackle of mortality would be able to sense the call of the hand.

He knew that his conjectures might not be completely accurate, but he was confident that as he came to understand more about the Blood Stream Sect, he would be able to get answers to his questions, perhaps even first-hand verification.

“No wonder the blood sphere that Song Que used in the Fallen Sword World felt so familiar....” The reason why the exploding blood sphere Song Que had used against him felt so familiar was because it was actually made from Undying Blood. It was only after reaching Foundation Establishment that Song Que had been able to forcibly unleash that special magic of the Blood Stream Sect.

“That’s also why all of the Blood Stream Sect disciples in general seemed so familiar. Now it all makes sense....” Mind reeling with shock, he followed imposter Nightcrypt’s instructions, going to the Internal Affairs Bureau to get an identity jade pendant, and record his return to the Blood Stream Sect. As he approached, a beam of light shot toward him, which transformed into an old man.

He had a Foundation Establishment cultivation base, and when he looked Bai Xiaochun up and down with cold eyes, Bai Xiaochun immediately got nervous. Clasp hands respectfully, he quickly inquired of imposter Nightcrypt, and learned that this old man was the elder in charge of the Internal Affairs Bureau.

“Disciple Nightcrypt offers greetings, Elder Han!”

“What took you so long to get back!?” Elder Han asked coolly.

“Disciple was seriously injured,” he replied cautiously. “I found a place to hole up and recuperate, and only just recently felt up to returning.” After a moment of thought, he slapped his bag of holding and produced a rather large collection of spirit stones, which he placed in front of Elder Han.

“Elder Han, I got these in the Fallen Sword World. Please, take them. I hope you can be a bit flexible with me for returning late....” Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times.

Elder Han’s eyes went wide, but a moment later he waved his sleeve, and the spirit stones disappeared. Looking at Bai Xiaochun again for a moment, he nodded.

“A few of you took your time coming back. Well, now that you’re here, focus on your cultivation. You’ll get another chance to reach Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, eventually. Very well, be off now.”

Bai Xiaochun immediately took his leave. Elder Han watched him leave, musing to himself that this Nightcrypt seemed to have learned a thing or two in the Fallen Sword Abyss.

“Alright, since he’s gotten a bit smarter, I won’t make things harder for him. He really should receive ten lashes for coming back late!” Turning, Elder Han vanished.

Imposter Nightcrypt was also taken aback. The way Bai Xiaochun so casually bribed Elder Han caused him to gasp. All of a sudden, he realized that Bai Xiaochun seemed very well suited to life in the Blood Stream Sect.

Bai Xiaochun walked along in the sect, marveling at everything he saw around him. Unfortunately, everyone was very cold and indifferent, and stuck to themselves as they hurried along. Many had vigilant looks on their faces, as if they were always on guard.

On four or five occasions along the way, he saw two disciples engaged in fierce fighting, apparently struggling over medicinal pills. Murderous auras raged as they seemed intent on taking each others’ lives.

Audiences often gathered to watch such conflicts, but everyone

also kept an eye out in case someone attacked them.

He saw one person coughing up blood so badly it seemed shattered internal organs might come out.

“The Spirit Stream Sect really is way better than this,” Bai Xiaochun thought. “Everyone gets along there. It’s so wonderful. The Blood Stream Sect is so dangerous! One slip of the tongue and you might get attacked....”

He walked along feeling very nervous. Thankfully, Nightcrypt wasn’t very well-known in the sect, and his cultivation base was only in the great circle of the tenth level of Qi Condensation. Nobody took the initiative to attack him, a trend he encouraged by looking as fierce as possible.

Just as he was almost at Nightcrypt’s immortal’s cave, he passed a group of five female disciples. One of them, a tough-looking big-boned girl, caught sight of him and then hurried over, accompanied by the giggling of her companions.

“Nightcrypt!” the girl said in a loud, hoarse voice.

Bai Xiaochun turned in shock to look at the unfamiliar young woman. She was stocky, with a pockmarked face, and was walking toward him with swaying hips, and eyes that gleamed with what appeared to be deep desire.

“Do I know you?” Bai Xiaochun asked.

“You naughty devil!” she said, glaring. “Don’t pretend you don’t know who I am! Come here and give me a smile!” Chuckling, she reached out and stroked Bai Xiaochun’s cheek.

Her action and her chuckle caused Bai Xiaochun to gasp and take a step back.

“Well well,” the girl continued, “a little trip to the Fallen Sword Abyss and you already forgot about me? Hurry up and get back to my immortal’s cave. I have plenty of medicinal pills for you.” The stocky girl licked her lips and took a step forward as if she planned to drag him to her immortal’s cave.

Bai Xiaochun’s scalp was tingling so hard it felt like it might explode. Flicking his sleeve, he blocked her path.

“Don’t you touch me!” he cried.

“I see how it is, Nightcrypt. How dare you! Hpmh. Just wait and see what happens when you come crawling back to me!” Giving him an angry glare, she turned and stalked off.

Bai Xiaochun finally breathed a sigh of relief, simultaneously asking imposter Nightcrypt who the girl was.

“Senior, please don’t be angry,” was the hasty reply. “She’s just a girlfriend of mine in the sect....”

Bai Xiaochun almost couldn't believe it. "Girlfriend? Uh, you have really strange taste."

Nightcrypt was actually very good-looking, albeit somewhat cold. Bai Xiaochun almost couldn't believe that he would be in a relationship with the husky girl.

"Senior, there's something I never mentioned," imposter Nightcrypt said, sounding like he was about to cry. "After I became an Inner Sect disciple, my cultivation went really slowly, and I needed a lot of medicinal pills. I really had no other choice. Elder Sister Sun is from one of the cultivator clans, and has access to lots of pills. I didn't have any other option than to get on her good side...."

Chapter 186: Cultivation Paradise!

Bai Xiaochun sighed, both sympathizing with Nightcrypt and admiring his readiness to give and take.

“No wonder he became a spy. He’s really quite extraordinary.” Even just thinking about that girl’s face left him sighing.

Before long, he was in Nightcrypt’s immortal’s cave, which was located alongside several other Inner Sect disciples’ immortal’s caves. It was a simple cave, which led Bai Xiaochun to understand even more clearly how rough a life Nightcrypt had in the sect.

It was only about ten percent as large as Bai Xiaochun’s cave in the Spirit Stream Sect, and didn’t even have an antechamber, let alone a lake or a pill concocting workstation. It was nothing more than a stone chamber with a bed and a meditation mat.

“How did he survive such misery?!” he thought. Shaking his head, he sat down cross-legged to meditate. Outside, the sun was setting. Back in the Spirit Stream Sect, the sect would begin to quiet down at around this time, as disciples settled down to rest for the night.

But the Blood Stream Sect was different. As evening fell, Bai Xiaochun could hear screams echoing out in the air. Apparently, disciples took advantage of the darkness to fight each other with renewed vigor.

According to sect rules, disciples weren’t supposed to kill each

other, but other than that, anything was permitted. As such, the darkness of night was when the true brutality of the sect shone through.

Bai Xiaochun was having a hard time adjusting to an environment that was so different from the Spirit Stream Sect. Taking a deep breath, he refrained from stepping outside, and even carefully set up some traps at the entrance of the immortal's cave. Only then did he settle down cross-legged again to ponder his next step.

On the way to the Blood Stream Sect, he'd made more inquiries of imposter Nightcrypt, and came to learn that the relic of eternal indestructibility was located on the middle finger of the huge hand, which was called Middle Peak.

The upper finger of Middle Peak was where the grand elder resided, and was a place forbidden to Inner Sect disciples. After all, all four of the mountain peaks were set aside for Foundation Establishment experts only.

Inner Sect disciples like Nightcrypt were restricted to the area on the back of the hand.

As for the upper finger area, it couldn't even be accessed by the ordinary elders and Dharma protectors.

That was one reason why imposter Nightcrypt had never been able to even get close to the relic, and also why he wanted to reach Foundation Establishment. Only then would he be able to pick one

of the four mountain peaks to reside upon.

“Foundation Establishment is the first step,” Bai Xiaochun thought. “I’ll pick Middle Peak and then proceed to step two, which is becoming a Dharma protector. It’s too bad I can only pretend to be at Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. Reaching Earthstring Foundation Establishment would be too much of a stretch. Otherwise I could become an elder.

“After becoming a Dharma protector, I need to become the grand elder. That’s step three, and also the final step. At that point I’ll be able to get access to the relic of eternal indestructibility, which is beneath the immortal’s cave of Middle Peak’s grand elder.” Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. He knew that reaching his goals was going to take some time. To rise up from being an ordinary Inner Sect disciple all the way to the position of Middle Peak grand elder would be a long path to walk. However, there was nothing impossible about it.

Having set his goals firmly in mind, Bai Xiaochun closed his eyes and began to practice cultivation. Ignoring the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation for the time being, he focused on the Undying Live Forever Technique’s volume of the Undying Heavenly King.

He was very curious to see if cultivating the technique here would be any different than doing so in the Spirit Stream Sect.

The instant he unleashed the Undying Heavenly King, his body shivered. Back in the Spirit Stream Sect, practicing the Undying Heavenly King led to a terrifying wastage of vital energy. Without

precious materials and a vast supply of medicinal pills on hand, it was almost impossible.

But when he cultivated it here, blood qi rose up from the ground and poured into his body, rapidly replenishing his vital energy and enabling him to cultivate the technique even more quickly.

The next day, a tremor ran through him, along with a pulsing sensation. He could already tell that he was stronger than before.

His eyes snapped open, and they shone with delight.

“This place is like a paradise!” He ran his hand along the ground, which was like running it along the Undying Skin of the giant. His heart swelled with excitement.

“The Undying Live Forever Technique really is extraordinary. This giant didn’t cultivate it to the absolute peak, which was why he died. Even after dying, though, his fleshly body has remained behind for countless years after his death. It didn’t rot or anything, and actually ended up becoming the foundation of a sect.

“That just goes to show you how incredible the Undying Live Forever Technique is!” With that, he continued his cultivation.

Time passed. Four days went by, in which Bai Xiaochun would go out when it was light to familiarize himself with the Blood Stream Sect. As he did, he would get more information from imposter Nightcrypt, and began to commit the faces of the Inner Sect

disciples to memory.

He also worked on his own facial expression, getting it to look more and more ferocious. Soon he realized that emanating a murderous aura required a bit of talent, which he immediately began to work on. He also rehearsed his laugh until it sounded far more sinister and terrifying than before.

However, Nightcrypt had already progressed as high as an Inner Sect disciple could go, and was only a step away from Foundation Establishment. As far as most people were concerned, he was almost as powerful as a Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivator, and was someone none of the other Inner Sect disciples would dare to provoke.

Days passed, and no incidents occurred.

One day, Bai Xiaochun was cultivating the Undying Heavenly King in his immortal's cave, when his expression suddenly flickered. Looking up, he put on the most ferocious and sinister look he was capable of. Eyes shining with piercing light, he looked out of the entrance of the immortal's cave.

Before long, a voice could be heard outside.

“Junior Brother Nighcrypt, it's me, Zhao Wuchang. Please come out for a moment.”

Bai Xiaochun immediately asked imposter Nightcrypt about Zhao

Wuchang, and learned that he was one of the other disciples who had gone to the Fallen Sword World. Continuing to look as cold and sinister as possible, he emerged from the immortal's cave radiating a murderous aura. A few meters away from the entrance was a middle-aged man.

“What do you want?” Bai Xiaochun said coolly. He vaguely remembered Zhao Wuchang as being one of a group of Blood Stream Sect disciples who had ambushed him, then had been scared off after he started killing them.

Zhao Wuchang's face was deathly pale, and at the same time, fierce and sinister. He very much resembled a wolf that was ready to pounce at any moment. He looked Bai Xiaochun up and down, then gave a perfunctory smile and said, “Junior Brother Nighcrypt, I trust you've been well since the last time we saw each other.

“I'm not here for anything particularly important. Those of us who failed in the Fallen Sword World are getting together to exchange information and discuss how to reach Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. Since you're back too, Junior Brother Nighcrypt, I figured I might as well invite you to come as well.” Zhao Wuchang, as well as everyone else who had failed in the Fallen Sword Word, were all in a very awkward position. They were stuck between the Inner Sect and Foundation Establishment, and had no hope of reaching Earthstring Foundation Establishment. As such, they were left with no other option than to pursue Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment.

Unfortunately, Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment required a

Foundation Establishment Pill, and to get a pill like that in the Blood Stream Sect required a disciple to pay a bitter price. Therefore, the survivors of the Fallen Sword World had formed an alliance, and Zhao Wuchang had come here with the express purpose of asking Nightcrypt to join them.

“Oh really?” Bai Xiaochun replied. After a moment of thought, he nodded. Getting into this group would get him access to more information, which would surely be of help in the days to come.

Seeing that Bai Xiaochun had agreed, Zhao Wuchang laughed, and then led him through the sect to the location of the gathering. As they walked along, he looked over occasionally at Bai Xiaochun, and mused that this Nightcrypt seemed quite different from the Nightcrypt he remembered. His murderous aura was more powerful, and the sinister look in his eyes even more profound.

“Nightcrypt might not have succeeded with Earthstring Foundation Establishment,” Zhao Wuchang thought, “but escaping Bai Xiaochun alive was no easy task.” Although they kept a healthy distance between them as they walked along, they chatted a bit about some random matters.

When they were about halfway to the gathering, all of a sudden, the sky began to rumble as if with thunder!

A blood-colored mist pulsed out into the area, surging like waves on the ocean. Up above, several Foundation Establishment cultivators who had been flying past stopped in place and cleared a path, expressions of respect on their faces.

Bai Xiaochun looked up in shock. Not too far off in the distance, within the blood mist, a blood-colored palanquin appeared. It was fully thirty meters tall, and was surrounded by a host of vengeful spirits who emitted soundless screams.

Carrying the palanquin on their shoulders were eight three-meter-tall gargoyle-like ghosts who emanated black mist. Their skin was green, and they radiated fluctuations similar to a Foundation Establishment cultivator, along with sinister coldness.

On either side of the blood palanquin were rows of palace maids wearing blood-colored gowns. They were beautiful, but completely expressionless, and carried burning lanterns in their beautiful hands. They almost seemed to be clearing a path for the blood palanquin as it made its way through the mists.

It was really an astonishing sight.

Even Bai Xiaochun was completely shaken, and his immediate reaction was to assume that a patriarch was coming. However, he quickly realized that seated inside of the blood palanquin was a young woman.

She wore a crimson gown, and her long hair rustled in the breeze. It was impossible to see her face because she wore a blood-colored mask, which was decorated with a plum blossom!

Her chin rested on her hand as she gazed off into the distance.

As for her cultivation base, it was in the Foundation Establishment stage, and the pressure from the spiritual power that emanated off of her contained traces of multiple Tideflows, which caused the blood mist to seethe and churn.

That meant that this young woman had reached Earthstring Foundation Establishment!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide with envy. He hadn't been able to go around in such style in the Spirit Stream Sect! The fact that Blood Stream Sect Foundation Establishment cultivators got such treatment left him gasping.

When Zhao Wuchang saw Bai Xiaochun staring at the blood palanquin, his heart flip-flopped.

“Hey! Do you have a death wish?” he whispered. “Bow your head! If you're not careful, Young Lady Xuemei will dig your eyes out!! She reached nine Tideflows in the Lone Hell Pocket Realm!”

If he wasn't interested in Bai Xiaochun joining his alliance, he would never have said anything.

“Young Lady Xuemei?” Bai Xiaochun suddenly recalled Xu Baocai mentioning a Chosen from the Blood Stream Sect with that very name. Bowing his head, he looked around to see all the other Inner Sect disciples in the area doing the same.

Chapter 187: Song Que Has An Aunt....

“A trifling Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivator gets to be called Young Lady? I’m a Heavenstring Foundation Establishment cultivator, and I don’t get to be called Young Lord in the Spirit Stream Sect!” Irritated and envious, Bai Xiaochun took advantage of the moment to ask imposter Nightcrypt what he knew about Xuemei.

Imposter Nightcrypt was trembling in fear because of Xuemei, but once he heard Bai Xiaochun’s question, he immediately launched into an explanation.

“Young Lady Xuemei has a very impressive background. She’s the only daughter of the most recently promoted of the Blood Stream Sect’s eight patriarchs, Patriarch Limitless. She has shocking latent talent, and is even more famous than Song Que!

“When she was in Qi Condensation, she spent most of her time cultivating on Ancestor Peak, and rarely came outside. She must be out and about in the sect now because she’s reached Foundation Establishment.

“Patriarch Limitless originally came from Middle Peak, so word has it that Young Lady Xuemei was always supposed to be an elder there. Presumably, she’s going to try to fight for the position of Middle Peak blood master!”

Bai Xiaochun was already struck somewhat speechless by what he was being told.

“In every generation,” imposter Nightcrypt continued, “the Blood Stream Sect has four blood masters, one for each mountain peak. The fighting over the position on the other three peaks has already ended, but the position on Middle Peak is still open. Now that Young Lady Xuemei has reached Foundation Establishment, her next step will be to vie with the Middle Peak grand elder to take the status of blood master.

“If Song Que had reached Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment, he would have qualified for the position, but since he’s only at the Earthstring level, the Song Clan won’t let him go up against his aunt.”

“His aunt?” Bai Xiaochun asked, shocked.

“Yeah,” replied imposter Nightcrypt. “Middle Peak Grand Elder Song Junwan is Song Que’s aunt!” Suddenly, his tone turned even more enigmatic than before. “Senior Bai, since we’re talking about blood masters, there’s a secret I need to tell you. Did you know that there’s a position even higher than blood master? Well, of course there’s the blood ripper level, but there’s something even higher than that. I’m pretty sure it’s even above the patriarch level. Have you heard of it?”

Bai Xiaochun couldn’t help but be intrigued by the imposter Nightcrypt’s mysterious tone of voice. “What is it?” he asked.

Imposter Nightcrypt cleared his throat and then proudly went on to say, “According to the legends, above the patriarch level is the

Blood Devil!”

“Blood Devil?” Bai Xiaochun’s heart began to pound. It was a title that seemed completely domineering. Even just hearing it mentioned caused his skin to crawl, almost as if he had seen a real devil.

“Hmph. See how powerful the Blood Stream Sect is? Let me tell you, anyone who can get a blood crystal from one of the mountain peaks of the Blood Stream Sect can become a blood master. The exception is Ancestor Peak, of course. As for the blood crystals, they come from the body of the Blood Ancestor, in the Heavenspan River, whose holy hand serves as the foundation of the entire sect!

“According to the legend, the body of the Blood Ancestor doesn’t just contain blood crystals, it also contains a secret legacy!

“Whoever takes that legacy will become the Blood Devil, and will lead the Blood Stream Sect into founding a new legend!

“Of course, it’s just a legend. Don’t take it too seriously. A lot of people in the sect think it’s just a story.” Imposter Nightcrypt sighed.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath, and his heart thumped with excitement. Most other people might think that the legend was nothing more than a story, but he didn’t believe that. As far as he was concerned, it was entirely likely that the giant Blood Ancestor beneath the Heavenspan River might have an extraordinary legacy waiting to be taken.

By this point, the blood palanquin had made its way off into the distance in the direction of Ancestor Peak. The Foundation Establishment cultivators gradually dispersed, and everyone down on the ground breathed sighs of relief.

Zhao Wuchang's eyes glittered with envy.

“You’ve really got guts,” he said. “It’s a good thing Young Lady Xuemei didn’t see you looking at her. She definitely would have dug your eyes out if she had, and maybe even beaten you to death.”

“So overbearing!” Bai Xiaochun said with a nod. Inwardly, he couldn’t help but feel a bit of disdain, but he didn’t let it show on his face. With that, Zhao Wuchang led the way to the meeting.

Near the border of the back of the hand was an immortal’s cave belonging to a disciple who had gone to the Lone Hell Pocket Realm but failed to gather enough earthstring energy to form even a single Tideflow.

Although he had failed, his cultivation base had improved some, and he ended up being known as one of the top disciples among those who had failed.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun entered the immortal’s cave, he saw a dozen or so other disciples in the great circle of Qi Condensation, all of them angrily complaining to each other.

“If ever get a chance, I’m definitely going to kill that Lin Mu from the Pill Stream Sect. The only reason I failed was because he took so much earthstring energy!”

“ Lin Mu really is vicious. I heard that, to advance his cultivation, he actually planted Dao seeds in other Pill Stream Sect disciples. He brought a whole generation of disciples to ruin for his own benefit!”

“Lin Mu might be bad, and Shui Fang from the Profound Stream Sect is pretty vicious, but they’re basically ants compared to the most infuriating person of all. Bai Xiaochun from the Fallen Sword Abyss!!”

“That Bai Xiaochun is a true devil. He’s fiercer than anyone in the Blood Stream Sect! Only a few people came back alive from the Fallen Sword Abyss. Can the other two Holy Lands compare to that?!”

“I heard that Bai Xiaochun cuts people down as casually as scything wheat! He’s so overbearing he even drinks their blood after he kills them! All he has to do is bump you, and you explode!”

When Bai Xiaochun walked in to hear people talking about him, his heart thumped, but after reminding himself that he was there as Nightcrypt, he calmed himself and joined the group.

The other disciples nodded in greeting, and continued to tell stories about Bai Xiaochun.

“Bai Xiaochun is my mortal enemy for life!” Zhao Wuchang said, clenching his hands into fists so hard that veins popped out on them. Even as he gritted his teeth in anger, lingering fear could be seen in his eyes.

“Don’t worry, Elder Brother Zhao,” one of the disciples said comfortingly. “I heard the sect leader has already put an official bounty out on Bai Xiaochun. Whoever brings in his head will be rewarded with a precious treasure, and will also get a Gold Core fruit!” The other disciples seemed excited at the prospect, but Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went wide, and his heart began to pound even harder.

“Gold Core fruit?” he thought. “That can significantly increase the chances of reaching Core Formation! This Blood Stream Sect is too vicious!!”

Even as he gasped inwardly, another of the Blood Stream Sect disciples chuckled coldly and said, “That’s nothing. A few days ago I heard that the three great blood masters were dispatched to hunt down Bai Xiaochun. If he dares to step out of the Spirit Stream Sect, he’ll be killed beyond the shadow of a doubt!”

Even as everyone in the immortal’s cave was grinding their teeth and cursing, people realized that Bai Xiaochun hadn’t said anything. Zhao Wuchang looked over in surprise.

“Junior Brother Nighcrypt, why haven’t you chimed in? You almost got killed by Bai Xiaochun. What do you think about him?” Everyone turned to look at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun had been trembling inwardly with fear, but as soon as he heard Zhao Wuchang address him, he stuck his chest out and smacked it with his palm. Expression fierce to the extreme, and eyes completely bloodshot, he said, "I'll tell you how things stand between me and Bai Xiaochun. In the end, either he'll be dead, or I will! Don't even talk about Bai Xiaochun in front of me! My entire purpose in life is to put him to an untimely end!"

He then continued to express his determination to kill Bai Xiaochun, his wording growing more and more vicious. The other disciples started to nod, and some of them, including Zhao Wuchang, felt like he was expressing their sentiments perfectly.

The conversation continued, and soon the topic changed, whereupon Bai Xiaochun breathed an inward sigh of relief. The Blood Stream Sect really was proving to be a dangerous place, and he had already begun to miss the Spirit Stream Sect.

At one point, there was a lull in the conversation, whereupon the owner of the immortal's cave, the most powerful of the disciples present, looked around and then said, "There's something important I need to tell you all. I've made some inquiries, and learned that the sect has already decided what to do with those of us who failed in the Foundation Establishment Holy Lands. Apparently, they're going to give us another chance!"

Instantly, the other disciples looked at him with serious expressions.

“Assuming it’s a chance to reach Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment,” he continued, “then that means we would need a Foundation Establishment Pill. Most likely, this opportunity will come in the form of a trial by fire in which we compete for that pill!

“I was also told that not everyone will get a chance to participate in the trial by fire. Before it starts, we will be given missions by the sect, and only those who complete their mission will be qualified to join the competition.”

Bai Xiaochun blinked, and then pretended to look both thoughtful and sinister at the same time.

The owner of the immortal’s cave looked around at everyone, eyes flashing, then continued, “Friends, don’t forget that we aren’t the only ones who failed in the Holy Lands. There are some loners out there who refused to join our team. We need to join forces to eliminate them, and make sure that one of us gets the Foundation Establishment Pill!”

It was impossible to say what people were actually thinking, but on the surface, everyone seemed to support the idea. After voicing their assent, they chatted some more about sect news before dispersing.

Bai Xiaochun walked along through the sect, the sky above him slowly growing dark. As he thought about the matter of the trial by fire, he realized that he should try to figure out a way to prevent the others from successfully reaching Foundation Establishment. For all intents and purposes, the Blood Stream Sect was the enemy

of the Spirit Stream Sect.

As he strolled along thinking, his eyes suddenly flashed, and he spun around, right hand shooting out to grab a person who had been walking behind him. That person hadn't anticipated that he would be so quick, and failed to evade his hand. However, what Bai Xiaochun ended up grabbing was that person's chest.

"You naughty devil! What, you want to do it right here?" It was a middle-aged woman, her face crisscrossed with scars. One of the scars even ran from the top of her forehead all the way through both of her lips. Standing there with the moonlight spilling down onto her, she almost looked like a poltergeist.

Her cultivation base was in the tenth level of Qi Condensation, and a flirtatious look could be seen in her eyes.

Bai Xiaochun stared in shock, and then quickly pulled his hand back.

"Well, that's fine," the woman said. "If you want things like that, I'll follow your lead...." She cocked her eyebrow coquettishly, and was just about to remove her garments when Bai Xiaochun fled in the opposite direction.

"Dammit, Nightcrypt," he said, "how many girlfriends do you have in this sect!?" The woman called out for him to come back, but Bai Xiaochun didn't even stop running.

“I’m not really sure,” imposter Nightcrypt replied in a fearful tone. “Surviving in the Blood Stream Sect isn’t an easy thing. Over the years, I hooked up with anyone who could give me medicinal pills....”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went blank.

Chapter 188: Corpse Refinery

Back in his immortal's cave, Bai Xiaochun sat there scowling and sighing. He wasn't sure exactly what to think about imposter Nightcrypt. On the one hand, he felt a bit sorry for him. However, having taken over his identity, he had to deal with the possibility that he might have some sort of relationship with any female disciples he ran into. If they were pretty, he might even think about acknowledging their affections.

Unfortunately, none of the female disciples who would willingly hand medicinal pills over to Nightcrypt were very good-looking at all.

"It's a good thing nobody knows who I really am. Otherwise my true reputation might be irreparably stained." Sighing, he decided that in the future, he would do his best to stay indoors.

With that, he began to practice cultivation. Normally speaking, he wouldn't work so hard at cultivation, but the benefits of working with the Undying Heavenly King in this place were too good to not take advantage of. He knew that he had an unprecedented opportunity here, and it couldn't be abandoned.

After some thought, he even tried to use the Undying Live Forever Technique to produce a drop of true Undying Blood. Unfortunately, Undying Blood came from the final volume, and at this point, all he could do was absorb blood qi from the area. It was impossible to form it into Undying Blood at this point.

Even still, he was very excited at the prospects laid out in front of him. He also surreptitiously cultivated the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, continuing to melt the Heavenspan River water that was in his spiritual sea.

His true cultivation base was making constant progress. Furthermore, his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, which was hidden by the powers of the mask, was also becoming more powerful.

What he anticipated most, though, was the Mountain Shaking Bash.

“After reaching the power of ten mammoths, I can form the Berserk Ghost Body. Then I’ll have completed the first level of the Undying Heavenly King!” As he continued to work with the Undying Heavenly King volume and absorb blood qi, he felt his power growing, and it filled his heart with anticipation.

“In a few days, I should have the power of two of those primeval mammoths. I’m already getting close to the power of ten! And I’m only on the back of the hand. Once I get onto one of the fingers, I should progress even more quickly!” In his excitement, he thought about how the five mountain peaks of the Blood Stream Sect all had blood waterfalls. Presumably, if he practiced cultivation near a blood waterfall, his progress would be incredible.

Sighing, he couldn’t stop thinking about how the Blood Stream Sect really was his own personal Holy Land.

He hadn’t abandoned his work with protomagnetic power and

the Human Controlling Grand Magic. Although he hadn't performed any experiments recently, he had spent a lot of time thinking about and analyzing the subject.

A month flew by.

During that time, he never left his immortal's cave. However, he was able to observe the area outside, and frequently saw Blood Stream Sect disciples fighting each other. At one point, he even saw a disciple get killed not too far away from his immortal's cave.

If that had happened in the Spirit Stream Sect, it would have been a huge deal. But in the Blood Stream Sect, it didn't cause much of a commotion. However, he did hear from someone passing by that the person who had killed the other disciple had been summarily executed. After all, the Blood Stream Sect allowed fighting, but not killing, and they strictly enforced their rules. Anyone who crossed the line would meet a brutal end.

"It's like they're raising scorpions...." Bai Xiaochun thought. Although the Blood Stream Sect seemed chaotic and without rules, the truth was that there was an order to it.

A few more days passed, and word was passed down that an arrangement had been made for those who failed in the Foundation Establishment Holy Lands. Just as the disciple had said in the meeting, they would have a chance to join a trial by fire to reach Foundation Establishment.

To qualify for the trial by fire, they had to accomplish a mission

set forth by the sect. Each person received a different mission, and Bai Xiaochun's was to go to Corpse Peak and refine a corpse!

Bai Xiaochun found the nature of the mission somewhat revolting. However, despite the fact that the mere idea of working with corpses was disgusting, he couldn't change the task. If he wanted to eventually get to that relic of eternal indestructibility, he would have to grit his teeth and accept the mission.

That was the only way he could get into the trial by fire, get the Foundation Establishment Pill, and "reach" Foundation Establishment. Then he could choose to become a Dharma protector on Middle Peak.

On his way to the Blood Stream Sect, he had often thought about showing up as an Earthstring Foundation Establishment expert. Although some of the disciples who escaped from the Fallen Sword World might have seen Nightcrypt be killed, there were ways to explain how he was now alive. After all, everyone had life-saving magics. However, if he showed up with an Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivation base, that would be a different matter. Despite the chaos in the Fallen Sword World toward the end, everyone had been paying very close attention to the earthstring energy and who was absorbing it.

Returning to the sect as an Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivator would have been too suspicious, so in the end, he abandoned the idea.

The next day at sunrise, Bai Xiaochun left his immortal's cave in high spirits. Carrying the mission jade slip with him, he headed

toward Corpse Peak. It was only with that jade slip that he could actually enter Corpse Peak.

There were lots of corpse refineries on Corpse Peak, even some at the base of the mountain.

That was exactly where Bai Xiaochun needed to go to accept his assigned mission. Even from a distance, he could see the corpse refinery that was his destination. It was a huge building, cylindrical and pitch black. Noxious black smoke belched out of the top of the building to rise up into the sky.

There were numerous entrances and exits to the building, with Inner Sect disciples going in and out of them constantly. Grave expressions could be seen on the faces of the disciples who left the building, and their skin was pale, as if they hadn't seen the light of day in years. They were people who, unlike Bai Xiaochun, had taken the initiative to accept corpse-refining missions from the sect for the purposes of cultivation and study.

As he walked up to the corpse refinery, he suddenly caught sight of someone familiar. It was Xu Xiaoshan, who stood there at the main gate leading to the refinery, his hands clasped behind his back. His cultivation base emanated the fluctuations of Earthstring Foundation Establishment, and he had three grim-looking bodyguards standing behind him as he reprimanded several of the Inner Sect disciples.

“Do you know how much I paid to buy this corpse refinery from the sect, fools?

“This place is mine! I had to sell all of my other properties to afford it. If I don’t make enough profit to buy paper talismans, you people are going to be sorry!

“I can’t believe you destroyed one of my corpses! It might have been nothing more than an ordinary corpse, but it was still worth something. I’m warning you, the lot of you had better pay me back, otherwise I’ll turn you into corpses to be refined!” The Inner Sect disciples were trembling, their faces pale as they immediately admitted their failures. Finally, Xu Xiaoshan waved his hand in irritation to dismiss them.

A dark expression on his face, he glanced around the area and caught sight of Bai Xiaochun.

“What are you doing here? You can’t just come and go as you please around here!”

Bai Xiaochun took a moment to compose himself. If Xu Xiaoshan had dared to talk to him in such a way in the Fallen Sword Abyss, he would have made short work of him. But now, all he did was wave his right hand, sending the mission jade slip flying toward him.

Xu Xiaoshan frowned as he examined the jade slip. Then he looked back at Bai Xiaochun.

“I remember you. You were there when we were all fighting Bai Xiaochun. So, you made it out alive after all!” His expression

softened a bit. He had mixed feelings about everything that had happened in the Fallen Sword Abyss. He still admired Bai Xiaochun from the Spirit Stream Sect, and when he thought about how they had fought and conned each other, he couldn't help but sigh.

“That guy is definitely the jewel of the Spirit Stream Sect now,” he thought, shaking his head.

“Alright, come on inside. Considering we're both veterans of the Fallen Sword Abyss, I'll give you a few tips about corpse refining.” As Xu Xiaoshan led the way, Bai Xiaochun put a sinister expression onto his face and followed.

Before long, they were in one of the private rooms inside the corpse refinery, which was usually referred to as a corpse cave.

The cylindrical chamber wasn't very large. Nine oil lamps emanated a mysterious light that nevertheless failed to dispel the grim darkness. In the middle of the room was a deep cistern.

The water was the color of blood, and looked bizarre and fantastic. Floating there in the water was a dead person!

The corpse belonged to a burly man with a vicious expression on his face. He didn't look like a kind person in any way, and there was a fatal wound on his forehead. The skin around the wound had withered significantly, transforming into a pattern that resembled a plum blossom.

Xu Xiaoshan wasn't familiar with all of the corpses in all of the corpse caves, but as soon as he saw this one, he whispered, "This guy got killed by that shrew Xuemei. The fact that he died fighting her indicates that he must have had an extraordinary cultivation base when he was alive."

Bai Xiaochun peered over at the corpse, and the mark on its forehead. Immediately, his heart went cold.

"Obviously, on Corpse Peak, we focus on corpses," Xu Xiaoshan continued. "Generally speaking, the corpses start out ordinary and slowly advance through the levels until they reach the pinnacle. The levels are as follows: pallid zombie, shadow zombie, flying ghoul, grand lich!

"Your mission is to get this corpse to grow white hair. Then it will turn from an ordinary corpse into a pallid zombie!

"The method to do so is explained in this jade slip. Considering you're in the tenth level of Qi Condensation, and have been around for awhile, you've probably heard a bit about how it works. Use your cultivation base to catalyze the blood cistern, and then sink the corpse down inside. Of course, there are a lot of other details you have to master.

"If you work quickly, you can accomplish the task in half a year." With that, he handed Bai Xiaochun two jade slips. One of them contained information about the corpse refining methods, and the other could be used to control the corpse itself. Then, he turned to leave.

Bai Xiaochun didn't want to waste that much time, though. Looking over at the corpse, he asked, "Is there any way to get it to go faster?"

Xu Xiaoshan chuckled coldly. "Faster? Of course! If you give the corpse enough spirit medicine, then naturally the process will go faster. In fact, if you're good enough, maybe you could make a Nine Serenities Blood Pill. With one of those, you could finish within ten days. Plus, the corpse would be a grand lich, about as powerful as a patriarch!

"I forgot that you can actually do a bit of medicine concocting. Maybe you should give it a shot." He chuckled again. Blood Stream Sect disciples usually spent their time fighting, and most viewed medicine concocting as a waste of time. Xu Xiaoshan flicked his sleeve and left Bai Xiaochun alone in the corpse cave.

Bai Xiaochun looked down thoughtfully at the corpse floating in the cistern, and soon, his eyes lit up.

"They didn't like me concocting pills in the Spirit Stream Sect, but now I'm in the Blood Stream Sect. I can finally do some pill concocting again...." Becoming a grand apothecary really was proving to be a big headache. He sighed.

Chapter 189: Hair Transformation

“Years from now, I can proudly tell my descendants that Bai Xiaochun walked a long, winding path. He raised beasts in the Spirit Stream Sect, and concocted medicine in the Blood Stream Sect!” Bai Xiaochun really felt proud of himself. Considering how hard he was working, if he didn’t become a grandmaster apothecary and concoct a Live-Forever Never-Die pill, it would be really unfair.

“However, I need to be careful. This isn’t the Spirit Stream Sect. These people are brutal. If I provoke them because of my medicine concocting, they probably won’t just throw rocks, they’ll attack with magical items.” That thought got him so nervous that he began to hesitate.

After more thought, he gritted his teeth, and his eye shone with determination.

“If I want to become the greatest apothecary in the world, if I want to live forever and exist for all eternity, then how could I let this trifling Blood Stream Sect stop me? I’m definitely gonna concoct some pills!

“Bring it on! When the Dao of medicine is involved, Bai Xiaochun isn’t afraid of anyone!” Although his expression seemed cold and sinister, he was really gritting his teeth and throwing caution to the wind.

He didn’t want to be stuck in the corpse cave staring at a corpse

for any longer than he had to. He had no interest in such things. Therefore, he would use his abilities with spirit medicine to reduce the time it took to accomplish the mission. Then he could leave Corpse Peak once and for all.

After studying the mission jade slip for a while, he began to chuckle darkly. “All I have to do is get the corpse to grow white hair, right? Simple! I just need to concoct a medicinal incense that grows hair!”

In the Blood Stream Sect, any corpse that grew white hair was a pallid zombie. That was common knowledge. Never before had there been an ordinary zombie with white hair.

Bai Xiaochun rubbed his chin thoughtfully as he looked at the blood-colored water in the cistern, and the corpse. Then he sat down cross-legged and began to mentally review all of the medicine formulas he knew.

It was essentially impossible to use medicinal pills to solve the problem with the corpse. He had to concoct medicinal incense. Upon burning it, a smoke would appear which would merge into the corpse and transform it.

A few days later, his eyes were already completely bloodshot. He was pacing back and forth in the corpse cave, coming up with one idea after another. Some ideas he immediately discarded, others he spent time analyzing in detail.

He even asked Nightcrypt about the types of medicinal

ingredients they had in the Blood Stream Sect, and was surprised to find that many of them weren't known in the Spirit Stream Sect. Using some of Nightcrypt's few merit points, he went and purchased some ingredients, especially the ones that were unique to the Blood Stream Sect. He was pleasantly surprised to find that prices for ingredients were much lower here.

Apparently, the Blood Stream Sect did that to encourage disciples to work on medicine concocting, although it did little good. To Blood Stream Sect disciples, medicine concocting would only take away time from all the fighting they did, and would waste a lot of resources. Why do so much work when they could simply go out and rob other people?

Seven days passed. After doing plenty of research to understand how to use Blood Stream Sect medicinal plants together with Spirit Stream Sect medicinal plants, he finally came up with his unique medicinal formula.

It had only one function: grow white hair!

His idea was simple. It didn't matter whether the corpse was fundamentally strong or weak; his mission was simply to get it to grow white hair. Although he wasn't sure how strong the corpse would be afterward, that didn't really matter to him.

He did two more days of mental work to ensure that the medicine formula was perfect. Then, just after evening fell, he opened his eyes and excitedly produced a pill furnace. Taking out two earthflame crystals, he started working on a batch of tier-3 medicinal incense.

Two months went by. Other people who were working on corpses were already seeing transformations begin. However, Bai Xiaochun's corpse hadn't made any progress at all. Of course, he didn't care about that; he was completely engrossed in his medicine concocting.

In the Blood Stream Sect, people didn't generally spend a lot of time interacting with each other. During the more than two months that he'd been in the corpse cave, not a single person had come in to speak with him, which was fine as far as he was concerned. He had failed numerous times to produce a single batch of tier-3 medicinal incense, and every time he did, he would analyze everything carefully and then start over.

Occasionally, rumbling sounds would echo out, but considering Bai Xiaochun's current skill in the Dao of medicine, he was very comfortable with tier-3 spirit medicines. Although he failed, there were no catastrophic side-effects that would cause chaos in the area.

Three more days passed. Bai Xiaochun excitedly slapped the pill furnace, and rumbling sounds echoed out as it opened to reveal a palm-sized chunk of black incense. After pulling it out, he held it in his hand and looked at it suspiciously.

The black incense didn't emit any medicinal aroma, and seemed ordinary in nature. Bai Xiaochun scratched his head. After all the adjustments he'd made to the formula, this was the final result, but he wasn't sure exactly what kind of medicinal incense it was.

“It should work. I put plenty of corpsefriend flower in, as well as some rottenroot grass. I used all kinds of medicinal plants that are good for upgrading corpses.” He looked at the incense, then glanced at the corpse in the blood cistern. If he were in the Spirit Stream Sect, he wouldn’t dare to test it out, but considering he was just working with a corpse, he wasn’t too worried about anything happening.

“It will definitely work!” Taking a deep breath, he pushed his hands together and then unleashed some spiritual power, creating an invisible fire which lit the incense. As the smoke rose up, he waved his hand, sending the incense over to the corpse. It immediately fused into it, causing smoke to roil out and fill the entire cistern. When he saw all the smoke, Bai Xiaochun sprinted out of the corpse cave, and out of the entire corpse refinery in general.

He didn’t dare to remain behind and accidentally breathe in some of the incense, which could have led to a bigger disaster.

He spent the rest of the day strolling through the sect, until he was sure enough time had passed. Under the cover of night, he snuck back to the corpse cave. Only after confirming that there was no more smoke present did he edge forward toward the cistern.

The first thing he saw was that the smoke was indeed all gone. The red color of the water had faded a bit, and red hair could be seen on the corpse’s head. It was really a frightening sight, and made the corpse look even more murderous than before.

“Red hair?” Eyes wide, he stepped a bit closer to the corpse. Suddenly, he felt like he wasn’t alone in the room. At the same time, the corpse’s eyes snapped open, and they were as red as blood. There was no life in those eyes; they were ice cold, almost as if death itself were looking at him. Radiating an intensely cold aura, the corpse began to rise to its feet.

Scalp tingling in shock, Bai Xiaochun backed up and pulled out the jade slip that could be used to control the corpse. After pushing his finger down onto it, the zombie slowly went still.

After making sure that it really wasn’t moving, he edged closer again to look at the red hair. Scowling, he said, “Xu Xiaoshan talked about zombies with white hair and black hair. He didn’t say anything about red hair. Does red hair count?”

Feeling a bit of a headache coming on, he gritted his teeth.

“Ah, it doesn’t matter. There’s obviously a problem with my medicine formula. A few changes will definitely get this zombie’s hair to turn white!” Sitting down cross-legged, he began to think about the problem in detail. A few days later, he looked tired, but slapped his thigh in excitement.

“It must be a problem with the water in the cistern. The water changed color because the zombie absorbed the redness!” The more he thought about it, the more it made sense. Without any further hesitation, he began concocting.

He changed the formula this time, adding in quite a few different

medicinal plants. This time, he didn't just create medicinal incense, but a medicinal pill as well. A few days later, it was with great excitement and anticipation that he threw a medicinal pill into the blood cistern.

As soon as the medicinal pill entered the cistern, it sank down into the water. Moments later, the water began to bubble and churn, and huge bubbles popped up everywhere. As it did, Bai Xiaochun tossed out the piece of incense, which landed onto the red-haired zombie.

This time, he didn't leave, although he did back up a bit. Smoke filled the cistern, and gurgling sounds began to emanate from within. Then an inhuman howl echoed out, something that sounded almost like it came out of the mouth of an evil ghost or vile fiend.

A few hours later, the smoke began to clear, and Bai Xiaochun peered over to try to see into the cistern.

“Change to white hair! Come on, change! Change!”

Even as he murmured, the smoke cleared, and he hurried over to the edge of the cistern. As soon as he laid eyes on the zombie, a blank look appeared in his eyes.

“Violet hair?”

The zombie in the cistern no longer had red hair, but violet. Its

murderous aura was even stronger, and much of the water in the cistern had been drained. Moments later, more blood-colored water rushed in to fill the cistern back up.

Most shocking of all was that the violet hair was fully three inches long, much longer than the red hair had been. Furthermore, the zombie's fingers now sported long, sharp claws....

“What is this thing?” Bai Xiaochun murmured, eyes wide. The zombie certainly looked a lot more impressive, so he asked imposter Nightcrypt about it. However, imposter Nightcrypt had never heard of any zombie like this either.

He hesitated for a bit, and even though about going to ask Xu Xiaoshan to come take a look. But then he thought about the strange pills that had often emerged when he concocted medicine, and his expression flickered.

“Could it be something to do with the incense?” He thought for a moment about all of the bizarre animals he'd let loose in the Spirit Stream Sect, and shivered.

“I can definitely turn its hair white!” Taking a deep breath, he gritted his teeth and began concocting.

Bai Xiaochun continued to produce one type of incense after another. The zombie's hair went from violet to pink, then from pink to orange. At one point it even turned blue. But never white. Furthermore, the hair grew longer and longer with each transformation. By the time it turned blue, it was a third of a meter

long....

Simultaneously, the zombie's murderous aura grew stronger and stronger, and its claws became even sharper. Two dangerous-looking fangs appeared in its mouth, and its skin changed color along with its hair. The water in the cistern was drained over and over again, whereupon it would naturally refill.

Half a year went by, and Bai Xiaochun stood at the edge of the cistern. He had stared at the zombie so many times that he was starting to go crazy.

“I refuse to believe that I'll fail!”

Chapter 190: Green Zombies

Bai Xiaochun was getting really mad. He stood there facing off with the zombie, filled with frustration that it just wouldn't turn white.

Spinning around, he began to throw medicinal plants into the pill furnace, including special Blood Stream Sect plants. Changing the pill formula once more, he began to madly devote himself to concocting.

His hair was in complete disarray, and he had already forgotten that he wasn't in the Spirit Stream Sect. He was completely immersed in concocting medicine to the point of bedeviled madness. His eyes burned red, and even imposter Nightcrypt's soul was trembling. He almost felt like he was back in the Fallen Sword World, and didn't dare to interrupt Bai Xiaochun in even the smallest way.

“This Bai Xiaochun is crazy!” he thought.

As Bai Xiaochun worked on his new spirit medicine, Xu Xiaoshan was in another location in the corpse refinery, dejectedly pondering a certain issue that had cropped up over the past half year or so. For some reason, the corpse-refining blood serum in his corpse refinery was draining away much more quickly than usual.

“What's going on?” he thought. It was quite a headache to investigate the matter, considering that there were over a thousand corpses being refined at any given time. In any case, the

blood serum drainage rate was still within acceptable limits.

“Ah, whatever. I guess it just means that I’ll be able to upgrade my corpse refinery sooner than expected.” With that, he put the matter aside.

A month later, Bai Xiaochun was there in the corpse cave, looking at the pill furnace and cackling. He had even poured his own blood into the mixture to make this batch of medicinal incense. Hopefully, his blood would incite the blood qi of the enormous hand to produce shocking transformations!

He slapped the side of the pill furnace, and a pungent smoke poured out, which he waved to the side. When he saw the finger-nail-sized chunk of white incense inside, he threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

“This time it will definitely turn white!” He carefully picked the incense up to examine it closely. Although it was very small, it was actually more powerful than any of the other types of incense he had produced up to this point.

In fact, not even the strength of all the previous chunks of incense added together could equal this one.

“At long last, I will produce my pallid zombie!” he roared. Waving his hand, he sent the finger-nail-sized chunk of incense flying toward the corpse. It instantly shot through all the hair to land on the zombie’s forehead, where it began to burn, releasing a dense white smoke.

The smoke spread out rapidly, and in response, Bai Xiaochun shot backward. At a certain point, it stopped expanding, but was so thick that nothing was visible inside of it. However, indescribably terrifying howls could be heard echoing out.

Somehow, there even seemed to be a bit of joy within the howls.

Bai Xiaochun was starting to get even more excited than before. Meanwhile, Xu Xiaoshan was in his room in the corpse refinery, looking very anxious as he stood in front of an old man, who was sitting there on one of the chairs in the room, staring at him coldly.

The old man wore a voluminous gray robe that was embroidered with the image of a mountain peak. If you looked closely, it was none other than Corpse Peak. A vicious zombie face could be seen on the sleeve of the old man's robe, which looked extremely realistic as he flicked his sleeve.

The old man had disheveled hair, and his face was covered with scars, but he radiated an intense life force. Apparently, his true age was different than his appearance made him out to be.

His cultivation base wasn't in the Gold Core stage, but he was at the very peak of Foundation Establishment, and in fact, was already in the quasi-Core stage. He was only a sliver away from reaching Core Formation.

Xu Xiaoshan cleared his throat and hurriedly explained, "Grand

elder, don't I still have some time left? Don't worry. I, Xu Xiaoshan, have been taking care of this corpse refinery for almost a year now. How could I not pay the spirit stones I owe? In three months, the first batch of zombies will be ready, and I'll pay you back, both principal and interest!"

He had never imagined that the grand elder of Corpse Peak would personally come to ask him about the expenses related to the corpse refinery.

"Elder Xu," the grand elder said, "I truly hope that you will do as you say. If the time comes and you don't pay what you owe, it won't matter that you have a patriarch backing you. I'll still hold you accountable for the losses!"

With that, Corpse Peak's grand elder turned to leave.

But then, the door suddenly slammed open, and a flustered young man burst in.

"What gall!" Xu Xiaoshan barked, looking over with a grim face. Just when he'd managed to get the grand elder off his back, this flunky barged in to cause problems.

However, even as his killing intent raged, he noticed how terrified the young man looked.

"Young Lord, something really bad is happening!! Almost thirty percent of the corpse-refining blood serum has vanished, all at

once!!” The ashen-faced young man seemed to on the verge of tears. He was responsible for keeping the records regarding the corpse-refining blood serum, and when he saw such a massive reduction, he wasn’t sure what to do. It was only when he finished speaking that he noticed that Young Lord Xu Xiaoshan wasn’t alone. The old man in the room seemed a bit familiar, and when he looked at him more closely, his mind suddenly began to reel.

“G-g-grand Elder....”

When Xu Xiaoshan heard what was happening, his scalp began to tingle so hard it felt like it might explode.

“Thirty percent?!?!” he asked, eyes turning bloodshot. He immediately raced out to check the blood serum altar. As for the grand elder, he looked completely taken aback. Even at a critical point in the corpse-refining process, there would never be such a drastic loss in blood serum, not unless an incredibly powerful zombie were being produced.

“A thirty percent loss?” he thought. Without hesitation, he burst into motion.

Soon, Xu Xiaoshan was at the blood serum altar. There, a huge blood cistern could be seen with over a thousand channels leading out into different corpse caves. As soon as Xu Xiaoshan appeared, the disciples in charge of the altar looked over. Ashen-faced, they clasped hands in greeting.

Xu Xiaoshan didn’t even hear them talking. He stared down into

the huge cistern, thinking back to the day before, when it had been mostly full. But now, half of that amount was gone....

“How is this possible?!?!” he thought, beginning to tremble. The blood serum had to be purchased at significant cost, and what he was seeing in front of his own eyes caused his vision to begin to fade. But then, he watched as almost all of the remaining serum drained away, revealing the bottom of the cistern and leaving it completely empty....

All of the blood serum could be seen flowing into one particular channel....

“That leads to Nightcrypt’s corpse cave!!” Bursting with a murderous aura, he let out a howl of rage and sped away from the blood serum altar and toward Bai Xiaochun’s corpse cave.

In that very corpse cave, Bai Xiaochun was watching as the white smoke began to clear. Heart bursting with joy, he was just about to take a step forward when suddenly, his face fell, and his eyes went wide with disbelief.

“What’s going on?!?!” he said. He rubbed his eyes, not daring to believe what he was seeing. There within the white smoke were numerous green hairs, twisting and turning as they floated in the air.

Some of them were actually boring into the walls of the cave.

Bai Xiaochun felt his scalp tingling. He quickly opened his third eye and looked into the smoke. As of this moment, the cistern wasn't even visible any more, nor was the corpse. All he saw was a huge, green hairball!

The hair wasn't just spreading out to fill the corpse cave; some of it had pierced into the walls, and was spreading out to who-knew-where.

“Is that hair?” Bai Xiaochun thought, backing up as fast as possible, his mind spinning.

In that very moment, cries of shock and alarm began to ring out from the more than one thousand other corpse caves.

“What’s going on!?!?”

“Heavens! What happened? What are these green strands!?!?”

“Dammit! What are these green strands doing in my corpse cave!?!?”

It was then that a massive rumbling sound rose up that could shake heaven and earth, filling the entire corpse refinery.

The corpse caves began to collapse as green strands of hair raced in. Next, the green hair pierced into the bodies of the zombies that were still in the middle of being produced. Then, the hair on those zombies' heads began to turn green, even the ones that already had

white hair.

But that was nothing. Some of the hair stabbed into the ground. It couldn't go very deep though, so it would pop out of the ground some distance away before stabbing back in.

Xu Xiaoshan watched in shock as the corpse refinery began to fall to pieces. Furthermore, the trees in the area were all starting to grow green hair as well, as were the rocks, plants, flowers, and other buildings. Everything was turning green.

As the corpse refinery collapsed, more green hair appeared and spread out in all directions. Countless disciples appeared, fleeing with looks of shock and terror on their faces.

“What is this stuff?! My refined corpse! I worked for two years on that thing! Now those green strands showed up and turned it green!!”

“Who did this!?!?” As people began to cry out in madness, a look of terror appeared on Bai Xiaochun face. He flew out of the corpse cave, leaving behind an exploding mass of green hair.

“Nightcrypt, what did you do!?” Xu Xiaoshan bellowed, shaking in anger.

As soon as the words left his mouth, everyone in the area turned to look at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun knew that, yet again, he had provoked a catastrophe. Heart pounding with fear, he let out a miserable shriek and then said, “What is that stuff? Dammit! Who did this? My refined corpse! I’ve been working hard on it for half a year!”

Everyone around him stared at him in shock.

“How dare you try to trick an elder like me! You’re dead!” Xu Xiaoshan’s eyes flickered with killing intent as he cackled in rage. Waving his hand, he sent the power of his Earthstring spiritual seas into motion. Tideflow power erupted out, along with a raging murderous aura. In the blink of an eye, deadly fluctuations were racing toward Bai Xiaochun.

Not a single person did anything to prevent what was happening. As for the grand elder of Corpse Peak, he merely frowned.

Bai Xiaochun’s face fell. He couldn’t simply reveal his true cultivation base, but if he didn’t, then based on Nightcrypt’s current level of power, this attack should kill him beyond the shadow of a doubt.

However, even in Bai Xiaochun’s moment of terror, countless howls began to rise up from the corpse caves!

Something very strange was happening!

Chapter 191: Rewards From Corpse Peak

Green hair burst out from the corpse caves, from the ground, from the plants and trees, even from the rocks, swirling through the air to form a huge barrier in front of Bai Xiaochun, which blocked Xu Xiaoshan's attack.

A huge boom echoed out, and countless green hairs were destroyed. However, Xu Xiaoshan's attack was weakened significantly.

Everyone in the area gasped, but then, before any cries of shock could ring out....

Numerous figures shot out from the rubble of the corpse caves, howling as they flew to stand in front of Bai Xiaochun.

One zombie after another appeared. They all looked different, and had different levels of power and different types of auras. However, there was one similarity between all of them, and that was that they had green hair!

“Dammit! That's my refined corpse!! Nightcrypt, I'm gonna kill you!”

“Impossible! Why is my zombie protecting Nightcrypt?!?!”

“What's going on here?!?! Nightcrypt, are you looking to die?!?!”
The crowd was in a complete rage. Many of them even pulled out

their corpse-controlling jade slips, but they quickly found that they couldn't exert any control over their corpses whatsoever.

Xu Xiaoshan's face was a mass of shock. His attack had been powerful, but there were now over a hundred refined corpses standing in front of Bai Xiaochun. Even if he had attacked with more power than he did, it still wouldn't have done any good.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as a few dozen corpses exploded. Then, the deadly fluctuations faded away. Bai Xiaochun stood there stock still, as he had been the entire time, looking around blankly.

More refined corpses were crawling out of the rubble of the corpse refinery. Soon, more than a thousand had gathered, clustered around Bai Xiaochun, all of them looking at Xu Xiaoshan and howling at the tops of their lungs.

Earlier, everyone in the area had been crying out in shock, but now, they weren't uttering even a single peep. As the disciples stared at the strange scene, they began to slowly back up, their scalps tingling with fear. The raging, murderous aura that erupted from the ranks of zombies left them completely and utterly shocked.

Xu Xiaoshan almost couldn't believe what he was seeing.

As for the grand elder of Corpse Peak, he looked on with glaring eyes. After reaching Foundation Establishment, he had fought and struggled for years before finally becoming the grand elder of

Corpse Peak, which he had presided over for more than a hundred years now. Considering how many refined corpses he had seen over the years, he believed himself to understand more about them than even some Core Formation cultivators.

However, what he was seeing now, more than a thousand zombies all protecting Bai Xiaochun, caused his eyes to shine with intense light.

“How is he doing this?!?!” he thought

As for Bai Xiaochun, he stood there on the verge of tears.

“I’m finished,” he thought. “Kaput. I destroyed the corpse refinery, and then for some reason all these corpses decided to ignore their own masters and protect me. It only took a moment for me to offend more than a thousand disciples. Is this gonna force me to abandon the sect? What do I do? What do I do...?”

Bai Xiaochun was well aware that this was not the Spirit Stream Sect. This was the Blood Stream Sect, and he could only imagine what his punishment for this catastrophe would be. Maybe they would beat him to death!

He could also sense the killing intent in the eyes of the surrounding disciples. However, it was at this point that, all of a sudden, the corpses behind him all howled, and then cleared a path.

A tall, green figure appeared in the depths of the destroyed corpse refinery. As it strode forward, sharp claws could be seen, which glinted like razor-sharp blades. The bizarre-looking figure had green skin and protruding fangs which were terrifying to behold.

It had a mass of green hair that was so long it was impossible to judge its length. Many of the hairs actually connected to other corpses, whereas some of it simply floated around in the area.

Bai Xiaochun stared in shock as the green zombie walked forward to stand behind him, where it remained motionless, radiating a powerful, murderous aura.

The surrounding disciples gasped yet again.

“That green zombie is controlling the other zombies! I can’t believe it!!”

“Heavens! How come I never knew about green zombies before? This is completely unprecedented!”

“That green zombie is incredible! It’s only as strong as the seventh or eighth level of Qi Condensation, but look at how it can control all the other zombies! Simply terrifying!”

Xu Xiaoshan was left gasping at the sight, and soon, his eyes were shining brightly. However, before he could say anything, laughter filled the air, and its source was none other than Corpse Peak’s

grand elder.

“Wonderful,” he said, sounding very excited. “Simply wonderful!” He blurred into motion, and a moment later, was standing right in front of the green zombie.

Instantly, incredible pressure spilled out from him, causing all the surrounding zombies to tremble. However, they didn’t stop their howling. The grand elder didn’t seem to mind. He couldn’t stop looking at the green zombie, almost as if it were a gem. He seemed to be getting more and more excited.

“You’re called Nightcrypt?” he asked, turning to look at Bai Xiaochun, the same look in his eye as when he had been looking at the zombie.

Bai Xiaochun didn’t know who this person was, but he quickly put on a very serious expression. Clapping hands and bowing, he said, “Disciple Nightcrypt at your service. Greetings, Senior!”

“Let’s call this an emerald zombie. Did you refine it? And how?”

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times. The truth was that he really didn’t know exactly why the zombie refining process led to the zombie looking or acting this way. But he quickly recorded the formula he had used onto a jade slip, which he then handed over.

After a moment of consideration, he performed a quick, secret test to see if he could connect mentally with the emerald zombie.

Presumably, because the medicine contained some of his own blood, he could.

In the hopes of reducing whatever his punishment might be, he also handed over the jade slip that could control the emerald zombie.

Of course, he had already noticed the reactions of the other disciples upon seeing this old man, and how respectful their expressions became. Obviously, he was someone very important.

The grand elder took the jade slips and looked them over. Eyes burning with passion, he laughed heartily, and then gazed at Bai Xiaochun with admiration.

“Nightcrypt, I am the grand elder of Corpse Peak. You did a great job here. Splendid, really. You created a brand new type of zombie. I need to go back to study the method for some time to determine how to reproduce it. You have performed a great service for Corpse Peak!

“So what if you destroyed a measly corpse refinery? They’re easily replaceable. Besides, you didn’t do it on purpose, and in the end, nobody was killed. Actually, even if you had accidentally killed some people, it would all have been in the service of the sect, and wouldn’t have mattered at all!

“Elders, award him with 5,000 spirit stones and 30,000 merit points. Also, spread the word that anyone who dares to steal spirit stones from him will be considered my personal enemy!” Laughing

excitedly, and eyes shining with praise, the grand elder turned and left with the emerald zombie.

“Huh?” Bai Xiaochun stood there watching as the grand elder left. The surrounding disciples were all enraged, but could do nothing more than grit their teeth and disperse. They had all seen the encouraging look in the eyes of the grand elder. One of the Corpse Peak elders walked over to give Bai Xiaochun 5,000 spirit stones, and also transferred 30,000 merit points to his identification medallion.

Although Xu Xiaoshan wasn't very happy, he plastered a smile onto his face and hurried over to chat. From his wording, it was obvious that he hoped to get a copy of the formulas, so Bai Xiaochun magnanimously gifted him with one. After all, the formula was only in the early stages of development, and wasn't really worth much.

Xu Xiaoshan was delighted, and immediately gave Bai Xiaochun high marks on his mission assignment. Looking like he had just acquired a precious treasure, he hurried away.

Bai Xiaochun looked at the emptiness around him, and the wreckage of the corpse refinery, and took a deep breath. He had been completely braced to be punished, only to have everything happen opposite of his expectations. All of a sudden, he realized that this place really was very different from the Spirit Stream Sect.

“The Blood Stream Sect is great! The giant's hand is connected to my cultivation, I can work on the Undying Heavenly King much

more quickly here than anywhere else, and if I cause problems because of pill concocting, the sect doesn't punish me, it rewards me!" He sighed. Obviously, if he had done this same thing and not produced that zombie, then the grand elder of Corpse Peak would have been incensed. Most likely, not even death would have been able to wipe away the offense.

All the grand elder cared about was the result. As for what happened along the way, he didn't care at all, not even what happened to bystanders!

However, there was one thing Bai Xiaochun wasn't sure about, and that was whether or not the attitude of the grand elder of Corpse Peak reflected the attitude of the entire leadership of the Blood Stream Sect. Or were there people who wouldn't tolerate him tormenting other disciples, regardless of the potential gains?

Either way, the Blood Stream Sect was essentially a devilish sect that valued being straightforward and merciless!

They didn't believe that a person achieving their Dao could benefit everyone. They believed that success came only after climbing a mountain of bones!

Sighing, Bai Xiaochun headed back toward his immortal's cave. Now that he had accomplished his mission, he simply had to wait for all the other disciples to do the same, and then he would be able to participate in the Foundation Establishment trial by fire.

It was currently evening, and as he strolled through the sect, he

happened to notice a huge stone stele off in the distance, roughly as tall as three people put together. A young woman was sitting cross-legged at the base of the stele, her hair and garments fluttering gently in the wind. There was something oddly appealing about her as she sat there.

She wore a blood-colored mask, decorated with a plum blossom. As she looked off into the distance, a wistful, even melancholic expression could be seen in her eyes.

Bai Xiaochun recognized her immediately. Lots of people in the sect gossiped about this very young woman, who was Young Lady Xuemei.

As for the huge stone stele, it was oddly misshapen, as though it weren't complete. The more he looked at it, the more he realized that it looked like a section of a wall. It was actually a place where disciples of the Blood Stream Sect would sometimes go to seek enlightenment, a location as famous as the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood. It was the Holy Pill Wall Fragment!

Supposedly, people who sought enlightenment here could see a projection of someone concocting medicine. If they gained enlightenment, they would acquire a deeper understanding of the Dao of medicine. According to the story, the Blood Stream Sect had looted the wall from the Pill Stream Sect 10,000 years ago.

Although the Blood Stream Sect didn't have many apothecaries, 8,000 years ago, a genius arose within the sect. He created a mystical medicine called the Undying Blood Pill, which shook the entire sect. Of course, he accomplished all of that thanks to the

wall fragment.

Few people ever gained enlightenment from the Holy Pill Wall Fragment. Even imposter Nightcrypt had tried his hand at it, only to fail. As Bai Xiaochun walked by, he couldn't help but glance at Xuemei and the wall.

Xuemei seemed to sense him looking at her, and her eyes flashed beneath her mask. She looked over at Bai Xiaochun, radiating coldness and arrogance, as if she were a higher being, an immortal or a devil looking at an ant. Without saying a word, she turned and transformed into a beam of blood-colored light that shot toward Ancestor Peak.

Being looked at in such a condescending fashion left Bai Xiaochun very angry. Xuemei was clearly far too arrogant for her own good.

“What’s so special about you, huh? Lord Bai is already at Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment. If I showed my true face, you’d be scared to death!” Grumbling to himself, he stuck his chin up and flicked his sleeve. “One of these days, Bai Xiaochun will snap his finger and reduce you to ash!”

Chapter 192: Trial By Fire At The Blood Precipice

Months flew by. Bai Xiaochun wasn't the only person to have already qualified to participate in the Foundation Establishment trial by fire. However, the appointed time for the trial hadn't arrived yet, so those who accomplished their missions early were forced to bide their time.

Bai Xiaochun didn't sit idly by during those months. He excitedly cultivated the Undying Heavenly King. From the time he had begun to practice cultivation until now, he had never felt like this before; he was under no pressure whatsoever, and was able to diligently focus on his cultivation.

When he cultivated the Undying Heavenly King, his body was filled with a sensation of tingling pain. At first it was very uncomfortable, but by now he'd gotten used to it, and even found it somewhat pleasurable.

Every day, he would spend some time shadowboxing in his immortal's cave to test out his power, and the result was always the same. "Hahaha! I'm getting stronger and stronger. Bring on the pain!"

The sight of the blood qi rising up from the ground always caused his heart to pound with excitement.

"This place is my personal Holy Land. When I cause disasters, I don't get punished, I get rewarded! Plus, my cultivation progresses

faster than ever....” Sighing, he couldn’t help but muse that the Blood Stream Sect really was a good fit for him. However, after more consideration, he realized that his way of thinking was getting a bit twisted, and he needed to correct it.

“I’m from the Spirit Stream Sect!” he reminded himself. Then he sank down into the tingling pain.

Eventually, he had completed 999 cycles of the Undying Heavenly King, whereupon rumbling sounds filled him, and the images of three huge mammoths appeared behind him.

At that point, his eyes snapped open, and they shone brightly with enthusiasm. He unleashed a punch into the air, and a boom could be heard. He gasped.

“I’ve already reached the power level of three mammoths. This cultivation speed is crazy! Plus, I’m only on the back of the giant’s hand. If I could get onto the fingers, maybe near one of those blood waterfalls, I could probably progress even faster!” Laughing heartily, he rose to his feet to go out for a stroll. However, at that moment, his face flickered, and he slapped his bag of holding, producing his identity medallion.

The medallion was glowing slightly, and when he poured some spiritual power into it, a cold, sinister voice rang out in his mind.

“Inner Sect disciple Nightcrypt, you have earned the right to participate in a second Foundation Establishment trial by fire. Three days from now at high noon, present yourself at the

Precipice of Never-Ending Blood to begin the trial!”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes immediately began to shine with anticipation. “It’s at the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood? Don’t tell me the Foundation Establishment Trial by Fire is going to be inside the Pit of Never-Ending Blood?”

The Precipice of Never-Ending Blood and the Pit of Never-Ending Blood were essentially the same place. Back when Bai Xiaochun asked imposter Nightcrypt about where to get sparks for four-colored flame, he’d said that he should look for four-leaf clovers in the Pit of Never-Ending Blood.

Of course, of all the people who were waiting for the Foundation Establishment trial by fire, he was the one who actually cared the absolute least about it.

The only thing he cared about was that afterward, he would finally be able to call himself a Foundation Establishment cultivator of the Blood Stream Sect, and would finally become a Dharma protector of Middle Peak. That would be his first major step toward getting the relic of eternal indestructibility.

The reason he didn’t care about the trial by fire, of course, was because he was already a Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment expert.

Considering he was a disciple of the Spirit Stream Sect, he knew that it was his responsibility to stand for justice and righteousness. Swishing his sleeve, he stuck his chin up. Looking very somber, he

said, “This time, I can’t let any of them succeed in Foundation Establishment. Unfortunately for them, I’m a spy!”

After all, he was a loyal servant of the Spirit Stream Sect, and as such, should take every opportunity to perform some meritorious service for his own sect.

Feeling better than ever, he sat back down cross-legged to meditate.

Three days later, he made his final preparations, and then stepped out of his immortal’s cave, attempting to look as cold and ruthless as ever. He had been working on his gaze recently, trying to make it look more murderous, and felt pleased with the progress he had made.

The Precipice of Never-Ending Blood was one of the most mysterious places in the Blood Stream Sect, the other being the Holy Pill Wall Fragment.

It was a deep pit filled with blood-colored light that many people thought was an arcane pocket realm.

The truth was that it was a wound which had been inflicted upon the hand of the giant, which had eventually transformed into a world of its own.

Four-leaf clovers came from there, and could be used to spark four-colored flame. Considering that they were unique to the Blood

Stream Sect, disciples often used them to trade for expensive items with people outside the sect.

However, actually acquiring them required a bit of luck. The deep pit that they grew in was also occupied by bloodbeasts. Although the bloodbeasts weren't intelligent, they were driven by an insane desire to kill. Apparently, the enormous hand that the Blood Stream Sect was built on innately bred a desire to destroy life.

Therefore, any life form which entered that deep pit and encountered a bloodbeast would come under attack.

When Bai Xiaochun arrived, he saw about eight other disciples present. A few were sitting silently in meditation, and the others were conversing in hushed tones.

Zhao Wuchang was there, and when he saw Bai Xiaochun, his eyes flickered with cold light. Although everyone present was a competitor, he smiled and beckoned Bai Xiaochun over.

At the moment, everyone present was from the group that had failed in the Fallen Sword World.

“I heard more than thirty people qualified to join this trial by fire. However, there are only a few Foundation Establishment Pills. There's definitely going to be some fierce fighting in the pit, not only with the bloodbeasts, but also with fellow disciples.”

“Yeah, but we have to stick to our earlier agreement. We’ll wipe everyone else out first before we decide among ourselves who gets the Foundation Establishment Pills.”

As others chatted, Bai Xiaochun looked over at the Pit of Never-Ending Blood. The entrance was a narrow gap, only about 30 meters wide. Blood-colored light spilled out, and based on the aura that pulsed out, it was clear that terrifying entities existed deep therein. The entrance almost looked like a mouth ready to swallow up anyone who got close.

There were even faint roars audible from deep inside.

“I heard that there are some bloodbeasts comparable to the Foundation Establishment stage,” Zhao Wuchang said. “This place won’t be any less dangerous than the Foundation Establishment Holy Lands.”

Bai Xiaochun nodded in response.

More people arrived and joined the waiting group, looking around coldly at their fellow disciples.

Soon it was noon, and everyone who qualified to join the trial by fire had arrived, a total of 37 people.

About that time, bright beams of light rose up into the air from each of the four mountain peaks, which then shot toward the location of the trial by fire.

Coming from Lesser Marsh Peak was a tall, middle-aged man who radiated an aura of blood that caused everything around him to ripple and distort. The faint image of a hand could be seen behind him, a hand that looked very similar to the hand the Blood Stream Sect was built on. Most shocking of all was that the skin of the man's own right hand was covered with what appeared to be faint cracks and crevices. This man was none other than the grand elder of Lesser Marsh Peak.

The grand elder from Nameless Peak was a dwarf with short hair and a scarred face. He stood on what appeared to be a black cloud, but was actually a vicious-looking gargoyle that radiated shocking pressure.

Bai Xiaochun had met the grand elder from Corpse Peak, the seemingly wrinkle-faced old man who actually radiated the life force of a youngster.

Last was the grand elder of Middle Peak, who was the most eye-catching to Bai Xiaochun. She was an attractive young woman who somehow seemed incredibly mature.

There was only one way to describe her attire: sexy and extraordinarily enticing. She had long, fair legs, and her rear end was so plump and curvaceous that anyone who saw it would do a double-take. Her Daoist robe was so tight on her voluptuous figure that it seemed as if it might pop off at any moment. In addition to all that, she had long, bright-red hair that made her seem like she was on fire.

Although her oval face couldn't be described as beautiful, it was inherently charming, and her eyes almost seemed to be reaching out to seduce anyone who looked into them. Bai Xiaochun subconsciously sucked in a deep breath, and felt his heart beating rapidly. He quickly looked away and tried not to stare.

“She's the grand elder of Middle Peak? Song Que's aunt, Song Junwan?” Unfortunately, he couldn't hold back from looking at her again, and to his shock, found her staring at him seductively.

She smiled, and Bai Xiaochun instantly felt his scalp tingling explosively. For some reason, her gaze actually filled him with a sensation of profound danger. He quickly bowed his head.

As soon as he looked down, Song Junwan's eyes flashed. Inwardly, she was actually quite surprised. Of all the people on the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood, Bai Xiaochun was the only one who had dared to look at her twice. Just as she had been about to punish him for it, he had apparently detected the look in her eye and lowered his head.

As the four grand elders arrived, the disciples all clasped hands in formal greeting.

“Greetings, grand elders!”

Bai Xiaochun followed along with them, although inwardly he was sighing. Who would have guessed that the grand elder of Middle Peak would be a vixen like her? And to think that he had to get into her immortal's cave to get the relic of eternal

indestructibility. It almost seemed impossible at this point.

“According to my plan,” he thought, “I eventually have to take her position as grand elder of Middle Peak.”

Even as he sighed inwardly, Grand Elder Song Junwan said, “You are all people who failed in the Foundation Establishment Holy Lands. According to sect rules, you should have been punished, but after some discussion with the sect leader, we grand elders agreed to allow you another trial by fire.

“Foundation Establishment Pills can be used to reach Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. As for the success rate, it varies. Some people only need one pill, others might need two or three. There was even once when a disciple needed six of them to succeed!” With that, she pulled out a medicinal pill bottle, and then smiled in an extremely enticing fashion. It was a somewhat wicked smile, but that didn’t make it any less beautiful. In fact, in some ways it made her even more attractive. After all, even roses have thorns. “Within this pill bottle are ten Foundation Establishment Pills.”

As soon as the words left her mouth, she threw the pill bottle into the Pit of Never-Ending Blood.

“Let the fighting begin. You have one month, after which you will be extracted from the pit. Those who succeed in reaching Foundation Establishment will become Dharma protectors of whichever mountain peak you wish!”

Chapter 193: Hogging....

All eyes were locked onto the pill bottle as it disappeared into the depths. Without the slightest hesitation, the entire group instantly transformed into beams of light that shot after it.

“I’m definitely going to earn the right to reach Foundation Establishment!”

“I failed once, but I’m not going to fail again. I’m going to reach Foundation Establishment!”

“We’re allowed to kill people in this trial by fire, so anybody who tries to stop me from reaching Foundation Establishment will die!”

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Within the blink of an eye, all of the disciples disappeared into the pit, eyes bloodshot, ready to fight to the death.

Bai Xiaochun was in the group, his eyes glued to the falling pill bottle. Once inside the pit, the blood qi inside of him surged, and he picked up speed. Almost instantly, he was in the front of the pack, along with three other disciples. Moments later, they had already reached the location of the pill bottle.

Of course, Bai Xiaochun still couldn’t use his Foundation Establishment cultivation base. If he did, a mere thought on his part could crush everyone else. But in the Blood Stream Sect, he

had learned to exercise the utmost caution at all times, so he only used the power of the Qi Condensation stage. He also avoided using any of his magical techniques, to further avoid poking any holes in his disguise.

In fact, due to his cultivation of the Undying Heavenly King, he had plenty of blood qi inside of him, making him seem no different from any of the other disciples.

Bai Xiaochun roared as he waved his right hand, unleashing blood qi in a powerful attack that spread out in all directions. The other three disciples in the area were forced to defend themselves, and as a result, slowed down significantly.

“Nightcrypt!!”

“You got some good fortune in the Foundation Establishment Holy Land and hid it from us, didn’t you!? You didn’t reach Earthstring Foundation Establishment, but you still have power that exceeds the tenth level of Qi Condensation!”

Seeing that Nightcrypt hadn’t slowed down at all, the other three immediately joined forces to attack him. The disciples further back didn’t seem to have expected this to happen, and yet weren’t surprised.

Zhao Wuchang’s eyes flashed as he came to the same conclusion as the other disciples, that Nightcrypt had come across some good fortune that gave him access to greater power than before.

Even as Bai Xiaochun sped toward the pill bottle, he forced some blood to ooze out his mouth to make it look like he was injured. At the same time, he put a crazed expression on his face. With one final burst, he closed the distance and grabbed the pill bottle. Any of the other disciples in this situation would have broken the bottle open, taken a few pills, then thrown the other ones off to the side to distract the rest of the disciples.

In fact, that was what all of the other disciples assumed would happen.

Even the four grand elders up on the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood also expected the same outcome. None of them were at all surprised to see Bai Xiaochun break ahead of the pack and grab the bottle. After all, most disciples of the Blood Stream Sect had various trump cards to call upon, so a burst of speed was nothing beyond expectation.

As for the grand elder from Corpse Peak, he had met Nightcrypt before, and currently, his eyes shone with admiration. Of course, were it not for the events of a few months before, he wouldn't have paid much attention to Bai Xiaochun.

However, what happened next left all four grand elders completely shocked.

Instead of breaking the pill bottle open, Bai Xiaochun picked up speed and headed further into the depths of the pit.

“What are you doing, Nightcrypt?!?!”

“Dammit! I can’t believe he’s doing this!!”

“Nightcrypt, are you looking to die?!?!” Rumbling sounds could be heard as the enraged crowd chased Bai Xiaochun down into the depths.

Even as the other disciples’ killing intent soared, the four grand elders on the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood exchanged surprised looks. Then, their eyes began to gleam with keen interest.

“He’s hogging the pills?” said the grand elder of Lesser Marsh Peak, a burly man with a booming voice. His expression was rather ferocious, and yet his eyes gleamed with admiration. “How bold! That’s just the type of personality Blood Stream Sect disciples should have. I never paid much attention to this kid before. What a pity he didn’t reach Earthstring Foundation Establishment, otherwise he would have become a major Chosen!”

Song Junwan covered her mouth as she laughed, suddenly much more deeply impressed by Nightcrypt. “Very interesting. Presumably, many of that group of thirty would love to hog the pills, but he’s the first one to actually attempt to pull it off!”

The grand elder from Nameless Peak, the dwarf, chuckled darkly. “He’s called Nightcrypt, right? What a good name, and what potential in a disciple. If he really manages to cut off the Foundation Establishment path for the rest of them, then I definitely want him for Nameless Peak.”

The grand elder from Corpse Peak laughed heartily. “I remember this kid. He’s a pure genius when it comes to refining corpses!”

He completely approved of Bai Xiaochun’s actions.

After the disciples disappeared into the depths, everyone turned to leave.

“I wonder if that hogger Nightcrypt will still be alive a month from now.”

“Hey, I already said that if he reaches Foundation Establishment, I want him for Nameless Peak!” Laughing and chatting, the four grand elders left.

Down in the pit, Bai Xiaochun was racing along at top speed, intentionally causing blood to spray out of his mouth every once in awhile to remind everyone that he was injured. However, he didn’t slow down even a bit. Soon he was down near the bottom of the pit, and upon looking around, he found that it really was like a tiny little world. There were mountains rising up in all directions, all of which were covered with blood-colored vegetation.

Off in the distance were some volcanoes that radiated intense heat and powerful rumbling noises.

Furthermore, Bai Xiaochun could sense numerous dangerous and brutal auras rising up from various locations.

Even as he hovered there feeling proud of himself, the other disciples began to arrive, bursting with murderous auras.

“You want to fight me over these Foundation Establishment Pills?” he shouted. “Dream on!”

“Nightcrypt, it’s not right to be so vicious! You can’t cut off our path to Foundation Establishment!”

“How dare you do such a thing. You’re dead!”

“Humph! Offending this many people has earned you a death sentence! And don’t even think about trying to hole up somewhere and reach Foundation Establishment! This place isn’t very big, and I’ve been here before, so I can definitely track you down!”

Bai Xiaochun didn’t even look at them. As numerous magical techniques rumbled through the air toward him, he sped toward the region with the volcanoes. The Pit of Never-Ending Blood wasn’t just used for Foundation Establishment trials by fire. Disciples would also come here on missions to harvest four-leaf clovers.

However, when going out on missions, the sect would make sure that the area wasn’t too dangerous. As long as one was careful, one wouldn’t face any mortal danger. In fact, imposter Nightcrypt had even come here, and was relatively familiar with the area.

“The four-leaf clovers are in the volcano region....” Eyes

glittering, Bai Xiaochun sped toward the nearest volcano and vanished into a tunnel without even pausing.

Even as he did, the other disciples closed in, enraged, roiling with murderous auras as they chased after him.

Bai Xiaochun picked up speed as he flew through the countless passages and tunnels that riddled the ground underneath the volcano region. The area was almost like a huge maze.

Because of that, none of the pursuers had any idea where exactly he was, which enraged them even more.

Chapter 194: What Gall!

They only had one month to track down Bai Xiaochun and get the Foundation Establishment Pills, otherwise they would be failures yet again. The mere thought of it was already driving them crazy.

Their hatred of Bai Xiaochun had already reached indescribably towering heights.

“Don’t be so selfish, Nightcrypt!!”

“In the Blood Stream Sect, the law of the jungle prevails, and we succeed by climbing a mountain of corpses. But you can’t be this selfish!”

“There are ten Foundation Establishment Pills. Can’t you at least spare one for somebody else?!?”

“Hiding in the volcano region won’t do you any good. The maze isn’t that big. We’ll find you eventually!”

Even as everyone’s killing intent raged, Bai Xiaochun was searching left and right through the tunnels. Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks and looked at a crack in the wall up ahead, where a big patch of three-leaf clovers could be seen.

There in the middle of them all was a single four-leaf clover!

He immediately walked forward and picked it. Examining it closely, his face lit up with excitement.

“There really are four-leaf clovers here! Hahaha! I can finally perform fourfold spirit enhancements!” After putting the four-leaf clover into his bag of holding, he excitedly proceeded along through the maze. By this point, he’d forgotten completely about the Foundation Establishment Pills and was completely focused on finding four-leaf clovers.

Four days passed in the blink of an eye. Bai Xiaochun would occasionally run into someone in the maze, but was always able to lose them easily, and would then continue hunting for four-leaf clovers.

He also ran into some bloodbeasts. He spent a bit of time observing them, and quickly realized that they were fascinating. However, they were easy to avoid as he searched for four-leaf clovers.

Another three days went by. Eventually, he found a place where a large number of passages all converged. It was a huge chasm, several kilometers wide and filled with enormous mushrooms. The smallest mushrooms were as tall as a person, and the largest were fully 30 meters tall.

The mushrooms were a very strange color, and almost translucent. They were also gently swaying in unison. Blood-colored three-leaf clovers could be seen on the ground below the mushrooms. Upon closer examination, Bai Xiaochun found that interspersed among them were occasional four-leaf clovers.

“Whoa!” he said, his eyes shining brightly. It seemed like a wonderful place, and yet, he hesitated for a moment. Just when he was about to take a step in, his eyes went wide with disbelief, and he began to tremble.

Not too far off in the distance, in the middle of a cluster of mushrooms, chomping on some three-leaf clovers and looking around innocently, was a white rabbit.

Bai Xiaochun almost couldn't believe what he was seeing. There was no way he could misidentify this particular rabbit. It was none other than the talking rabbit he had created back in the Spirit Stream Sect!!

Bai Xiaochun suddenly felt like the world had become a very strange place. Never in his wildest dreams would he have imagined that he would see the talking rabbit here. When he went to the north bank, the rabbit appeared there. Then he came here to the Blood Stream Sect, and the rabbit showed up here too.

“I came all the way here, and you're, you're, you're... you're still following me around!?” There was something very, very strange about this rabbit. Thankfully, the rabbit hadn't noticed Bai Xiaochun. Ignoring all of the countless four-leaf clovers, Bai Xiaochun carefully backed up toward one of the passages, his heart pounding in fear.

“I must not under any circumstances allow it to see me,” he murmured. “I can't let it know I'm here. Well, it shouldn't be able

to see through my Nightcrypt disguise anyway.” Even as Bai Xiaochun prepared to make his silent escape, a roar echoed out as a huge blood-colored earthworm burst out from further in the depths of the pit and headed directly toward the rabbit.

The rabbit leaped into the air and sped away from the earthworm with unmatched speed. However, even as it took to flight, the ground exploded as more giant earthworms appeared, all of whom began to chase the rabbit.

The rabbit’s ears stuck straight up as it fled, and at the same time, it began to make huffing sounds that apparently were an imitation of the sound of the earthworms burrowing through the ground. Just as the rabbit was about to jump into one of the tunnels, it looked over in surprise at Bai Xiaochun. Apparently, it recognized him....

When Bai Xiaochun saw the rabbit looking at him almost like a friend, he felt like his head was going to explode. Without any hesitation, he picked a tunnel and fled in the opposite direction.

“What is going on with that damned rabbit!?!?” he thought, nearly crying. He truly was afraid of the rabbit.

However, this time, Bai Xiaochun was overjoyed that he had noticed the rabbit when he did. Otherwise, a slip of the tongue could have led to the entire Blood Stream Sect knowing that he was Bai Xiaochun. The thought of that left him trembling.

“If they found out, they’d probably cut me into a million little

pieces and send me back to the Spirit Stream Sect in a box....” Heart pounding, he reminded himself again that the rabbit was behind him, and that he must not under any circumstances say too much out loud.

“I can’t just wander around in the open. With the rabbit in the area, it’s too dangerous.” He quickly dug a hole into the wall of a nearby tunnel, then crawled inside to hide.

“Ah well, I might as well ‘reach Foundation Establishment’ now. That will make things much easier.” Sighing, he crossed his legs and thought for a moment. Then he pulled out some other random medicinal pills, which he began to compare to the Foundation Establishment Pills. After a moment, his eyes shone with bright light as a new idea occurred to him.

Meanwhile, in other locations in the maze, the other disciples were going mad.

Their eyes were bloodshot as they scoured the tunnels. Ten days had already passed, and they had searched virtually the entire place.

Actually, some of them were very close to where Bai Xiaochun was located, and were just on the verge of stumbling into him. However, it was at that point that he suddenly burst into the open, speeding away as quickly as possible, and simultaneously releasing a slight Foundation Establishment aura.

All of the disciples were immediately enraged!

“He’s breaking through to Foundation Establishment. Get him!”

“No wonder we couldn’t find him for the past ten days. He was actually trying to break through. We can’t let him succeed!”

Even as they converged to chase him, Bai Xiaochun sighed and then waved his hand, sending several medicinal pills flying out, all of which emitted the aura of Foundation Establishment Pills. As he tossed them in different directions, he shouted, “Fine, take the Foundation Establishment Pills. If anybody dares to cause problems for me, I’ll wipe out your whole clan after I reach Foundation Establishment!” Bursting with a murderous aura, he then sped off into the distance.

Shocked, the disciples in the area sensed the Foundation Establishment aura on the pills, and quickly scattered to try to get them. Fierce fighting broke out instantly.

The result was that the five strongest disciples got the medicinal pills, and immediately began to flee. Other disciples gave chase, and yet, it only took a moment before howls and curses rose up into the sky.

“Fake! This isn’t a Foundation Establishment Pill! Damn that Nightcrypt!! I forgot he could concoct pills!!”

“This is fake! It’s a real fake!!”

“This isn’t a Foundation Establishment Pill! It’s another pill coated with some dust from a real Foundation Establishment Pill!!”

Of course, none of the other disciples were convinced. They continued to fight over the pills that had been abandoned, until everyone saw for themselves that they really were nothing more than ordinary tier-2 pills. At that point, their hatred for Nightcrypt reached indescribable levels. Obviously, only an apothecary could accomplish something like that, and there were few apothecaries in the Blood Stream Sect.

“Nightcrypt!! I’m gonna kill you!!” Furious, the disciples searched for another ten days, until everyone was growing gaunt and disheveled.

By now, there were only ten days left, and everyone was nearly collapsing with anxiety. They were fighting amongst themselves, and also fighting the bloodbeasts, and feeling worse as time went by.

Eventually, they found Bai Xiaochun.

However, to their despair, he emanated a powerful aura of Foundation Establishment!

Sticking his chin up, he waved his sleeve and loftily said, “What gall! How dare you fail to offer greetings to an important Dharma protector like me!”

In the Blood Stream Sect, rankings were strictly adhered to. After reaching Foundation Establishment, one was no longer a disciple. One could select one of the four mountain peaks to live on, and would also be named a Dharma protector. Those who reached Earthstring Foundation Establishment were even more powerful, and became elders.

Of course, both elders and Dharma protectors were people who the Inner Sect disciples feared. In fact, their lives were completely in the control of such people.

The Blood Stream Sect disciples looked like they might cry at any moment. Despairing, they looked at Bai Xiaochun flicking his sleeve, and their hearts surged with hatred. Moments ago they had been clamoring about how they wanted to kill him, but now they had no other choice but to bow their heads deferentially.

“Greetings, Dharma Protector Nightcrypt! Greetings!”

“Greetings, Dharma Protector Nightcrypt!”

Chapter 195: I Pick Big Sis Song's Middle Peak!

Everyone gritted their teeth and bowed their heads as they offered greetings. Bai Xiaochun was extremely proud of himself, but his expression was solemn. Chuckling darkly, he looked over the group.

Suddenly, Zhao Wuchang gritted his teeth and said, "Dharma Protector Nightcrypt, disciple is willing to give you everything I own in exchange for a single Foundation Establishment Pill...."

Soon, everyone was echoing his words. No fighting broke out; they simply tried to ingratiate themselves to Bai Xiaochun to get one of the pills for themselves.

To them, Foundation Establishment Pills were indescribably rare. If they lost out on this opportunity, it could be a very long time before they got another chance.

All they needed was one of those pills, and they would be qualified to make an enormous leap upwards. The mere thought of it had them all quivering with anxiety.

A decisive gleam could be seen in Zhao Wuchang's bloodshot eyes. His clan was on the decline, and there were enemy clans who had recently acquired new Foundation Establishment cultivators.

If he didn't reach Foundation Establishment soon, his entire clan

could be wiped out, and likely him with it!

With those thoughts on his mind, Zhao Wuchang gritted his teeth, dropped down and kowtowed to Bai Xiaochun. Then he pushed his finger down onto his forehead, causing blood-colored light to flicker as a drop of blood appeared. Shockingly, that blood actually contained a sliver of his soul!

He was using a secret magic that he had happened upon long ago. Considering the current level of his cultivation base, using it caused a major backlash. Even as the soul blood appeared, his face went pale, and he coughed up a massive mouthful of blood. Then he looked up at Bai Xiaochun, voice hoarse and filled with madness as he said, “Dharma Protector Nightcrypt. If you let me reach Foundation Establishment, I’ll be your slave for a sixty-year-cycle!”

All the other disciples gasped, and they looked at Zhao Wuchang with mixed emotions. Although all of them deeply desired a Foundation Establishment Pill, none of them were as decisive as he was.

Their faces sank. None of them had any sort of magic that would let them produce soul blood, but even if they did, they wouldn’t use it like this.

Foundation Establishment Pills were rare, but there was no saying that they wouldn’t get another opportunity to acquire one on another occasion.

Shaken, Bai Xiaochun gave Zhao Wuchang a long look, and then

glanced at the soul blood. He was no newcomer to the world of cultivation, and had heard of things like this before. After muttering to himself for a moment, he waved his hand, and the soul blood blew over and vanished into the tip of his finger.

A very strange sensation suddenly filled him. He could tell that as of this moment, a mere thought on this part could end Zhao Wuchang's life. It was a terrifying level of control that was actually somewhat similar to his Human Controlling Grand Magic.

After a moment of silence, he somberly said, "Zhao Wuchang!"

His grave expression caused the hearts of all the other disciples to tremble.

Zhao Wuchang looked up, his eyes filled with respect.

"I shall give you one Foundation Establishment Pill, and no more!" Bai Xiaochun had his principles. He waved his hand, and a Foundation Establishment Pill flew out to Zhao Wuchang. All the other disciples looked on enviously.

No one would dare to start fighting in front of a Foundation Establishment cultivator. Trembling, Zhao Wuchang grabbed the pill and then clasped hands and bowed to Bai Xiaochun. Then he walked forward, sat down cross-legged next to Bai Xiaochun and consumed the pill.

As soon as it entered his mouth, he began to shake visibly, as if

something volcanic were about to erupt inside of him.

Bai Xiaochun looked at him for a moment, then retracted his gaze. Inwardly, he sighed. Even in the Spirit Stream Sect, Foundation Establishment Pills were hard to get. However, in the Blood Stream Sect, they were even more valuable.

Suddenly, he realized that there were many aspects of the cultivation world that were like that.

There was a reason why the Blood Stream Sect was so powerful. Disciples who grew up in an environment like that would end up far stronger than disciples from other sects.

Some people might worry about the disciples' sense of belonging. However, as long as the sect was powerful enough, and did most things in the interest of the sect as a whole, anyone who threatened the rules of the sect would be crushed.

The best thing was not to fight the trend; blend in, and use the rules to your advantage!

Time passed. Just around the time that the one month time limit was over, rumbling sounds emanated out from Zhao Wuchang, and then the aura of Foundation Establishment erupted out. His eyes snapped open, and they shone brightly. His cultivation base was now a spiritual sea, and although it couldn't compare to an Earthstring Foundation Establishment, he did have a strong foundation in the Mortal-Dao level.

The surrounding disciples had complicated expressions on their faces as Zhao Wuchang rose to his feet. Clasp hands and bowing deeply to Bai Xiaochun, he said, “Many thanks, master!”

Bai Xiaochun nodded. At that point, numerous beams of light descended from above to surround all of the cultivators. Then a powerful gravitational force appeared, and they were hauled upward.

RUMBLE!

They flew up through the air, passing through the blood mist toward the outside. After the light vanished, they unleashed their cultivation bases and flew out of the pit toward the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood, where the four grand elders were waiting. Their gazes swept across the disciples, and came to rest on Bai Xiaochun and Zhao Wuchang.

Zhao Wuchang stood behind Bai Xiaochun, looking at him respectfully. At the same time, the four grand elders also focused their attention on Bai Xiaochun.

Very serious expressions could be seen on their faces. After all, they also had Foundation Establishment cultivation bases, although they were at the peak of the stage. At a single glance, they could see that something strange had happened.

“Nightcrypt enslaved another Foundation Establishment cultivator?” That was what they were all thinking as they exchanged glances. They had been impressed by Bai Xiaochun last

month, and now that feeling was growing.

If he had simply reached Foundation Establishment by himself, that would have been deserving of praise. But he had enslaved another Foundation Establishment cultivator as well. That went to show that although he had selfishly hogged the pills, such behavior wasn't fixed. He could be flexible, to get the best outcome that benefited him.

Such an attitude and such actions fit exactly in line with the principles of the Blood Stream Sect.

The dwarf from Nameless Peak suddenly asked, "Dharma Protector Nightcrypt, how many Foundation Establishment Pills did you consume?"

"Two!" Bai Xiaochun replied without even a moment of hesitation.

The burly grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak looked at Bai Xiaochun, eyes shining with praise. "What do you plan to do with the other Foundation Establishment Pills?"

"Oh, that...." Bai Xiaochun's heart thumped, and he considered the matter briefly before continuing proudly: "My dream is to become an amazing apothecary. I plan to study the extra Foundation Establishment Pills and see if I can replicate them. One of these days, I'll definitely produce my own Foundation Establishment Pills. Right now, all I can make are tier-2 spirit medicines."

The other disciples looked on with bitter expressions, and the four grand elder seemed shocked. It had been a simple question, but the answer was filled with profound meaning that immediately solidified all of their opinions of Nightcrypt. The four grand elders' hearts began to pound with anticipation.

A Dharma protector who could concoct medicine would be a very important figure, someone that Earthstring Foundation Establishment elders might not even be able to surpass. There were always Earthstring Foundation Establishment elders, but it was very difficult to get a Foundation Establishment expert of any sort who could concoct medicine.

The grand elder from Corpse Peak immediately regretted being so open with his praise before. At the same time, Song Junwan's heart was pounding as she smiled at Bai Xiaochun.

"Excellent," said the Corpse Peak grand elder, eyes burning passionately. "Nightcrypt, your work with the emerald zombie shows that you have skill in the Dao of medicine. Why not come over to Corpse Peak!? You are clearly connected to us by destiny!" He had already been shaken by Bai Xiaochun, but now that he was in the Foundation Establishment stage, he was even more impressive.

"Ah, cut the crap!" said the burly grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak. "Nightcrypt managed to fight off a whole group of opponents while only in the Qi Condensation stage. Clearly he's gifted in body refinement. Nightcrypt, come to Lesser Marsh Peak. We cultivate devilblood body refinement! With us, you can truly step onto the

path of becoming a powerful expert!”

But then the dwarf from Nameless Peak screeched: “Hey, don’t even think of trying to steal him from me. Didn’t I say from the beginning that Nightcrypt was coming to Nameless Peak!?”

Song Junwan from Middle Peak tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. Eyes glistening, she said, “Junior Brother Nightcrypt, why don’t you come to Middle Peak...?”

To see the grand elders fighting over Bai Xiaochun caused the other disciples to fume bitterly, and sigh in their hearts.

Bai Xiaochun couldn’t help but think about how outstanding he was. No matter how hard he tried to keep a low profile in both the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, he always managed to have people chasing after him.

Vexed at the amazement of his own accomplishments, his eyes suddenly went cloudy, as if with infatuation. Staring at Song Junwan, and blushing slightly, he said, “I... I pick Big Sis Song’s Middle Peak!”

Chapter 196: A Mysterious World

Bai Xiaochun's reply immediately caused Zhao Wuchang's heart to tremble. How could this master of his speak with such shocking forwardness...?

All of the other disciples gasped, and then pretended that they hadn't even heard the Middle Peak grand elder be addressed in such a saucy fashion.

Song Junwan's eyes went wide. Her first impression was that Nightcrypt was intentionally being disrespectful, but then she saw the gleam of infatuation in his eyes, and smiled flirtatiously. For some reason, he suddenly seemed even more charming than before.

"Big Sis?!" Strange expressions could be seen on the faces of the grand elders from the three other peaks. They looked at Bai Xiaochun, and then at Song Junwan. Finally, they shook their heads and turned to leave. As for Zhao Wuchang, he chose to go to Lesser Marsh Peak.

Before making his way off, the grand elder from Corpse Peak sighed lamentingly.

He truly felt regret that Bai Xiaochun had picked Middle Peak, and also wasn't quite willing to lose such an exquisite disciple who was clearly connected to Corpse Peak by destiny. Stepping forward, he produced a jade slip, which he handed to Bai Xiaochun.

“Nightcrypt, this is my command medallion. If you ever change your mind, bring it to Corpse Peak. We’ll always have a Dharma protector spot open for you!”

Bai Xiaochun took the command medallion graciously, thinking about how wonderfully the Blood Stream Sect was treating him. Although they did things a bit brutally, they truly took good care of him.

“When I cause disasters, they don’t punish me, they reward me!” he thought. “The four grand elders even fought over me, and in the end, the Corpse Peak grand elder still has his sights set on me.” He sighed again.

As everyone left, Song Junwan of Middle Peak looked Bai Xiaochun up and down, smiling the entire time. She had a smoking hot body, and as soon as she took a step forward, her milky white thigh was revealed. It was incredibly enticing, and despite the fact that Bai Xiaochun felt himself to be a person with iron resolve, he couldn’t keep from staring. His heart also began to thump in his chest.

Steamily, Song Junwan swayed up to Bai Xiaochun and reached her fair finger out to stroke his chin. Her crimson lips turned up in a slight smile, and she sighed. “What did you just call me, you little rascal?”

“Big Sis Song....” he replied shyly, his face flushing a bit as her delicate fragrance wafted into his nose.

When she saw him acting in such a way, Song Junwan laughed softly. Lifting her eyebrow slightly, she reached out and put a jade pendant in his hand. Then, she turned sensuously and floated away.

Bai Xiaochun stood there alone on the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood, holding the jade pendant in his hand, sighing at the lengths to which he had to go to get the relic of eternal indestructibility. He couldn't help but admire himself. Then he thought about the matter of calling Song Junwan Big Sis; next time he met Song Que, he would obviously have the greater seniority.

Even more excited than before, he proudly returned to his immortal's cave. By then it was evening. After arriving, he began to pack his bags in preparation for reporting in to Middle Peak the following morning.

Late in the night, as Bai Xiaochun was sitting there meditating, moonlight suddenly spilled in through the window, casting a shadow right in front of him. As it did, an unspeakable feeling of dread filled him; it was almost as if an invisible figure were about to take shape in front of him.

His eyes went wide, and his scalp went numb. Even as he watched, his shadow rippled and distorted, almost as if it were made from mist. In the blink of an eye, it filled the immortal's cave, which went pitch black. It was as if even the moonlight were infected, and had been cut away!

As soon as he saw what was happening, Bai Xiaochun thought of the mysterious sect that imposter Nightcrypt had mentioned. Bai Xiaochun had never forgotten the stories of that sect, and at the moment, although his expression remained the same, inwardly he was getting very nervous. He quickly rose to his feet and began to look around the area carefully.

“Imposter Nightcrypt said that over the decades, the mysterious sect only appeared three times. It’s been quite some time since their last appearance. Why didn’t they ever show up again....?” His heart began to thump in fear; if that mysterious sect saw through his mask, who knew what could happen....

He soon found that within the shadow-wreathed immortal’s cave, the ground was rippling, almost as if it were water. Soon, it turned translucent, and Bai Xiaochun was suddenly out in an illusory world.

At first, it seemed like the world existed underground, but upon closer inspection, Bai Xiaochun was shocked to realize that it was actually a projection. It was almost as if he were on the other side of a mirror, looking into another location.

That world had mountains and bodies of water, as well as a blue sky dotted with white clouds. Gradually, a white-robed figure appeared, radiating a profoundly ancient aura; for some reason, Bai Xiaochun immediately knew that this was a powerful expert from that mysterious sect. In that instant, he gained a much deeper understanding of how powerful that mysterious sect was.

“Nightcrypt!” When the white-robed figure spoke into his mind,

it was impossible to determine if the voice belonged to a man or a woman. Bai Xiaochun was already getting nervous, but apparently, the white-robed figure didn't notice that anything was amiss. The figure waved a sleeve, and three medicinal pill bottles appeared, all of them decorated with the mark of a shining moon. They immediately flew toward the translucent ground, as if they were going to pierce through and appear inside the immortal's cave.

The ripples in the floor grew more intense as the pill bottles grew close.

"I sensed the fluctuations of Foundation Establishment coming from you," the figure said. "You succeeded. Excellent. These are the medicinal pills you need. They should get you all the way to mid Foundation Establishment. The cost of sending these pills to you far exceeds the value of the pills themselves.

"Remember, the relic of eternal indestructibility is located beneath the immortal's cave of the grand elder of Middle Peak. It doesn't matter how long it takes; you have to figure out a way to get it." The pill bottles finally pierced their way through the ground and into the immortal's cave. At the same time, the white-robed figure faded away. The floor returned to normal, and the shadows vanished. Once again, moonlight spilled down through the window.

Only a few moments had passed, and Bai Xiaochun hadn't spoken a single word. However, he was already covered with sweat. Taking a deep breath, he calmed himself down. The strange behavior of this mysterious sect far exceeded anything he could have imagined.

“Just what kind of sect are they?” he thought. From what he could tell, they were so much more powerful than the Blood Stream Sect that the two were beyond compare. Obviously, despite their power, they were located very, very far away.

“Over there, it’s actually daytime....” he thought. He reached up and touched the mask he was wearing. The fact that his secret identity remained a secret left him feeling a lot better than before.

“So not even the white-robed emissary noticed that I took the imposter’s place? Or did the emissary notice and just not say anything?” After a moment of hesitation, he decided to try to get confirmation from imposter Nightcrypt.

Imposter Nightcrypt felt truly bitter at what had just happened. He had requested these medicinal pills several times, and only now had they finally been delivered. Except, now they belonged to Bai Xiaochun. After a long moment, he sighed. Not daring to complain, he began to answer Bai Xiaochun’s questions.

In the end, Bai Xiaochun was left frowning. There really was no way to determine if the white-robed figure had seen through his disguise or not.

“Whatever. There’s no use in thinking about it too much. Even if he did notice, he didn’t say anything. In that case, we have a mutual understanding. Based on my previous analysis, it seems more likely than ever that they’re just putting on a show. Or who knows, maybe he really didn’t notice.” Bai Xiaochun shook his

head and looked down at the three pill bottles with the shining moon marks. One by one, he opened them all.

Within the medicinal pill bottles were a total of thirty medicinal pills. Upon closer examination, Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide.

“They're all superior-grade!!! Tier-4 spirit medicine!

“What sect is this? They're terrifying!

“I don't even recognize what type of spirit medicine it is! And the medicinal plant ingredients....” After analyzing what he could smell, he was sure that there were dozens of ingredients in the medicine, and yet, he could only identify about half of them.

However, he could assess their efficacy, and was certain that it was just as the white-robed figure had said; these three pill bottles were enough to get a Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivator from the early level to the mid level. Of course, they wouldn't be of much use at all to Bai Xiaochun. After all, he was already in the Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment stage.

Although medicinal pills could help him to some degree, what he needed more was refined Heavenspan River water. However, these pills would definitely help him significantly in his concocting.

Bai Xiaochun spent the whole night in thought. The following morning at dawn, he yawned and put his thoughts regarding the mysterious sect to rest for the moment. Emerging from his

immortal's cave, he looked back at the floor for a moment, then flew at top speed toward Middle Peak.

Upon arriving, he looked at the upper half of Middle Peak, stretching at an angle up into the sky. Thinking about how it was really the finger of a giant, he sighed inwardly.

Almost as soon as he arrived at Middle Peak, he ran into a shimmering field of light. Once it sensed the jade pendant he held, it dispersed, allowing him to enter Middle Peak.

Without that jade pendant, he would receive severe punishment for trying to charge onto the mountain. The ranking system of the Blood Stream Sect was strictly enforced, and only Foundation Establishment cultivators were allowed onto the four peaks.

As he proceeded along, he could sense how majestic the mountain was. All of the plants and vegetation were crimson, and there were even blood-colored rivers and streams visible. His Undying Live Forever Technique stirred, and when he looked over at one of the blood-colored waterfalls off in the distance, the sensation of being summoned by the hand grew even stronger.

That summons was stirring his Undying Live Forever Technique, calling out to him, making him feel almost as if he were becoming the giant.

Chapter 197: Secret Magic of Middle Peak!

“Holy Land!” Without even realizing what he was doing, Bai Xiaochun walked over to the edge of the blood waterfall he’d just spotted, and could immediately sense the powerful blood qi. To him, blood qi was very important to replenish his vital energy.

Taking in a deep breath, he felt his spirits lifting, and just when he was about to begin to absorb the blood qi, a sensation of crisis filled him. He immediately backed up, whereupon a boom echoed out from the spot where he had been standing.

A beam of blood-colored light, almost like sword qi, had slashed into that very spot. The surrounding plants and vegetation whipped back and forth from the blast, and a huge furrow was hewn out in the ground.

“Eee?” someone said. Then, a young man strode out from within the blood waterfall. He wore all red, and had an icily cold arrogance to him as he stared at Bai Xiaochun. “Screw off. You’re not allowed in this area!”

Bai Xiaochun immediately recognized the young man. It was Song Que. Immediately after issuing his command, he turned and walked back into the blood waterfall, where he sat back down cross-legged.

“So, this moron is here,” Bai Xiaochun thought. “Humph. What makes you think you’re so special? Back in the Fallen Sword World, you were crying for your mommy and daddy when I beat

you up. Just wait until I get famous in the Blood Stream Sect, I'll show you a thing or two. Humph!" Glaring hatefully, Bai Xiaochun decided that he would definitely find an opportunity to call Song Junwan 'Big Sis' in front of Song Que. [That would definitely heap humiliation onto his head!](#)

Eyes flickering coldly, he left. He walked along to visit some of the places he noticed that had especially strong blood qi, but every time he got close, someone would attack him and drive him away.

None of them were very polite at all, three of them even attacked him with completely murderous auras. If he hadn't fled fast enough, it seemed likely that he would have been killed.

Bai Xiaochun grumbled to himself louder and louder at how overbearing these people were. All he wanted to do was breathe in some blood qi, not stake a claim to their territory.

Eventually, he arrived at Middle Peak Pavilion, where newly promoted Dharma protectors were supposed to check in. Waiting there for him was an old man in the late Foundation Establishment stage. After sizing Bai Xiaochun up, and realizing that he was at Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, a condescending expression appeared on his face, and he took the jade pendant from Bai Xiaochun. Then he handed him a new identity medallion, along with a crimson jade slip.

"That jade slip contains Middle Peak's secret magic, the Blood Annihilation World. If you don't understand the cultivation method, you can attend one of the monthly training sessions administered by a prime elder. It costs merit points to ask

questions about the Dao, but if you lack merit points, you could always request a personal audience with a prime elder.

“As for your immortal’s cave, we have 37 vacancies for Dharma protectors at the moment. Pick any one that you want. If you don’t like what you see, and you think you’re strong enough, you can simply take an immortal’s cave from someone else. Alright, that’s it, you can go now.” Waving his hand, he closed his eyes to meditate.

It all seemed overly simple to Bai Xiaochun, who took the two pieces of jade. After sending some divine sense into the medallion, he saw a map of Middle Peak, as well as notations on all the immortal’s caves.

Considering it was morning, he decided to simply walk around and take in the sights. By the time evening fell, he’d had a chance to examine all of the immortal’s caves in the Dharma protector district. Taken on their own, they were actually pretty nice, but compared to the other occupied caves, they were quite deficient in terms of blood qi.

However, he had no choice at the moment other than to select the best one he could find, and move in.

Looking around at his new immortal’s cave, he had to admit that it was much better than the cave in the Inner Sect. However, he still didn’t think it measured up to the Spirit Stream Sect. Having no other options, he sighed and produced the blood-colored jade slip, which he scanned with spiritual power.

“Eee? Use blood qi to form a sword, transform it into a world of annihilation? Whether you’re injured or you injure someone else, the blood qi that spills out will make the blood sword stronger. Now this is a secret magic!” Feeling a bit shocked, he studied the information in more detail, causing his face to flicker with various reactions. In the end, he was even more shocked than he had been at first, and thought back to when Song Que had attacked him with a blood sword in the Fallen Sword World.

“This blood sword is a secret legacy of Middle Peak. On Corpse peak, they refine corpses, on Nameless Peak they raise gargoyles, on Lesser Marsh Peak they have devilblood body refinement, and on Middle Peak, they have this blood sword Annihilation World!” Bai Xiaochun was shaken, and had to admit that in this regard, the Blood Stream Sect was a bit better than the Spirit Stream Sect. Here, the secret legacy techniques were given out to all qualified disciples to cultivate.

Clearly, the Blood Annihilation World was completely beyond ordinary. After further study, Bai Xiaochun came across a description of the origin of the blood sword.

“Long ago, one of the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs was studying the enormous hand when he suddenly received some inspiration. He created the blood sword Annihilation World, which was then added to and perfected by further generations. In the end, it became the secret magic of Middle Peak!”

After some more thought and study, he waved his right hand, causing all of his blood to suddenly stop flowing. Blood qi rose up

from the ground around him, then began to form together into a shape in front of his finger. However, there was clearly not enough blood qi, and even after letting some time pass, there was no clear result.

Frowning, Bai Xiaochun dispersed the blood qi.

After some more thought, he studied the jade slip a bit more, and performed another test. However, the result was the same. There seemed to be some obstructions of some sort which were preventing a steady flow of blood qi.

“According to this jade slip, the first step in the blood sword is to extract all of the blood qi from your body, then transform it into sword qi, right in front of your finger. Then, you use the secret magic to change that foundation of sword qi into a blood sword....” He tried one more time, yet failed again.

“Why isn’t it working?” After thinking the matter through even more, he abandoned the method described in the jade slip and instead called upon the Undying Live Forever Technique. Instantly, the swirling blood qi in the area began to stream toward him and merge into his body.

In the space of a single breath, he then sent that blood qi toward the tip of his finger. There, it transformed into sword qi, one-third of a meter long.

It all happened very naturally and without any hindrance whatsoever. If any observer had been able to watch what was

happening, they would have been struck mute. In the entire history of the Blood Stream Sect, there had never been a single Chosen who could form blood qi into sword qi in less than a day. Bai Xiaochun, despite having used an unorthodox method, had accomplished it in only a few breaths of time.

Bai Xiaochun examined the sword qi at the tip of his finger, and knew that he had succeeded by doing something outside of the box.

“The Blood Annihilation World is incredible, and is obviously a magic designed to control Undying Blood. However, nobody in the Blood Stream Sect has true Undying Blood, so they have to rely on blood qi, which they use to transform their own blood. Obviously, the result is an impure product. That’s why it requires extra blood qi, either by injuring someone else, or harming your own body. That’s the only way to increase the power.

“Perhaps after a very long period in which your blood is mixed with the blood qi, you might be able to eventually reach the final level of the Undying Codex, which is Undying Blood!

“However, that would be a very, very difficult method. The best thing to do would be to use one’s own Undying Blood to produce blood qi, then use that to form the sword qi. With that foundation, the strike of the blood sword would be strong enough to shake heaven and earth!

“Actually, my outside-the-box method wasn’t really correct either.” Taking a deep breath, he dispersed the sword qi, transforming it back into blood qi, which he absorbed into his body, then fused into his own flesh and blood. A tingling sensation

washed through him. Then, instead of going on to practice the Undying Heavenly King, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and used the Blood Annihilation World mnemonic to try to extract the blood qi.

In that instant, his flesh and blood shrank down slightly, and at the same time, blood qi emerged!

That blood qi came from his Undying Gold Skin and his Undying Heavenly King, which he had carefully developed over time. Now, it was being used to produce blood qi that counted as Bai Xiaochun's personal Undying Blood.

Based on his current cultivation base, it was impossible for Bai Xiaochun to actually create his own Undying Blood. However, by means of this secret magic, he was actually able to forcibly produce some blood qi.

It was scant, and yet, the summons from the enormous hand seemed to grow more intense as a result. Bai Xiaochun began to pant as he sent the stream of blood qi to the tip of his finger, where it transformed into sword qi!

This was the true Blood Annihilation World, or perhaps, the true Undying Blood sword!

Although it was only a sliver of the real thing, and perhaps couldn't even compare to other Foundation Establishment cultivators, this strand of Undying Blood qi was crafted from countless ordinary bits of blood qi that had been refined into a

state that could crush anything else as easily as dried weeds!

In the instant that sword qi appeared, all of the blood qi on Middle Peak began to seethe. Countless Foundation Establishment cultivators were shocked, and yet, had no idea what was causing the phenomenon.

Bai Xiaochun was panting with excitement, never having believed that he would actually succeed.

“This isn’t just a trump card, this is something I can use to form Undying Blood! With this, I should be able to make early contact with the Undying Blood level!!” Filled with excitement, he retracted his Undying Blood qi.

As he continued to practice, the days passed by.

In this passage, the word Bai Xiaochun uses to insult Song Que is a common word for “lacks intelligence” that also contains the same character ‘que’ from his name, making for some clever wordplay.

Chapter 198: You're Plotting Against Me!

The days went by, and Bai Xiaochun settled in as a Dharma protector of Middle Peak. He now learned more of certain matters that had been unclear to him before. For example, the war between the Profound Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect had expanded from small-scale fighting into large-scale warfare.

As for the Blood Stream Sect, they were already making their own preparations for war, and a murderous aura was slowly building up in the entire sect.

“What’s with all this fighting and killing?” Bai thought. “Why don’t we all just get along and be happy? Wouldn’t it be better to just join forces and go to the Middle Reaches together?” Sighing, he continued with his cultivation, and the absorption of blood qi.

When he absorbed blood qi, it wouldn’t merely rise up from the ground, but would rush toward him from the entire area outside his immortal’s cave.

Unfortunately, he didn’t have a top quality immortal’s cave, but on the upside, he was in a relatively remote location where nobody else lived. Considering the overbearing way he was taking all the blood qi, nobody else would have been able to properly cultivate nearby.

There were plenty of things to keep him busy. In addition to practicing the blood sword, he worked on his Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, and observed as the Heavenspan River water was

gradually absorbed by his first spiritual sea. And then there was his research into the Human Controlling Grand Magic and protomagnetic power. Finally, he was gaining even greater control over his Heavenspan Dharma Eye.

He felt himself getting stronger and stronger every day, and couldn't help but get excited.

“I'm on the verge of reaching the first level of the Undying Heavenly King! Plus, this blood sword completely suits me! This place is my own Holy Land! I don't ever want to leave!!” His cultivation was going along luxuriously. As he absorbed the massive quantities of blood qi, his progress in the first level of the Undying Heavenly King continued rapidly.

However, as he grew more and more powerful with the Undying Heavenly King, and built up more and more Undying Blood qi, the amount of blood qi he needed to absorb from his surroundings increased as well.

Before long, the blood qi in the area wasn't sufficient for his cultivation. Eventually, it reached the point where after excitedly absorbing all blood qi he could, there wasn't enough left to work with. He was forced to wait until the following day for it to build up again.

“This won't work!” he thought. He spent about half a day absorbing the blood qi that had built up, but there simply wasn't enough....

Bai Xiaochun looked around anxiously, then thought about the other areas with stronger blood qi. But then he remembered how vicious the Blood Stream Sect people were, and he started to get angry.

“All the best places are already occupied. Unfortunately, I can’t just go over and beat them up. I have to keep a low profile!” Bai Xiaochun sighed. Seeing how slow his cultivation was going now got him very nervous.

“Well, I don’t really have any options. Since I can’t cultivate in my own immortal’s cave, I’ll just have to go outside.” Rubbing his forehead, he thought about it a bit more, then decided it was the right thing to do. After waiting until nightfall, he snuck out and picked an immortal’s cave not too far away in the forest. After sitting down cross-legged some distance away from it, he closed his eyes and breathed in deeply.

The area twisted and distorted, and then blood qi rose up from the ground. He quickly absorbed it into his body, which of course felt wonderful. He quickly unleashed the Undying Heavenly King, and when the Undying Blood qi felt strong enough, he took in another deep breath. Blood qi poured into him, and every part of his body felt like it was rejoicing.

However, with Bai Xiaochun absorbing the blood qi, the levels in the area dropped noticeably. When it reached about thirty percent of its former level, the Foundation Establishment cultivators in the area noticed, and were both shocked and alarmed.

“What’s going on?”

“Why did so much blood qi vanish?!”

“Did the area suddenly get haunted or something?”

The seven or eight Foundation Establishment cultivators in the area all rushed out of their immortal’s caves’ to investigate, bristling with murderous rage.

When Bai Xiaochun realized what was happening, he quickly ceased any work with the technique and surreptitiously made his exit. The Foundation Establishment cultivators searched the whole area, but couldn’t find anything amiss. Then they sensed the blood qi in the area slowly being restored, and they dispersed, suspicious as ever.

Off in the distance, Bai Xiaochun stood there looking irritated. The people in the Blood Stream Sect really were far too overbearing. He had barely been able to take two breaths before they had burst out of their immortal’s caves to investigate.

“So,” he said, sighing, “it seems I can’t stay in place for very long. At the most, I can take two breaths before leaving!” But then, he suddenly remembered something, and looked around the area vigilantly. After making sure he didn’t see any rabbit ears, he breathed a sigh of relief at the bitterness of the life he led. In the future, he would have to be sure to whisper very quietly, and also be very careful.

In any case, he made his decision.

As of this moment, he looked just like he had back in his spirit tail chicken-thieving days in the Spirit Stream Sect.

But then, he realized something didn't seem right. After some more thinking, he started to get mad. "No, no. I'm related to this giant. Therefore, this stuff belongs to me! They're stealing my blood qi!

"Shameless! How dare they steal my blood qi! Well, I'll just have to endure the humiliation. I refuse to butt heads with idiots!" Fuming, he made his way off into the distance to another area. After sensing the levels of blood qi in the area, he rotated his cultivation base and turned himself into something like a black hole.

Noiseless rumbling rose up that no one but Bai Xiaochun could hear. To him, it was like thunder in his brain. The black hole instantly caused all of the blood qi in the area to rush toward him. He quickly absorbed it, then hurried off.

Behind him, cries of alarm rose up....

And that was how he spent the entire night....

The Foundation Establishment cultivators on Middle Peak were all left frowning that night. Many of them had been practicing cultivation late into the night, but were then interrupted by a sudden lack of blood qi. Some of them were even hit by backlashes because of being interrupted at critical junctures. Enraged, they

rushed out into the night to investigate, but by that time, Bai Xiaochun was long gone.

Most tragic of all was one particular Foundation Establishment cultivator of some fame, who other people had come to call Master God-Diviner. He had a rather luxurious immortal's cave which was surrounded by blood trees, and also occupied a relatively high position within the sect. That night, he was in the middle of performing a secret magic of augury, something that was dangerous to interrupt, and required a large intake of blood qi.

When he was interrupted, and the intake of blood qi ceased, he coughed up a mouthful of blood and instantly withered visibly. His mind was then struck with such intense pain that he screamed and fainted.

When the sun began to rise, Bai Xiaochun hurried back to this immortal's cave, filled with excitement. He had absorbed so much blood qi that not only was he able to resume cultivation, but he could do so even more quickly than before. Once he was back inside, he looked around proudly, and then stuck his chin up. Expression somber, he checked around to make sure the area was rabbit-free, then finally relaxed.

“Hahaha! My wits prevail again! I don't need to go robbing anybody, nor cause any fights. I just take two breaths wherever I go, and nobody's the wiser.” Bai Xiaochun was very pleased. During the day, he worked with the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, the Human Controlling Grand Magic, and protomagnetic power, and when night fell, he snuck out into the shadows, as stealthily as a cat.

This time, he picked a different route. Every place he stopped, he would breathe in deeply two times, then flee to another location, where he would do the same thing.

His speed wasn't that of Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment. Despite the powers of disguise provided by the mask, which masked the fluctuations of his cultivation base, he was doing everything else he could think of to avoid being identified as a fraud.

That night, astonished cries of rage rose up all over Middle Peak.

“Dammit! Where did all the blood qi go!?”

“What’s going on? This is the second night in a row!”

“Something’s wrong here!!”

The most miserable of all was Master God-Diviner.... He had remained a slight coma for the entire day. When he finally woke up the following night, he looked around, ashen-faced and with bloodshot eyes, his rage burning.

“Who’s plotting against me?!?” A murderous aura erupted from within him, and his eyes burned with fury. “Whoever you are, plotter, you’re dead!”

Taking a deep breath, he suppressed the injuries from the previous night's backlash, then performed an incantation gesture. Instantly, his eyes shone with bright light.

“It's time to divine who exactly you are!” Master God-Diviner was the type of person who would seek revenge over the smallest grievance. He immediately performed auguries and divinations, causing vortexes to appear within his eyes. They spun faster and faster, sucking in a steady flow of blood qi from the area.

At that point, a blurry figure appeared in his eyes. Just when Master God-Diviner was about to try to force the figure into focus, the thieving Bai Xiaochun snuck into the area.

It only took him a moment to breathe in deeply two times, whereupon howls of rage rose up. A tremor ran through Master God-Diviner as the blood qi in the area suddenly vanished. The injury he had suppressed earlier flared out of control, and he coughed up another huge mouthful of blood before passing out.

On the evening of the third day, he finally forced his eyes opened. His body was weak, and blood was still oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He knew that he had been seriously injured, and couldn't perform any more auguries for at least a month.

Brimming with rage, he screamed, “I can't believe someone's really plotting against me. I'm gonna tear you to shreds!”

Chapter 199: Xuemei's Immortal's Cave

Gritting his teeth, Master God-Diviner left his immortal's cave and traded with some fellow sect members to acquire medicinal pills to help his recovery. After hearing the grumblings regarding recent events, he realized that nobody was plotting against him specifically. However, his hatred still simmered. He told the other cultivators that he had divined that this was no natural disaster, but rather, was being perpetrated by a person, who was using some unknown method to absorb the local blood qi.

Master God-Diviner was relatively famous on Middle Peak, so people trusted his explanation. Therefore, the cultivators who had been most adversely affected during the events of the past two nights went out to look for the culprit.

Another two nights passed, but nobody turned up any clues. And yet, the blood qi seemed to be constantly draining away. Killing intent rose up, and soon word began to spread.

“Did you hear about that mysterious cultivator on Middle Peak? Every night he sucks away all of the blood qi from the whole mountain peak!”

“What a psycho! A lot of people have been injured in the middle of their cultivation. Lately, nobody even dares to practice any cultivation at all.”

“Who is this guy? Does he have a suicide wish? If people figure out who he is, not even the sect could stop him from getting

killed!”

Bai Xiaochun heard a lot of talk like that during the day, and it scared him so much he decided to rest for a few days. But when his cultivation speed slowed, he got anxious and once again ventured outside.

However, many of the Foundation Establishment cultivators had sworn oaths to catch the culprit. On one occasion, Bai Xiaochun even joined one of those groups, and joined in on the cursing, trying to look as angry as possible. Because of that, no one suspected him.

Three more days passed, during which Bai Xiaochun spent his nights trying to find places to absorb blood qi. However, too many Foundation Establishment cultivators were out searching, and he never found a single opportunity.

He spent some more time thinking, and decided that he shouldn't act rashly. A few more days passed, and eventually, the temporary unity of the Foundation Establishment cultivators began to fade. At that point, Bai Xiaochun set out, humming a little tune as he went about absorbing blood qi.

Sticking his chin up, he waved his sleeve and loftily said, “Hmph! You wanna compete with Bai Xiaochun? I’ve got more experience at this kind of thing than anyone!”

He reaped a great harvest that night. At one point, he passed an area that clearly had much stronger blood qi than the other areas.

Delighted, he absorbed some of it, but didn't dare to stay long.

And that was how things went for about half a month. When lots of people were out and about, he would stop. When the numbers thinned, he would go out to absorb some blood qi. His blood sword was becoming more and more solid, and the power of his Undying Heavenly King had already reached that of seven mammoths.

“I'm going to hit ten mammoths soon. The first level of my Undying Heavenly King will be finished, and I'll be able to unleash the Mountain Shaking Bash!!

“Plus, I can feel that the blood sword is almost completely cultivated!!” Bai Xiaochun was starting to get very excited.

As for the cultivators of Middle Peak, they were going mad. They were already vicious people to begin with, but with the half a month of torment provided by Bai Xiaochun, their killing intent grew even more pronounced.

Their nights of cultivation during that time were never stable. That was especially true considering that Bai Xiaochun didn't have a set schedule or route....

The Foundation Establishment cultivators were getting to the point where they couldn't take it anymore. That was especially true of the cultivators who had been tormented by backlashes that left them coughing up blood.

“Who is it?!”

“I’m gonna kill this guy! Dammit! I’m gonna kill him!”

“Is this guy looking to die? Even if my cultivation base is unstable, I’ll still skin him alive!!”

All of Middle Peak was in an uproar. Never before in their lives had these Foundation Establishment cultivators experienced anything like this, and during the day, everyone walked around with bloodshot, murderous eyes.

Bai Xiaochun was shocked by what he was seeing. In fact, before he stepped out of his immortal’s cave during the day, he would always rub his eyes hard until they turned red. Then, he would make sure to loudly curse the Blood Qi-Thieving Fiend.

Time passed, and none of the Foundation Establishment cultivators gave up on searching for the culprit. Those who were adept at divination and augury did their best to use their powers to uncover who was responsible. But few people were truly skilled in such arts. Master God-Diviner was actually the most famous and skilled, but his injuries made it impossible for him to use his arts. Therefore, all of the lower finger of Middle Peak could do nothing more than stew in fury.

Bai Xiaochun immediately ceased any activities for a few days. When he came back out, he found that there were actually Foundation Establishment cultivators patrolling all of the major areas. Apparently, everyone had truly united in rare fashion to

deal with the common problem.

Bai Xiaochun was completely shocked. After walking around for a bit, he finally sighed in resignation. Even as he was dejectedly trying to decide what to do next, he passed a certain area that seemed very quiet, and stopped to look around.

“Nobody’s patrolling here?” Blinking, he studied the area cautiously to confirm that no one was in the area. Only then did he remember that this was the location he had passed some time before that had stronger blood qi than usual.

After poking around, he found a seemingly ordinary immortal’s cave. He then pulled out a jade slip to check some information, after which his eyes shone brightly.

“How come I never paid attention to this place before? All the immortal’s caves in this area are supposed to be empty. I wonder who this place belongs to? Oh well, it won’t hurt to take a couple breaths.” Licking his lips, he took a deep breath, causing the blood qi in the area to rush toward him. In fact, a huge blast came from the immortal’s cave itself. In the end, he got as much blood qi as he would normally get from two or three of the other areas.

“This place is awesome!” Not daring to stay in one place for too long, he quickly left. However, the next night he came back and took two more breaths. He did the same on the third night, and the fourth. To his delight, he found that nothing ever happened, and nobody even went by this particular immortal’s cave. Eventually, on the fifth day, he worked up the gumption to take ten breaths.

At long last he was certain that there were no problems, and that nobody was in the immortal's cave. Furthermore, during the day, nobody seemed to care what was happening. And it was the same at night time!

“Hahaha! The heavens do have eyes!” During the night of the sixth day, Bai Xiaochun showed up early and sat down to do his usual breathing. As of this moment, he was ready to complete the first level of the Undying Heavenly King!

As soon as the technique stirred, the blood qi in the area began to rush toward him. Bai Xiaochun waved his hand in grand fashion, quickly absorbing the flow of blood qi. Inside the immortal's cave, everything began to rumble noiselessly. Massive amounts of blood qi surged out, pouring into Bai Xiaochun to fuel the cultivation of the Undying Live Forever Technique. His entire body was sore and tingling, and the buildup of power was very obvious.

Bai Xiaochun got more excited than ever, and suddenly, he was consumed with the desire to simply absorb as much blood qi as he could, without any regard for safety. It was a huge river flowing into him, making him feel almost like he was becoming an immortal.

The truth was that there really wasn't anybody in the immortal's cave behind Bai Xiaochun. It wasn't a very large cave, and seemed temporarily unoccupied. The only thing inside of it was a small, blood-colored bottle.

Sticking out of the top of the bottle was a blood-colored plum blossom. It would only take a glance at it to tell that it was a precious treasure. Beneath the bottle itself was a glowing red spell formation, with the bottle being located at the very center of it.

Closer examination would reveal that there was a small aperture in the very center of the formation, which the bottle fit into perfectly!

The blood bottle contained boundless blood qi, so much that it had formed a liquid, which now filled most of the little bottle.

As Bai Xiaochun absorbed the blood qi, the liquid in the bottle was rapidly draining.

In the time it takes an incense stick to burn, thirty percent of the liquid in the bottle drained away. Even as Bai Xiaochun excitedly absorbed the blood qi, something else happened in another location in the Blood Stream Sect. Somewhere on Ancestor Peak, there was a blood lake that was surrounded by plum blossoms. It looked like a celestial paradise.

Next to the lake was an immortal's cave with a large, green door that emanated powerful pressure. Engraved on the surface of the door was a single, blood-colored plum blossom.

Inside, the immortal's cave was lavishly decorated. Glowing pearls served as lamps, and everything was adorned with spirit stones. In the middle of the immortal's cave, a young woman sat cross-legged in meditation, wearing a blood-colored mask. This

young woman was none other than Xuemei!

Suddenly, she opened her eyes and frowned.

“What happened? Why has there been such a shocking reduction in the blood qi in my blood bottle on Middle Peak?!”

The immortal’s cave where Bai Xiaochun was absorbing blood qi was Xuemei’s official residence on Middle Peak, although she rarely went there. She normally resided on Ancestor Peak. As for the Middle Peak immortal’s cave, it was a strange place; her father, Patriarch Limitless, had noticed the place’s uniqueness years ago, and had set up a spell formation that made the blood qi there even stronger, far stronger than anywhere else on the lower finger of Middle Peak.

Because of that, she had left a treasured blood bottle there which would slowly absorb the blood qi. Ten years had already passed, and it was almost full. When it was, she could begin to cultivate a certain secret magic of the sect.

Because the blood bottle was connected to her mind, she could sense what was happening to it. Occasionally, it would naturally lose a bit of its blood qi, so she hadn’t paid much attention to what had happened over the past few days. But the shocking reduction from just now was occurring much too quickly. In almost the blink of an eye, forty percent of the liquid which had built up was gone.

Xuemei instantly started to get anxious. Her phoenix-like eyes flashing with anger, she rose to her feet and transformed into a

beam of light that rumbled through the night, heading from Ancestor Peak toward Middle Peak!

“I need to see for myself what’s causing this sudden reduction!”

Chapter 200: Young Lady Xuemei, What A Coincidence...

Xuemei became a beam of light that shot through the night at astonishing speed, whistling through the air toward Middle Peak. Almost instantly, Middle Peak filled with echoing rumbles.

Xuemei had always been a very domineering figure in the sect. That was simply how she acted, and others had always accepted that since her father was Patriarch Limitless.

Xuemei had come to realize that years ago, and thus, always did everything in intentionally overbearing fashion. As she arrived, the rumbling in the lower finger of Middle Peak caused all of the Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors and elders to emerge from their immortal's caves. Shocked, they looked up to see Xuemei flying through the air.

She whistled along, just barely visible within the blood-colored light that surrounded her. Anyone who looked closely might be able to see her eyes beneath her blood-colored mask, flickering with cold arrogance!

Everyone was instantly shaken.

“I can't believe Young Lady Xuemei has returned to Middle Peak!”

“Technically, she's an elder of Middle Peak, but she doesn't get

along with Grand Elder Song Junwan, so she almost never appears here!”

“Eee? Where is she headed...?”

As people turned to look in the direction she was flying, they realized that there was a large accumulation of blood qi there. In fact, much of the blood qi on the mountain peak seemed to be slowly moving in that direction, causing a blood-colored light to illuminate the sky.

All of the Foundation Establishment cultivators’ eyes flickered.

“That’s where Young Lady Xuemei’s immortal’s cave is. The blood qi....”

“Could it be that Young Lady Xuemei has produced some valuable treasure?!”

Everyone had their own speculations as they flew up into the air and headed toward the immortal’s cave.

At the moment, Bai Xiaochun was in the middle of absorbing the blood qi from inside the immortal’s cave. As he did, his Undying Live Forever Technique rapidly built up power. His fleshly body grew stronger, and although he looked the same physically, he was getting more powerful by the moment.

“The first level of the Undying Heavenly King, ten mammoths

Berserk Ghost Body!” Bai Xiaochun excitedly focused on the sensation of his physical body getting explosively more powerful.

Eight mammoths. Nine mammoths. Soon, he had reached the power level of ten mammoths!

Bai Xiaochun’s mind filled with rumbling sounds, and cracking sounds rose up that only he could hear.

At the same time, his flesh and blood exploded with tingling pain, almost as if freezing water were rushing through him. His body shook as the feeling spread out, filling him completely. He subconsciously took in another breath, and the tingling pain began to retract, slowly concentrating on one location in the pit of his stomach!

There, it transformed into a boundless energy!

That energy was formed from the intense trembling which wracked his entire body. At the same time, his flesh and blood became a vortex which madly sucked in all of the blood qi in the immortal’s cave!

The blood qi raced toward him like stampeding horses; even the blood qi outside of the immortal’s cave began to rumble toward him!

Bai Xiaochun was shaken, and even as he felt himself getting more and more powerful, a sensation of foreboding suddenly rose

up in his heart.

In the past, he had always controlled himself, and only absorbed a small amount of local blood qi. Moments ago, he had been attempting to absorb only the blood qi in the immortal's cave, which would have prevented any blood-colored light from rising into the air, thus making it very difficult for anyone to detect him.

But now, the ten mammoths Berserk Ghost Body of the Undying Heavenly King had formed, and he had lost control. His body became a vortex, sucking in all of the blood qi, and causing blood-colored light to shine up visibly into the sky.

He tried to stop it from happening, but was too late. As his body transformed, blood qi poured into him, and rumbling sounds echoed out in his mind. His body continued to tremble harder and harder, and his strength rose explosively.

Soon, the power solidified. The strength of ten mammoths formed the Berserk Ghost Body!!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes opened wide, and the image of a berserk ghost appeared behind him. Although it was blurry, that was only because it was still in the process of taking shape. Within a few months, it would be incredibly clear.

A sense of limitless power filled every inch of him, and yet, there

was no time for him to revel in any excitement. He knew that the blood-colored light shining up into the air would surely attract attention.

“The Blood Stream Sect people are too domineering! You even have to walk on eggshells when simply practicing cultivation!” He was really starting to get nervous, and was well aware that plenty of people in the Blood Stream Sect hated him already. If they found him here, they would be murderously enraged, and the consequences were too horrible to even contemplate.

Just when he was about to flee, a beam of blood-colored light appeared, shooting down toward his location like lightning.

In the blink of an eye, a young woman appeared in front of Bai Xiaochun. She wore a blood-colored gown and a mask of the same color, decorated with the image of a plum blossom.

Xuemei looked into the immortal’s cave with a blank expression. Never could she have imagined that someone in the Blood Stream Sect would dare to trifle with her.

The mere idea of someone practicing cultivation right at the doorstep of her immortal’s cave was completely outrageous, and she didn’t know how to react. She couldn’t even think of anyone in the Lower Reaches of the cultivation world who would have the gall to do such a thing....

She could sense that the blood bottle in her immortal’s cave was already empty, and in fact, the blood qi had been drained from it so

completely that the bottle was on the verge of shattering.

That bottle had been at work for more than ten years, but had been completely drained in a single night. Even as she stood there, trembling and panting, the last bit of blood qi left the immortal's cave and entered Bai Xiaochun.

Xuemei's phoenix-like eyes radiated murderous coldness as she turned to look at him.

"Young Lady Xuemei, what a coincidence...." Bai Xiaochun said, feeling a bit guilty. Seeing how furious she was, his first thought was to say that he was just passing by. However, all of the blood qi in the area was still rushing toward him because of his effort to reach the first level of the Undying Heavenly King, and there was nothing he could do to stop that. On the verge of tears, he could think of nothing else to do but change the topic.

"This is your immortal's cave? Why don't we talk things over, I can compensate you...." Before he could say anything else, numerous figures appeared, which were the Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors and elders of Middle Peak's lower finger. It only took a moment for them to sense the lowered levels of blood qi in the area, and see the strands of blood qi streaming into Bai Xiaochun.

As they realized the implications of what they were seeing, they looked at Bai Xiaochun with murderous glares.

"It was Nightcrypt! He's the reason why the blood qi has been in

decline for the past few days....”

“You’re the reason why I got hit by so many backlashes recently!!”

“So this guy did it! Dammit, it was definitely him!”

As their murderous gazes fell onto Bai Xiaochun, he began to shiver.

“Um, hey there Brothers and Sisters. We’re all on the same side here, how about I provide some compensation...?” Beads of sweat popped out on his forehead as he prepared to offer an explanation. Before he could, Xuemei lifted her chin, waved her sleeve, and pointed directly at Bai Xiaochun.

“Kill him,” she said, her voice as cold as ice. She only spoke two words, but from those words it was possible to tell how coldly arrogant she was. It was almost like she had just ordered the death of an ant.

When the surrounding Foundation Establishment cultivators heard her words, their killing intent spiked. Part of that was because of their trust in Xuemei’s ability to protect them, and part of it was because they had been driven mad because of the blood qi recently.

Now that they knew who was responsible, how could they not want to kill him? In fact, even if Bai Xiaochun wasn’t actually

responsible, he had to be connected to the matter in some way.

Almost as soon as the words left Xuemei's mouth, the entire group attacked at the same time. In the blink of an eye, numerous divine abilities and magical techniques appeared. Countless streams of blood-colored sword qi all shot toward Bai Xiaochun.

Seeing himself being attacked by a whole group of Foundation Establishment cultivators left Bai Xiaochun's scalp tingling so hard it felt like it would explode. Even with the first level of the Undying Heavenly King, he could do nothing but flee in the face of such an attack.

"You people are all bullies!" he shouted defiantly. "If you think you're tough, why don't you fight me one-on-one!?"

Bai Xiaochun was already scared witless; clearly these people really were trying to kill him!

"Outrageous! It's just a bit of blood qi, isn't it? I'm a Foundation Establishment cultivator of the Blood Stream Sect! I can't believe you people are trying to kill me! Are you trying to force me out of the sect!?" Trembling and screaming, he sped away from the countless divine abilities and magical techniques. In his mind, Xuemei really was being too domineering; he'd even offered compensation, but all she did was wave her sleeve and stick her chin up into the air. That was his trademark!

Booms filled the darkness of night as the entire lower finger of Middle Peak erupted into chaos. Numerous Foundation

Establishment cultivators all flew after Bai Xiaochun, killing intent raging.

However, Bai Xiaochun sped along as fast as a rabbit whose tail had been stepped on.

“They’re trying to kill me! Help....” Feeling completely maligned, he picked up speed as more and more people joined the chase.

The only one who didn’t was Xuemei. Gritting her teeth, she walked into her immortal’s cave to examine the blood bottle. After a moment, she suppressed her killing intent and adjusted the spell formation to make sure that the bottle wouldn’t break because of the lack of blood qi.

Meanwhile, the entire lower finger was in an uproar, and Bai Xiaochun’s screams rose up into the air, joined by shouts of rage.

“How can this guy run so fast!?”

“I’m going to cut him into a million pieces!!”

“Nightcrypt, I, Master God-Diviner, won’t stop until you’re dead!”

Despite how the Foundation Establishment cultivators gave chase, Bai Xiaochun was too fast, and Middle Peak was too big. He raced back and forth for a full two hours, until he finally managed to shake all of the Foundation Establishment cultivators.

“He’s hiding somewhere!”

“Yeah, but he can’t hide forever....”

“Don’t worry, I, Master God-Diviner, might be injured, but I can still take the risk to divine his location!” Gritting his teeth, Master God-Diviner snorted coldly and began the process of divining Bai Xiaochun’s location.

After a moment passed, his eyes turned even more bloodshot than before, and he suddenly pointed off into the distance. As he did, a blood-colored butterfly flew out of the tip of his finger, which the enraged crowd began to follow.

At the moment, Bai Xiaochun was hiding in a relatively remote immortal’s cave, scowling and sighing.

“I didn’t know that was Xuemei’s immortal’s cave! I thought it was vacant, and just didn’t want it to go to waste. I didn’t do it on purpose.” He wanted to fight back, but considering how many people were angry at him, he knew he couldn’t. It was at that point that a blood-colored butterfly suddenly appeared in front of him. Without any hesitation, he burst off at top speed.

As he did, the space where he had just been standing was blasted by countless magical techniques and divine abilities. If he had been even a bit slower, he would definitely have been injured.

Numerous Foundation Establishment cultivators were in the area, and although some of them were of a mind to block his path, he was too quick, and sped away.

Once again, another big chase ensued on Middle Peak.

An hour later, and the crowd had once again lost him. Master God-Diviner's right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and a blood-colored butterfly once again sought out Bai Xiaochun.

"Nightcrypt won't escape. How could he possibly evade my divination magic!"

Over and over again, Bai Xiaochun came to find that no matter where he hid, the blood-colored butterfly would find him, and the enraged Foundation Establishment cultivators would be close behind.

Eventually, he heard Master God-Diviner speaking, and realized that it was his auguries that were revealing his location. That left Bai Xiaochun grumbling in frustration, and yet, there was nothing he could do about it. Although imposter Nightcrypt had studied some divination magic before, he was a novice, and had no idea how to deal with Master God-Diviner.

"These people are all villains! The Spirit Stream Sect is way better. Even with lightning and acid rain, all they did was throw some rocks. But here, the tiniest things gets them all fighting and killing! What bullies!" Sighing, Bai Xiaochun thought about how much he missed the Spirit Stream Sect.

Chapter 201: I, Bai Xiaochun....

Dawn was approaching, and even as Bai Xiaochun crept along cautiously, thinking about possibly leaving Middle Peak, a blood-colored butterfly appeared right in front of him.

His eyelids twitched, and without any hesitation, he leapt off in another direction. Booms rang out, along with numerous cold snorts.

“You think you can flee Middle Peak!? Impossible!”

“Nightcrypt, Young Lady Xuemei ordered you dead! Since she’s going to take responsibility, there’s no way you’ll escape!”

The Foundation Establishment cultivators’ killing intent surged, and the light of magical items rose into the sky as everyone attacked Bai Xiaochun.

Seeing that he was surrounded and incapable of fleeing, Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth; by now his eyes were completely bloodshot.

“You people push things too far!” he said, letting out a powerful roar. At the same time, the Mountain Shaking Bash appeared in his mind, a divine ability that could be unleashed after reaching the first level of the Undying Heavenly King. Before, he hadn’t been able to use it, but considering his recent accomplishments, he decided he might as well utilize it.

“I can’t use techniques from the Spirit Stream Sect. But since these people are trying to kill me, I can try to kill them! Unfortunately, I’m all alone, which puts me at a pretty big disadvantage....” Despite how he was roaring at the top of his lungs, he was actually thinking of how to escape. Suddenly, his flesh and blood quivered, and he unleashed explosive power.

That explosion was a convergence of all the power he had at his disposal, transformed into a bashing attack that could crush anything in its path.

Blood-colored light emanated from Bai Xiaochun, and rumbling sounds could be heard as he barrelled forward. He vanished into a blur, and then, one of the Foundation Establishment cultivators who had just been about to launch a divine ability let out a miserable shriek. Bai Xiaochun bashed into him, along with three other nearby Foundation Establishment cultivators. It almost looked as if the group of four was one person.

Bai Xiaochun’s bashing attack caused them all to cough up mouthfuls of blood. They tumbled backward through the air, looks of shock and fear appearing on their faces. They landed 300 meters away, where they coughed up more blood and forcibly shook off the power of the attack that had just hit them.

Everyone else in the area gasped at the way Bai Xiaochun had opened a path for himself. In the blink of an eye, he was off of Middle Peak, much to the shock of everyone present.

“I can’t believe this Nightcrypt is so strong!!”

“Is he really in early Foundation Establishment?”

“He just bashed Elder Brother Zhou, and he’s in mid Foundation Establishment!”

“Who would have thought we would offend someone like that? Well, we can’t let him escape. Young Lady Xuemei said that he must die!”

Everyone exchanged glances, and then Master God-Diviner gritted his teeth and gave chase. A moment later, the rest of the dozens of cultivators joined him.

A whole line of people raced after Bai Xiaochun as he sped through the Blood Stream Sect. When he looked back and saw them, he got even angrier than before, and finally gritted his teeth.

“I’ll go to Corpse Peak! The grand elder there likes me, and according to sect rules, the people from Middle Peak don’t have any authority on another mountain peak!” Eyes flashing with determination, he turned his head and then pointed at the Middle Peak Foundation Establishment cultivators.

“If you people think you’re tough, you’d better keep chasing your Lord Nightcrypt! Anybody that doesn’t chase me is a wuss!” His words caused the killing intent in their eyes to grow even more focused, and they chased him with greater speed than before.

However, none of them were a match for Bai Xiaochun's speed as he headed toward Corpse Peak.

As soon as he arrived, he waved his hand and produced a jade pendant, which emanated fluctuations that let him pass right through the protective spell formation and onto Corpse Peak itself. The people from Middle Peak didn't have such qualifications, and were prevented from entering.

"Nightcrypt!!" Gritting their teeth, they could only glare in rage at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun stopped in place, stuck his chin up and then looked at the group standing outside of Corpse Peak.

"Come on! I'm standing right here waiting for you. Bring it on! Let's fight to the death!" His wording was very domineering and arrogant, causing the Foundation Establishment cultivators' killing intent to intensify. However, there was nothing they could do. Unless they had a special command medallion, they couldn't enter Corpse Peak without requesting special permission.

"Ai. Well if you don't dare to fight me to the death, I guess there's nothing left to do." Shaking his head, he flicked his sleeve, ignoring them as he headed up Corpse Peak.

Of course, the higher ranking leaders of the Blood Stream Sect saw what was happening, but didn't interfere. In fact, some of the prime elders on Ancestor Peak found the whole thing very

amusing.

“It’s been a long time since we’ve had a good commotion in the sect. That bashing attack looks similar to the things they do on Lesser Marsh Peak.”

“That kid Nightcrypt is pretty amusing. I can’t believe he got so many people to chase him!”

“Not bad, not bad. I’m a bit surprised he fled to Corpse Peak. If the kid stays alive, he might become another Chosen in the Blood Stream Sect.”

Bai Xiaochun sped along on Corpse Peak. Whenever he encountered local Dharma protectors, he would show them his jade pendant. After looking at it for a moment, they would ignore him.

Eventually, he reached the upper finger, passing quite a few corpse refineries on the way. Overall, Corpse Peak was filled with quite a sinister air.

Thankfully, he had his jade pendant, otherwise it would have been a very dangerous situation. Soon he was standing outside of the immortal’s cave belonging to Corpse Peak’s grand elder.

“Nightcrypt seeks an audience with the grand elder of Corpse Peak,” he said loudly, clasping hands and bowing. A moment later, the door opened and two attendants appeared.

After seeing it was Bai Xiaochun, they motioned for him to follow.

It only took a moment for Bai Xiaochun to identify the two young servants as refined corpses. Heart pounding with nervousness, he took a deep breath and momentarily considered fleeing. But then, he put a respectful expression onto his face and entered the immortal's cave. Before long, he was standing in front of the cross-legged grand elder.

He looked at Bai Xiaochun, smiling, a thoughtful expression in his eyes. He had also been watching the case play out earlier.

“What do you think? Corpse Peak is far superior, don't you think? Didn't I say before that you should pick us? We have everything you could need. Besides, Middle Peak is completely out of control.”

Standing behind the grand elder was a pretty young woman with an expressionless face, who was currently massaging his shoulders. Bai Xiaochun instantly identified her as another refined corpse, and a high-level one at that.

Strangely, Bai Xiaochun couldn't see a single hair on her head, making him wonder if perhaps she had hair growing elsewhere. Although he was curious to know the truth, he didn't dare to ask any questions.

“Those people are outrageous,” he said in response to the grand

elder's words. "I was just working on one of my techniques, and they wanted to stop me. They even tried to kill me! If I hadn't run fast enough, I might have lost my poor little life!"

The grand elder laughed heartily. "That's just how we do things in the Blood Stream Sect. They wouldn't really have killed you, just severely injured you. Although, I have to say, it's not very often you see someone in the Blood Stream Sect get so many people to chase them.

"You little brat! A single glance is all I need to see what a little devil you are. Well, in any case, just stay here on Corpse Peak. There's no need to even go back to Middle Peak." The more the grand elder saw of Bai Xiaochun, the more he liked him.

Bai Xiaochun was very moved by how well the grand elder of Corpse Peak treated him. He didn't even need to ask for what he wanted: the grand elder took the initiative to give it to him! Taking a deep breath, he quickly nodded.

After a moment of thought, the grand elder looked at Bai Xiaochun and in a very serious tone said, "By the way, those Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors don't matter. But you can't provoke Xuemei. She has a powerful background. Just stay out of her way and do not aggravate her under any circumstances."

Bai Xiaochun was a bit irritated about that. If he didn't have to keep a low profile and conceal his true identity, he would point out that he was a Prestige disciple of the Spirit Stream Sect, the legacy echelon-designate, and a Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment

expert. Any one of those would be enough to shock the wench Xuemei so badly her mask would fall off.

“Hmph. She has a powerful background?” he grumbled inwardly. “My background is terrifying even to me!” With that he stood up a bit straighter, making himself look even more haughty than before.

The grand elder could see that Bai Xiaochun was a bit irritated. Chuckling, he went on to explain to Bai Xiaochun about some of the medicinal incense that was used in corpse refining. It was only when night fell that he let him go and told him to go do some research of his own, after which one of the attendants took him to an immortal’s cave on the lower finger. Bai Xiaochun was very moved. Life on Corpse Peak was already much better than Middle Peak.

Two months went by, and Bai Xiaochun never left Corpse Peak. He continued to practice his cultivation and absorb blood qi.

As he became more and more familiar with the practice of converging blood qi, he built up more and more Undying Sword Qi. Now, when the blood qi spread outside of him, it would form the outline of a large sword, and quite rapidly at that.

Of course, the amount of blood qi he required only grew. By this point, though, he didn’t need to go out and about to get what he needed. He could simply remain in his immortal’s cave and draw the blood qi toward him.

Eventually, the Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors on the lower finger frowned as they realized what was happening. Although there was no sudden reduction, the gradual reduction of blood qi in the area reduced their cultivation speed.

Soon, their patience began to grow thin, and their killing intent began to increase. Such feelings spread until even Bai Xiaochun became aware of it. Whenever he went out, his heart would pound because of the malevolent glares leveled at him. He suddenly had the feeling that if he did even the slightest thing wrong, their killing intent would explode in the form of action.

“These people are terrifying! Even saying a wrong word will cause them all to attack. They have no patience at all....

“I should probably just leave....” He spent two more nervous months on Corpse Peak before coming to the conclusion that matters on Middle Peak had most likely calmed down. One night when no one was paying attention, he slipped away from Corpse Peak and headed back to his immortal’s cave on Middle Peak.

There, he carefully began to practice cultivation. He was careful not to absorb too much blood qi, which caused his progress to slow. However, considering that he was on the verge of a major breakthrough with the blood sword, he could deal with the slight reduction in speed.

Another half month passed. One day, Bai Xiaochun was sitting there with eyes closed as he cultivated the blood sword, when all of a sudden, he made a breakthrough with the Blood Annihilation World!

His eyes snapped open, and he took a deep breath. Eyes shining brightly, his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and he waved his finger out in front of him!

“Blood Annihilation World!” As his voice echoed out, the blood qi around him seethed. Blood qi also erupted out from inside of him, transforming into a blood mist that filled the immortal’s cave.

As it swirled, Bai Xiaochun’s double handed incantation transformed, and a piercing wind swept through the room, accompanied by cracking sounds.

Soon, the mist began to converge together, transforming into the tip of a sword. Blood qi swirled from the tip down, quickly forming the blade, and then the hilt!

In the end, it was a complete, blood-colored sword!

It was bright red, and seemed strong enough to cut anything in its path. It radiated an ancient pressure that shook the soul; anyone who looked at it would feel like they were wading in a sea of blood. From what Bai Xiaochun could tell, its power exceeded that of early Foundation Establishment.

In fact, he was sure that if he fueled it with Heaven-Dao power, even mid Foundation Establishments cultivators would be shocked at the sight.

“It worked!” he said, laughing out loud. The sight of the enormous blood sword filled him with excitement, and convinced him that his months of hard work were worth it.

“I, Bai Xiaochun–” He instantly closed his mouth. Slowly turning his head, his eyes went wide as he looked at something in the corner of the immortal’s cave.

Then, he began to sweat.

Chapter 202: The Rabbit Gets Nervous!

Bai Xiaochun was certain that he had just looked over at that corner and seen nothing, but now, there was a rabbit standing there....

Even more frightening was that the rabbit's ears were clearly pointed directly at Bai Xiaochun as if it had been listening to him just now. Most terrifying of all was that the rabbit was staring directly at him.

From the look in its eyes, it was waiting for him to finish his sentence....

He and the rabbit stared at each other for a moment, and then the rabbit burst into motion, speeding toward the main entrance of the immortal's cave. Bai Xiaochun shouted and leaped to block its path, but the rabbit was too fast.

Bai Xiaochun could only stare with wide eyes as it vanished out the door.

By this point he felt like he was about to go crazy. He knew that he could very well lose his head over this. If the talking rabbit said the wrong thing, and people found out he was Bai Xiaochun, he would definitely be killed....

Although he'd only spoken half of a sentence, that half sentence was very dangerous, and he didn't even dare to think of what the consequences might be. Sweat began to drip down his face and

neck. He almost considered staying inside and just letting the rabbit say what it wanted. He could scarcely believe that, despite how careful he had been, and how often he had checked his surroundings, the rabbit would manage to show up so unexpectedly. He wasn't even sure how much of what he'd said it had heard.

“I'm gonna kill you!!” he cried, bursting out of his immortal's cave. However, even as he emerged, he saw the talking rabbit standing on top of a nearby tree, speaking.

“Nightcrypt, you two-timer. Did you forget our pledge of undying love? Did you forget our affection for each other? Why did you change so much...?”

The talking rabbit's voice was quite loud, and echoed out in all directions, causing quite a few Foundation Establishment cultivators to look over in shock.

Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped. He wasn't sure who might have said such a thing, but he was now certain that the rabbit had been following him around for quite a while. Spine tingling in fear, he howled, throwing all caution to the wind. Instantly, his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and he pointed out, causing blood qi to transform into sword qi that sped toward the rabbit.

It was no ordinary sword qi, it was Bai Xiaochun's Undying Sword Qi, and as soon as he unleashed it, the blood qi in the area was thrown into chaos. At the same time, the sword qi sped through the air, slashing into the tree and completely destroying it. In the nick of time, the rabbit flew out of the tree and sped off in

the opposite direction.

“Outrageous!” the rabbit bellowed as it raced along. “It’s just a bit of blood qi, isn’t it? I’m a Foundation Establishment cultivator of the Blood Stream Sect! I can’t believe you people are trying to kill me! Are you trying to get me to leave the sect!?”

Bellowing, Bai Xiaochun flew after it, unleashing another blast of sword qi, which slammed into a blood cistern that the rabbit was passing, destroying it.

“Hmmmphhh! If I absorb this blood qi secretly, nobody will ever realize it was me....

“Eee? It looks like this immortal’s cave is vacant....

“They’re trying to kill me. They’re trying to kill me!!”

The rabbit continued to spit out lines of dialogue as it ran along. At the same time, rumbling sounds echoed out as Bai Xiaochun chased after it, unleashing one blast of sword qi after another, destroying everything around the rabbit.

The plants and trees were slashed to pieces, and even buildings were destroyed. Middle Peak was instantly thrown into chaos. Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors poured out, to find Bai Xiaochun chasing a rabbit and unleashing countless blasts of sword qi.

Some of them were slow to react, and when the rabbit ran by them, were hit by the blasts, causing blood to spray from their mouths.

“What are you doing, Nightcrypt?!?!”

“Dammit! Do you have a death wish, Nightcrypt!?”

“I let you get away alive all those months ago, and now you dare to show your face!?”

The Foundation Establishment cultivators were enraged, and yet, so was Bai Xiaochun.

“Shut the hell up, all of you!” he bellowed, his eyes bloodshot. By this point, he had decided that he must kill the rabbit no matter what happened. Hands flashing in a double-handed incantation gesture, he unleashed more blasts of sword qi.

The rabbit dodged back and forth, scurrying about in such a fashion that not a single bit of sword qi touched it. As for the Foundation Establishment cultivators, they flew up into the air to attack Bai Xiaochun. Master God-Diviner was in the crowd, smiling coldly. As far as he was concerned, Nightcrypt was obviously a fool to have gotten so worked up over a mere rabbit.

“I like this rabbit,” he murmured to himself. “It’s very interesting. I wonder whose pet it is?”

Some distance away, Song Que was in secluded meditation beneath the blood waterfall. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and he frowned. A moment later, though, he simply closed his eyes again and continued meditating.

At this point, the rabbit suddenly stopped next to a random immortal's cave and yelled out in a voice even louder than before.

“I, Bai Xiaochun—” It almost seemed to roar the words at the top of its lungs. The surrounding Foundation Establishment cultivators looked on in shock, and their pupils constricted. Bai Xiaochun was quite famous in the Blood Stream Sect, and virtually anyone would try to kill him if they got the chance. Killing a Chosen from the Spirit Stream Sect, especially one who had reached Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment, would count as a huge service to the sect.

To hear this rabbit suddenly talking about Bai Xiaochun caused everyone to look at it eagerly, hoping to hear what it would say next about him.

However, the rabbit simply stood there with a blank look on its face, not saying another word.

Trembling inwardly, Bai Xiaochun bellowed, “I, Nightcrypt, cannot stand to live under the same sky as Bai Xiaochun. How dare you mention him in front of me! Tell me this instant where Bai Xiaochun is!!”

With that, he waved his right hand, causing another blast of

sword qi to shoot out. This one was even more powerful than before. As it closed in on the rabbit in a beam of bright light, the rabbit blurred into motion to dodge it. As a result, the immortal's cave behind it was struck by the sword qi and immediately began to collapse. Inside the immortal's cave was a blood bottle and a spell formation. Thanks to the massive blow, the blood bottle immediately shattered.

Of course, that immortal's cave belonged to Xuemei, and was the location where everyone had recently attacked Bai Xiaochun. Afterward, Xuemei had stabilized the blood bottle to keep it safe, but now it had been destroyed.

“I, Bai Xiaochun–” the rabbit bellowed. However, it didn't say anything beyond those three words.

Blinking, Bai Xiaochun's mind raced to come up with an idea of what to do. Trying to look as furious as possible, he shouted, “Keep talking! What comes after that!?”

Then he continued to chase the rabbit, unleashing sword qi that slashed into the ground, destroying immortal's caves, but not harming the rabbit.

“I, Bai Xiaochun–” The rabbit was starting to get anxious, and yet, it had nothing else to say.

Bai Xiaochun was starting to relax.

“Dammit! Why won’t you finish that sentence!” he shouted. All of a sudden, he realized that he had pulled a fast one on the rabbit, who was now unable to say anything other than the first three words of the sentence.

“I, Bai Xiaochun–” howled the rabbit, its eyes bright red.

“Tell me immediately!” Bai Xiaochun raged. “Is Bai Xiaochun in Blood Stream Sect territory!? My grudge with him goes all the way back to the Fallen Sword World! I can’t live under the same sky as him! Bai Xiaochun must die!”

Inwardly, he was feeling very proud of himself, and he couldn’t help but be pleased at how smart he was. With that, he unleashed another blast of sword qi, destroying another immortal’s cave.

“Tell me! Tell me right now! What comes after the first part of that sentence!”

Bai Xiaochun had thrown all of Middle Peak into complete chaos. As for the rabbit, it was getting very anxious, and had even started trembling. Finally, it started to say more than the three words.

“I, Bai Xiaochun.... Xuemei, I dreamed of you last night. One of these days, I, Master God-Diviner, will definitely make you mine!”

“I, Bai Xiaochun.... Elder Fang, stop it! People might see us....”

“I, Bai Xiaochun.... Song Que is in charge here, aunt! The

position of blood master belongs to me. And I'm in charge of you too, Xuemei!"

The words being spoken by the rabbit caused all of Middle Peak to be rocked with astonishment. The Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors and elders looked on with odd expressions, and soon, everyone went completely quiet....

Only the voice of the rabbit could be heard, echoing about.

Bai Xiaochun also looked shocked, and suddenly he worried that he had pushed the rabbit too far.

Master God-Diviner was there in the crowd, and to him, it felt like a cold chill was running up his spine. Suddenly, he also wanted to exterminate the rabbit.

"Shut up!! That's complete nonsense!!"

As soon as Master God-Diviner lunged forward, Bai Xiaochun looked over at him with a strange expression, surprised at the information that the rabbit had just revealed. Did Master God-Diviner really fancy the masked shrew Xuemei?

"That's right," he cried, "this rabbit is full of crap!"

Master God-Diviner wasn't the only one to leap into action. Everyone who the rabbit mentioned began to tremble, and then flew out to kill it.

Even Song Que came speeding out from the blood waterfall, howling at the top of his lungs, looking like a blood-colored god as he unleashed deadly power.

“Shut up!!” When Song Que thought about the fact that everyone on Middle Peak had heard what the rabbit just said, he was filled with the desire to rip the thing to pieces.

The rabbit actually took advantage of the frenzy to vanish. Even after searching for it for some time, Bai Xiaochun couldn't find it. Although he was feeling much better than before, he made sure that his expression turned grimmer and grimmer.

“That rabbit is an abomination!” he said loudly. “I can't believe it never finished that sentence!” Relieved, he was just about to head back to his immortal's cave when he suddenly got a very uneasy feeling. That was when he realized that all of the Foundation Establishment cultivators who had been chasing the rabbit were now staring at him.

Song Que's eyes brimmed with murderous intentions. Although he hated the mysterious rabbit, the person he hated more was the one who had obviously forced the rabbit into unleashing a torrent of dialogue: Nightcrypt!

Master God-Diviner had a similar look on his face. Many of the other cultivators present had either been injured or had their immortal's caves destroyed by Bai Xiaochun's sword qi. As of this moment, their desire to kill Nightcrypt was raging out of control.

“Nightcrypt, you destroyed my immortal’s cave! It’s about time we settle accounts.”

“You escaped last time, but now, you’re gonna die!”

“Nightcrypt!!”

New grievances piled onto old ones. The surrounding Foundation Establishment cultivators unleashed the power of their cultivation bases and prepared to eradicate Bai Xiaochun.

Chapter 203: You Really Think I'm Scared Of You People?!

There weren't even a hundred Foundation Establishment cultivators surrounding him, only a few dozen. Furthermore, most of them were in early Foundation Establishment, although a handful were in mid Foundation Establishment.

Thankfully, the mid Foundation Establishment cultivators only had grim looks on their faces, and didn't actually attack. They had a different status than the early Foundation Establishment crowd, and for them to join everyone else in trying to attack Bai Xiaochun would be too much of a loss of face.

Even without them, though, there were still dozens of Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors and elders, who were powerful enough to shake heaven and earth. Furthermore, in the Blood Stream Sect, there was no such thing as debate and discussion; there was only the law of the jungle!

Provoke me, and die!

It was completely different from the Spirit Stream Sect. Here, the only thing that mattered was strength!

Bai Xiaochun's actions had enraged the people from Middle Peak, and now they were attacking him with deadly force that far surpassed anything from the Qi Condensation stage. Divine abilities burst out, blood qi surged, and blood swords unique to Middle Peak all appeared. In the blink of an eye, more than ten

blasts of sword qi descended directly toward Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was just calming down from the incident with the rabbit, but now, he began to shiver uncontrollably. It was as if every part of his body were screaming at him that he was in deadly peril.

Booms echoed out, shaking everything in the area. The dozens of Foundation Establishment cultivators all attacked at once, making it very difficult for Bai Xiaochun to dodge. In the blink of an eye, more than ten blasts of sword qi slammed into him.

“Let me explain....” he said, staggering backward. Because of the blood qi he had absorbed, his Undying Gold Skin emanated blood-colored light. In combination with the Undying Heavenly King, he was stronger than ever, and his defenses were even more ridiculously strong than before.

The Foundation Establishment cultivators gaped in shock, and many eyes went wide.

“This Nightcrypt has been secretly cultivating a body refinement technique!”

“No wonder he was able to survive the Fallen Sword Abyss. It was all thanks to that body refinement technique!”

“His fleshly body defenses are so strong! Even our combined attack couldn’t shake him!”

Their expressions turned very serious, and yet, they showed no signs that they would cease attacking Bai Xiaochun. The stronger he seemed, the more they wanted to kill him to stave off any problems from cropping up in the future.

Cold gleams flickered in their eyes as they once again unleashed a combined attack.

More than ten beams of sword qi slammed into Bai Xiaochun. No matter how he tried to evade or dodge, the dozens of Foundation Establishment cultivators stayed hot on his tail, unleashing constant attacks.

Booms rang out. Some people even went and destroyed his immortal's cave.

“Run if you want, Nightcrypt, you won't escape this time!”

Rumbling sounds filled the air as divine abilities and magical techniques slammed down. By this point, Bai Xiaochun was in a sorry state, having been repeatedly hit by numerous blasts of sword qi.

Even with his Undying Live Forever Technique, blood still sprayed out of his mouth, until finally, he looked up, eyes bloodshot, expression vicious and even murderous.

What people saw was Nightcrypt, awe-inspiring, bloodthirsty,

merciless, and completely enraged.

As of this moment, his blood qi was bursting, and his killing intent surging.

“Enough running!” he said, wiping the blood from his mouth. “You buffoons have tried to kill me three times already. Things have gone too far!! Do you really think I’m scared of you people?!” His hair was in disarray, and his clothing ripped nearly to shreds. From the moment he had arrived in the Blood Stream Sect, he had been on edge and nervous, and now, all of that anxiety had reached a bursting point.

He was tired of being wound so tight. These people wanted to kill him, and weren’t holding anything back. Their intentions were clear. Murder. The intense sensation of deadly crisis caused Bai Xiaochun to throw his head back and roar at the top of his lungs. Then he took a step forward, appearing directly in front of a young man in the early Foundation Establishment stage.

Bai Xiaochun’s expression was vicious as he unleashed the Mountain Shaking Bash. Blood sprayed out of the Foundation Establishment cultivator’s mouth, along with a miserable shriek as he was sent tumbling backward like a kite with its string cut.

At the same time, seven or eight blasts of sword qi shot toward Bai Xiaochun. However, his own blood qi erupted out, shoving them away. Rumbling sounds could be heard as he blurred into motion toward two Middle Peak Dharma protectors. In the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint, he was right in front of them, his arms outstretched.

The two Dharma protectors' eyes widened, and they immediately unleashed their reserves of blood qi. Their hands flashed with incantations gestures, causing their qi to take form and rush forward to block Bai Xiaochun. However, his hands were filled with boundless power, and blasted through the blood qi as easily as a hammer smashes through ice. As the qi shattered, Bai Xiaochun's hands latched onto the arm of each Dharma protector.

"Screw the hell off!" he shouted. Then he jerked his hands to the side, and the two arms exploded into a cloud of blood. Agonized shrieks rang out as the two Dharma Protectors flew through the air to slam into a nearby immortal's cave.

Middle Peak was descending into chaos. Meanwhile, the disturbance to the blood qi in the sect caused quite a few Foundation Establishment cultivators from Nameless Peak, Corpse Peak, and Lesser Marsh Peak to look over in surprise.

Even the grand elders turned their heads to see what was happening, as did the blood masters, who looked toward Middle Peak from within their temples.

On Ancestor Peak, the prime elders sent out streams of divine sense to observe Bai Xiaochun fighting against the crowd on Middle Peak.

"Who is that kid?"

"What a devilish personality! Look at how many people he got to

attack him.”

“Hahaha! Now that’s how we do things in the Blood Stream Sect! It doesn’t matter how young you are, when people try to kill you, you have to fight back!”

As the cultivators from the other mountain peaks watched the excitement, Bai Xiaochun crushed one Foundation Establishment cultivator after another. All of them were completely shaken, and left coughing up blood.

“Nightcrypt!” At that point, a cold snort echoed out as Song Que transformed into a blood-colored mountain peak, complete with three 30-meter-long blood-colored streams of sword qi that caused the entire area to shake.

“Sword qi? I have some too!” Eyes bloodshot, Bai Xiaochun waved his right hand, unleashing the Blood Annihilation World technique. A stream of Undying Blood qi poured out from him, which he sent speeding toward Song Que with the wave of a finger.

This was no ordinary stream of blood qi. Close examination would reveal that it was laced with a golden color. As soon as it appeared, an indescribable aura erupted out.

Massive rumbling sounds filled the air, and all of the blood qi in the area trembled as though a king had appeared, and even raced toward it at top speed.

As the local blood qi was sucked into the sword qi, the image of the sword grew larger. In the blink of an eye, it became like a 30-meter-long mountain shooting up into the sky.

Compared to this sword qi, all other sword qi was like filth. Only Bai Xiaochun's sword qi was the true and proper type!

A domineering air seemed to fill it, like it was the ruler of all swords in the world. The sky shook, and everyone present felt their hearts pounding in their chests. The sword qi almost seemed impossible to control, as if it could shake everything in existence, even their cultivation bases!

Everyone was completely and utterly shocked.

“What’s going on!?!?”

“What kind of sword qi is that!?!?”

“Heavens! This Nightcrypt has also been cultivating the Blood Annihilation World!?!?”

When the sword qi appeared, even the mid Foundation Establishment elders were shocked. Under the astonished gazes of all the onlookers, the spectacular sword qi shot toward Song Que.

Song Que's face fell, but he had no time to react. Heaven-shaking, earth-shattering rumbling sounds echoed out as his three blasts of sword qi were completely destroyed. Even his mountain peak form

was destroyed, and he was revealed, blood spraying out of his mouth, a look of astonishment on his face as he was sent tumbling backward.

“Impossible! You–” Song Que’s scalp was tingling in astonishment. Bai Xiaochun’s sword qi left him completely and utterly shaken. He had never even seen sword qi like this. It was so mighty that it exceeded anything he could imagine. Even the sword qi he had developed by cultivation in the blood waterfall was completely cowed by it!

He wasn’t the only one who was shaken. Everyone in the area felt their minds reeling. Bai Xiaochun’s domineering use of sword qi left their eyes wide and their scalps numb from the shock.

The crowds on Lesser Marsh Peak, Nameless Peak, and Corpse Peak were also looking on with wide eyes. The grand elders of the three peaks were left gasping, and the blood masters’ eyes shone with intense light.

Cries of astonishment could even be heard on Ancestor Peak!

“The level of that sword qi... it’s Blood Qi Plasma!”

“That kid’s name is Nightcrypt? What a genius! I can’t believe he reached such a level completely under the radar!”

“In the Blood Annihilation World, everything comes down to refining the blood. The four levels are Refined Blood Qi, Blood Qi

Plasma, Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening, and Blood Qi Tribulation!” Even more streams of divine sense arrived on Middle Peak to observe the chaotic fighting.

The highest echelons of the Blood Stream Sect leadership were now observing Bai Xiaochun’s sword qi!

It was at this point that Master God-Diviner suddenly cried out, “Kill Nightcrypt! If he doesn’t die, he’ll definitely try to get revenge on us in the future!”

With that, he performed an incantation gesture and attacked. Everyone else seemed to agree, as they all joined forces to attack Bai Xiaochun.

“Something’s off about this guy!” Song Que shouted, glaring murderously at Bai Xiaochun. “That’s not the Middle Peak’s Blood Annihilation World!” He wasn’t sure why, but after exchanging blows with this Nightcrypt, his heart was filled with deep, profound hatred for him, hatred that seemed completely irreconcilable.

It was a sudden and inexplicable feeling, but there it was in his heart.

Bai Xiaochun dodged the attacks, and then looked around at the brutal, vicious expressions on the faces of the people surrounding him. Suddenly, he began to laugh with rage, and his eyes burned with murderous coldness.

“You think this isn’t the Blood Annihilation World? Well, I think I need to show you people what the Blood Annihilation World really looks like!” With that, he leaped high up into the air. Even as the Foundation Establishment cultivators turned into beams of light to follow him, he waved his hand in the direction of Middle Peak!

Chapter 204: Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening!

“Blood qi, gather!” Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and roared. As his hand waved through the air, something completely and utterly shocking occurred in the midst of the Foundation Establishment cultivators!

Throughout the entire lower finger of Middle Peak, countless strands of blood qi seemed to answer Bai Xiaochun’s call, almost as if they were related to him. They almost seemed to possess intelligence as they sped through the air, radiating something like joy.

Countless strands of blood qi shot toward Bai Xiaochun, merging into him. Every plant, every immortal’s cave, every blood cistern, every blood waterfall, every inch of the ground emitted blood qi, which then raced toward Bai Xiaochun.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

It was a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering scene of shocking nature. Everything turned bright red as matchlessly strong blood qi blotted out the sky. A blood mist rapidly formed around Bai Xiaochun, a mist that rose high into the air above him.

It was as if Bai Xiaochun had become the king of all the blood qi in the area, as if a single word from his mouth would cause it all to rush to his side. All of the blood qi in all of the lower finger of Middle Peak was churning in response to his words.

However, the effect wasn't limited to the lower finger area. Even the blood qi in the upper finger was stirring into motion. A massive column of blood-colored light surrounded Bai Xiaochun, shaking everything around it as it shot into the sky.

All of Middle Peak was devolving into complete and utter chaos.

When the surrounding dozens of Foundation Establishment cultivators saw what was happening, they were flabbergasted, and began to shake in terror as they realized that the blood qi in their own bodies was on the verge of bursting out into the open.

Even the mid Foundation Establishment cultivators had looks of utter disbelief on their faces. At the same time, beams of light shot up from the upper finger as numerous late Foundation Establishment experts appeared. Each and every one seemed completely and utterly taken aback.

“What kind of freak is this guy!?!?”

“I can't believe the blood qi is heeding his commands!!”

“Dammit! How could Nightcrypt be so powerful? Why didn't he reach Earthstring Foundation Establishment?!”

The cultivators on Lesser Marsh Peak, Nameless Peak, and Corpse Peak were all struck speechless. Even the grand elders of the three other mountain peaks all had looks of complete awe on

their faces as they watched events playing out on Middle Peak.

“This is....”

“The mere sight of it....”

The blood masters from the three other mountains had all emerged from their temples to watch what was happening. They were all young men, each of whom radiated enigmatic auras. Serious expressions could be seen on their faces, and their hearts trembled because of the waves of shock which battered them inwardly.

On the upper finger of Middle Peak, Grand Elder Song Junwan was in the middle of an important meeting with the mountain's nine bloodstreak elders. Although they had been aware of the fierce fighting going on in the lower finger area, they hadn't been paying too much attention. But now, the sudden eruption of blood qi left them all completely shocked.

That was especially true when the blood qi in the upper finger began to stir into motion. A look of complete incredulity appeared on Song Junwan's face. Without even formally adjourning the meeting, she flew out, followed by the nine astonished bloodstreak elders.

The ten of them saw all of the blood qi on Middle Peak erupting in an unheard-of fashion, and then saw Bai Xiaochun hovering in midair, hair flying around him, eyes shining with coldness, surrounded by a boundlessly somber and desolate air. He looked

like a blood devil!

“This....”

“Heavens! All of the blood qi on the whole mountain peak is gathering around him!!” The bloodstreak elders were completely shaken, and Song Junwan was beginning to pant.

At the same time, even more divine sense converged on the area from the prime elders on Ancestor Peak. None of them could remain even the least bit calm.

“Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening? How is this even possible!?!?”

“I can’t believe young Nightcrypt has such destiny. He’s reached Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening!!”

“Dammit! Who tested this kid’s latent talent in the beginning? If we’d known he could pull off Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening with his blood sword cultivation, we would have definitely made sure he reached Earthstring Foundation Establishment!”

As the prime elders reeled in shock, an even stronger stream of divine sense appeared, something which completely surpassed the prime elders. It was so powerful that all heaven and earth seemed to distort because of its mere presence.

An ancient voice suddenly echoed out into the minds of the

prime elders: “Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening can be stumbled upon by chance, but can never be pursued directly. Among 100,000 cultivators who practice Blood Stream Sect techniques, it would be difficult to find even one person who can build up the reserves necessary to have such a unique Ancestral Awakening. An opportunity like this has only presented itself twice in the past. Few people could ever have detected this within him ahead of time.”

As everyone watched in shock, blood qi surged like mad into the trembling Bai Xiaochun, who let out a long, piercing cry.

The amount of blood qi visible was shocking. Bai Xiaochun was like a black hole, sucking it all in, and as he did, his Undying Skin shone with dazzling light. As of this moment, there was nothing golden about that light; it was utterly and thoroughly the color of blood!

That blood color was a symbol that anyone could identify as the hallmark of the Blood Stream Sect. There was no better way for someone to show that they were using the techniques of the Blood Stream Sect than to do exactly what Bai Xiaochun was doing.

As the blood-colored light spread out in all directions, Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and bellowed, and an enormous figure appeared behind him, a creature with green skin, vicious-looking facial features, and long, protruding tusks!

It had claws sharp enough to tear down all walls, a pointed horn that could rip open the heavens, and a long, scale-covered tail that could sweep across anything and everything.

That creature was none other than that the legendary berserk ghost!!

The sudden appearance of the berserk ghost indicated that Bai Xiaochun had finally completed the first level of the Undying Heavenly King!

The instant the image of the berserk ghost appeared, the eyes of Lesser Marsh Peak's grand elder went wide. As for the blood master from Lesser Marsh Peak, he was shaking visibly, and his eyes were glowing with bright light.

"Lesser Marsh Peak must have this Nightcrypt!!" shouted the blood master.

The grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak had the same reaction, and simply couldn't contain his excitement. On Lesser Marsh Peak, they had a secret magic that had come from years of research into the hand of the Blood Ancestor, a secret magic that was based on a totem tattoo that depicted the berserk ghost!

Shockingly, Bai Xiaochun's Ancestral Awakening caused an actual projection of the berserk ghost to appear. Everyone on Lesser Marsh Peak was being driven to complete madness.

At the same time, Bai Xiaochun hovered in midair, roaring at the top of his lungs, absorbing all of the blood qi in the area. After flowing into him, the blood qi then emerged behind him to form the shape of an enormous blood sword. At first, only the tip was

fully formed.

But as he absorbed more blood qi, the blade began to form, and then the hilt!

Although all of this takes a bit of time to describe, it was accomplished in only a few breaths' worth of time. In the end, an enormous, blood-colored sword appeared!

Everyone gasped as Bai Xiaochun raised both hands and grasped the hilt of the sword.

“This is my Blood Annihilation World!” he shouted. “You people want to kill me? Well, what if I kill you first!?” Then, he slashed the sword down, sending an arc of blood-colored light shooting toward the dozens of Foundation Establishment cultivators below.

As the massive sword descended, more blood qi in the area rushed toward it, merging into it, causing it to grow larger and larger. In the blink of an eye, it was over 30 meters long, radiating an explosive aura of extermination.

The Foundation Establishment cultivators' faces went pale. Howling, they joined forces, unleashing all of the power at their disposal to defend themselves, even their trump cards!

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

When the sword hit the cultivators in the front line, they

screamed, and their bodies began to tremble on the verge of collapse. Apparently, it started a chain reaction which quickly spread to the cultivators behind them. The blood sword attack which they had just sustained was now threatening to destroy them all. Song Que was in the group, and a vicious look appeared on his face for the second time as he prepared to put his life on the line to counterattack!

However, it was at this point that a cold snort echoed out.

“Enough is enough! Blood qi, disperse!”

The words echoed out like thunder, causing the blood sword in Bai Xiaochun’s hands to tremble, and then rapidly begin to fall apart and disperse.

All of Middle Peak trembled as a powerful force swept over it. At the same time, countless spell formations and magical symbols appeared on the surface of the ground, which had been placed on the hand specifically to control the blood qi!

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes widened as he sensed the blood qi responding to the voice which had just spoken. It was no longer under his control, almost as if that voice were its true master, and had a much higher level of control over it than he did.

However, moments later, he realized that the truth of the matter was that this person’s control over the blood qi was being exerted by outside force, in sharp contrast to himself. After all, he was related to the blood qi!

Rage filled Bai Xiaochun's heart. At the moment, he didn't care who that voice belonged to, he couldn't hold back from saying, "No, enough is not enough! When they tried to kill me, how come you didn't intervene then? Now I'm trying to kill them, and suddenly you say 'enough is enough'? I refuse to accept this!"

From the moment he'd arrived in the Blood Stream Sect, he'd been running around with his tail stuck between his legs. Now he was finally taking some action, only to receive the short end of the stick. At the moment, his desire to kill these Foundation Establishment cultivators only continued to grow.

"This is their fault!" he cried, eyes bright red. Although he knew what he was doing might not be the best choice, he exerted all his power to call out to the huge hand, all with the intention of throwing the Blood Stream Sect into chaos. Even if he had to flee the sect afterward, this was his choice. As the blood qi dispersed, as intense pressure weighed down, as the Foundation Establishment cultivators gasped, he burst into motion. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of one of the Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors, whereupon he clenched his hand into a fist and punched out.

That cultivator had just been breathing a sigh of relief. Too slow to react to what was happening, he was struck directly by the fist strike, causing blood to spray out of his mouth as his heart and blood vessels began to explode.

"You—" His eyes went wide, and before he could say anything more, he was dead.

Everyone devolved into chaos and began to flee. Bai Xiaochun was tired of being wronged, and had thrown caution to the wind. His expression was grim, and his eyes radiated killing intent as he attacked once again.

Chapter 205: What A Great Sect!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes were bright red. He had already dealt with people who wanted to kill him back when he was being chased by the Luo Chen Clan. That was when he came to realize that the only option in such a situation was to be more vicious than his opponents. Furthermore, he had to kill them before they killed him!

That was the only way to stay alive!

He transformed into a beam of light, causing heaven-shaking, earth-shattering rumbling to fill the area as he appeared next to another of the Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors who had attacked him moments ago, and directly bashed into him.

A boom echoed out, and the Dharma protector screamed miserably as his body shattered into pieces. Bai Xiaochun shot through the blood and gore, then suddenly sped backward and grabbed ahold of the neck off another cultivator who had been preparing to launch a sneak attack. The man screamed as he was subsequently ripped to shreds.

Bai Xiaochun was already soaked in blood, his breath coming in ragged pants, and his eyes bright red.

“Come on!” he bellowed. “What are you running for? Didn't you want to kill me?! Bring it on!”

He blurred into motion, appearing behind a terrified, fleeing

Foundation Establishment cultivator. In the blink of an eye, Bai Xiaochun's hand clasped onto the man's shoulder. Howling, the man tried to perform an incantation gesture, but before he could, Bai Xiaochun's other hand grabbed his neck and squeezed down hard!

A cracking sound echoed out, and the man was dead.

As Bai Xiaochun turned back around, the other Foundation Establishment cultivators fled like mad, faces filled with terror. Some dove into their immortal's caves and activated the defensive spell formations, others simply tried to get as far away as possible.

Some of them had banded together and were erecting a giant defensive spell formation to prevent Bai Xiaochun from getting to them. Song Que and Master God-Diviner were in that group.

“You're not even human!!”

“I've never seen a fiendish devil like this before!!”

“Heavens! Nightcrypt is terrifying!!”

Bai Xiaochun's explosive burst of violence left them completely shaken. To them, he seemed like a fiend, a monster, his clothes soaked in blood, his expression vicious and filled with murder.

Such brutality, such madness, left the minds of all cultivators present completely reeling. Even Song Que was gasping, and as for

Master God-Diviner, he was completely scared out of his mind.

These were all Blood Stream Sect disciples, people who disciples from the other sects viewed as wildly brutal. However, as of this moment, those very disciples were looking at Bai Xiaochun and thinking that his brutality was beyond description.

Surprisingly, whoever had just spoken out to stop Bai Xiaochun didn't say anything further.

Even the prime elders and the others were simply watching, clearly moved, and yet doing nothing to intervene. In fact, some of them even approached in person to watch the slaughter unfold.

Breathing heavily, Bai Xiaochun looked over at the group in the spell formation, then grinned coldly as he shot toward a nearby immortal's cave. In the time it takes an incense stick to burn, he used his fleshly body power alone to batter to cave open. Moments later, he emerged from the cave dragging the corpse of the Foundation Establishment cultivator who had been hiding within. He tossed the corpse out in front of the spell formation, then sat down off to the side, exhausted. Wiping the blood off of his face, he looked up at the onlookers hovering in midair.

Suddenly, he blinked. Waves of exhaustion spread out through him, wrapping around his muscles and causing them to go slack. At the same time, he felt fear and regret. Although his outburst had allowed him to give vent to his anger, he was now getting nervous.

“I didn’t use any Spirit Stream Sect techniques,” he thought, trembling inwardly, “only stuff from the Blood Stream Sect. Technically speaking, my body refinement magic is connected to the Blood Stream Sect. Maybe they’ll punish me, but they won’t kill me. Will they?” Although he thought calling out to the giant hand to try to destroy the Blood Stream Sect, he wasn’t confident at all in being able to succeed.

Middle Peak was completely silent....

Even in the Blood Stream Sect, slaughter like this was a rarity. To see such a fight left everyone completely shocked, and at the same time, changed their understanding of Nightcrypt.

The silence was broken by the ancient voice. “Finished killing people?!”

At the same time, a blurry figure slowly materialized in front of Bai Xiaochun.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a long, blood-colored robe. He had his hands clasped behind his back as he hovered there, looking coldly at Bai Xiaochun. He radiated a sensation of terrifying blood qi, something that seemed to resonate with heaven and earth, to connect with Middle Peak itself!

That blood qi became a mighty pressure that caused even Bai Xiaochun’s spiritual seas to vibrate.

When the man looked at Bai Xiaochun, it felt like he could see right through him, peer into his very depths, see past all illusions. Bai Xiaochun shivered.

Thankfully, the mask he was wearing was a precious treasure from the mysterious sect, and still managed to conceal him. After a moment, the man muttered to himself and retracted his vision. With that, he waved his right hand, sending a small bottle flying toward Bai Xiaochun.

“Exceptional innate talent. Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening. Even better than that, a devilish personality. Sadly, you’re only at Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment....

“There are three Spirit Blood Pills in that bottle. They should heal your injuries and also make you more sensitive toward blood qi.” With that, the man sighed, turned, and took a step forward. A wind blew past, and he was gone.

“Huh?” Bai Xiaochun looked around in shock. He had been fully prepared to be punished, but instead, the man had gifted him with a bottle of medicinal pills.

Up in midair, the grand elders of the mountain peaks looked down with shining eyes. The reason none of them had spoken up earlier was because of the arrival of the patriarch. Nightcrypt’s transformation had been so monumental that the patriarch had personally come to inspect the situation. Considering he had found no problems, the grand elders’ passions now burned even hotter than before.

Not only did Nightcrypt have incredible natural talent, he had killed several people in very rare fashion. Even the patriarch said he had a devilish personality. All of the grand elders were impressed by Nightcrypt's genius. Then they thought back to how domineering he had been in the fight over the Foundation Establishment Pills, and their admiration grew stronger.

Although killing was against sect rules, they didn't really care. In the Blood Stream Sect, the law of the jungle prevailed. Not a single one of them could claim to have hands free of blood. When people didn't know what was best for them, and provoked powerful experts, then the fault for their deaths lay at their own hands. When it came to low-level cultivators, the sect rules were more strictly enforced, but that was for their own protection. Foundation Establishment cultivators and the powerful experts above them respected strength and strength alone!

Furthermore, Bai Xiaochun's ability to piss people off was quite moving. There was a big difference between making everyone like you, and making everyone hate you, but in the end, the result was the same as far as the leaders of the sect were concerned.

When it came to success in those matters, the former would be champions of justice, the latter, devils.

Considering he had such a devilish personality, if Nightcrypt could stay alive, then once his cultivation base improved, he would be a champion of the ages. Either he would conquer everything under the heavens, or the heavens would conquer him.

The grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak, the tall, burly cultivator, flew out with a smile on his face.

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt, come with me to Lesser Marsh Peak! With that body refinement technique of yours, it would be a huge waste for you to not come to Lesser Marsh Peak! If you agree, I’ll let you reside on the upper finger! Come! I guarantee you’ll make incredible, unheard-of achievements in body refinement!!”

Bai Xiaochun was a bit stunned by the sudden outpouring of words from the grand elder of Lesser Marsh Peak. Before he could even react, though, the grand elder from Corpse Peak stepped forward. “Ignore him, Nightcrypt. Join us on Corpse Peak. Corpse Peak will be your home for all eternity! Come! You can have your pick of all the colorful corpses we have!”

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt, they’re not being sincere,” cried the dwarf from Nameless Peak, who was ready to go all out to win over Bai Xiaochun with his Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening. “Come to Nameless Peak. I’ll let you join the Circle of Bloodstreak Elders. With the power of Nameless Peak behind you, no one will ever dare to provoke you again!”

Bai Xiaochun was at a loss for words. He had caused a huge disaster, killed seven or eight Foundation Establishment cultivators in a row, caused chaos to Middle Peak’s blood qi, and had completely ignored that middle-aged man. Although he didn’t know who that man was, he assumed he was a prime elder, or maybe even a patriarch.

If he had defied someone like that back in the Spirit Stream Sect,

and also been responsible for such a disaster, according to the sect rules, he would have been sent to the Hall of Justice to be skinned alive, bereft of his cultivation base, and then destroyed in body and soul.

However, in the Blood Stream Sect, everything was the opposite.

As he stood there stupefied, a flirtatious laugh echoed out as the bewitchingly beautiful Song Junwan appeared. A fragrant breeze accompanied her arrival, and a gleam of deep praise could be seen in her eyes as she looked at Bai Xiaochun as though he were a priceless gem. She came to a stop right in front of him, then turned to face everyone else.

“This is Middle Peak! Are you people here to openly undermine me?”

Bai Xiaochun blinked at the sight of Song Junwan standing in front of him. She was dressed as audaciously as usual; her skirt had a long slit up the side, revealing her milky white legs, a sight which caused Bai Xiaochun’s eyes to go wide. Before he realized what was happening, he was staring.

The other three grand elders could see exactly what Song Junwan was doing, and they also noticed how Bai Xiaochun was staring at her. They sighed at Song Junwan’s trickery, but could do nothing about it. Sighing longingly at Bai Xiaochun, they turned and left.

After they were gone, Song Junwan’s smile vanished, and her

face became very grim as she looked around at the Foundation Establishment cultivators of Middle Peak. As her gaze passed over them, they trembled and bowed their heads silently.

Song Que seemed more scared than anyone, and didn't even dare to look up. From a young age, he had always feared his aunt....

“You're all dismissed,” Song Junwan said coolly. “Don't forget to come back later and clean this place up.” Everyone breathed sighs of relief, and then left respectfully. Soon, the area was silent once again.

Song Junwan turned her attention back toward Bai Xiaochun, an enigmatic smile on her face as she leaned forward and lifted his chin with her fair, jade-like hand, forcing him to look her in the eye. “Seen enough, Little Bro Nightcrypt?”

Blushing, Bai Xiaochun cleared his throat and stood up straight, then clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Big Sis Song.”

“You need to be a bit more careful in the future. The Blood Stream Sect is a chaotic place, and it always has been. Maybe if things were different, we would be stronger in some ways, but there is nothing that can be done about it. All you can do is continue to find powerful enemies to defeat to impress people. As long as the patriarchs are around, the sect will remain whole. They can suppress the chaos when necessary.

“For now, stay on Middle Peak. You’ll be safe here, and the stronger you get, the more respect you will be shown.” She smiled, and it was a smile like a blooming rose, making her somehow more indescribably beautiful than ever.

After a moment of hesitation, Bai Xiaochun asked, “Big Sis Song, was that a patriarch just now?”

“That was Patriarch Limitless!” she replied softly. Seeing Bai Xiaochun’s shocked reaction, she covered her smile with her hand and then left in a gust of fragrant wind.

Bai Xiaochun stood there for a long moment before taking a deep breath.

“So, that was the consummate Chosen from 800 years ago, Master Limitless!” Bai Xiaochun looked around again, shaken. The more time that passed, the more he marveled at how well the Blood Stream Sect treated him. Back in the Spirit Stream Sect, he was always punished for causing disasters. Here, they not only withheld punishment, they actually rewarded him.

All of the mountain peaks were fighting over him, and to top it off, Grand Elder Song Junwan was a smoking hot babe.

This place was the perfect location to cultivate the Undying Live Forever Technique. It was his own personal Holy Land, filled with blood qi.

“What a great sect!” Shaking his head, he realized he had to adjust his way of thinking. He was from the Spirit Stream Sect, an enemy of the Blood Stream Sect!

And yet, he couldn't shake the feeling that the Blood Stream Sect was really great.

Chapter 206: Dazzlingly Ferocious Reputation!

By now, evening had fallen, and the moon hung high in the sky. Outside the Blood Stream Sect, that moon appeared as white as ever, but looking at it from inside the sect, it was crimson.

Blood-colored light bathed the sect, making it look even more grim and sinister than before.

Disciples from other sects would shake in fear at such a sight, but Bai Xiaochun had been in the Blood Stream Sect for long enough that he'd grown used to it.

He was currently walking along a moonlit mountain path. Everything around him lay in waste. The ground and trees were destroyed, the immortal's caves collapsed. However, it was very quiet. News about Bai Xiaochun's battle during the day on Middle Peak had already begun to spread like wildfire through the rest of the sect.

In the Blood Stream Sect, the law of the jungle prevailed, and people only showed respect to the powerful.

During that spectacular fight, Bai Xiaochun had showed a brutal strength, a madness, a bloodthirstiness that struck everyone deep into their hearts. He alone had stood up to dozens of Foundation Establishment cultivators, and had even killed seven or eight of them. It was a rare thing even in the Blood Stream Sect, and to many people, Bai Xiaochun had already become the stuff of

nightmares.

Not a single person suspected that he wasn't a Blood Stream Sect disciple, and if anyone had dared to make such an accusation, no one would have believed them....

"I really don't like fighting and killing...." Bai Xiaochun thought, sighing. After returning to his immortal's cave and finding that it had been completely destroyed, he sat down off to the side and decided that tomorrow, he would go pick a new immortal's cave.

The night passed uneventfully....

However, the cultivators of Middle Peak sat in the darkness, hearts pounding with fear. The events during the day were truly like a nightmare, and all of them feared that Bai Xiaochun would come for retribution. They sat restlessly in their immortal's caves, spell formations active. There were even some who fled Middle Peak altogether.

Of course, word rapidly spread about the madness on Middle Peak, and Bai Xiaochun's violent outburst. Some of the Foundation Establishment cultivators on Lesser Marsh Peak, Nameless Peak, and Corpse Peak had personally witnessed the event, whereas others only heard about it after the fact. All of them were shocked.

"He personally fought back against dozens of Foundation Establishment cultivators?"

“He actually defied the orders of a patriarch?”

“Everyone just stood by and watched while he killed eight people?!?! The survivors were forced to hide together behind a spell formation?!”

Word spread like mad through the four mountain peaks of the Blood Stream Sect.

Even the Inner Sect disciples on the back of the hand soon caught wind of Bai Xiaochun’s actions. All of them were astonished. People had already come to view him as a bloodthirsty fiend, and now, the Inner Sect disciples could only imagine a variety of terrifying images regarding what had occurred.

“Nightcrypt is incredible! He ripped people apart, then drank their blood as he killed the other bystanders!!”

“I heard he’s not even a cultivator. He’s actually an evil, green-skinned hobgoblin in disguise!”

“He has superhuman strength! A single bump from him can shake an entire mountain!”

All sorts of rumors began to spread. It only took a single night before countless people in the Blood Stream Sect learned about a new person that nobody could provoke, a person named Nightcrypt!

At dawn, Bai Xiaochun opened his eyes and went to take a walk. By that time, word about him had spread throughout the sect. Even the Outer Sect disciples had heard the stories. In fact, the disciples used various methods to spread the word, and it wasn't long before the cultivator clans in the area had heard the tales.

It was easy to imagine how quickly the other major sects would learn of Nightcrypt's name....

It went without saying that the news spread faster in the Blood Stream Sect than it would have in the Spirit Stream Sect. After all, the Blood Stream Sect disciples always walked around on edge to begin with, and never had much entertainment. Coupled with the fervor they felt toward powerful experts, it ensured that they were always very interested in newly risen Chosen.

Bai Xiaochun almost immediately came to experience that himself. Whenever Foundation Establishment cultivators saw him coming, their expressions would flicker. Those who hadn't participated in the fighting the day before would smile broadly and clasp hands in greeting.

Bai Xiaochun was moved. Now that he had proven himself, he finally got the same feeling he did when he walked around in the Spirit Stream Sect. His initial reaction was to smile and nod back to them in greeting.

However, in response to his smile, the other Foundation Establishment cultivators' eyes would go wide with disbelief. Many of them would even subconsciously take a few steps back, hesitant expressions on their faces.

At first, Bai Xiaochun was shocked. But then he put on a cold demeanor and stared icily at them, and the Foundation Establishment cultivators would sigh in relief. To them, that expression seemed much more befitting of Nightcrypt.

“I’m such a good person....” Bai Xiaochun thought to himself, sighing inwardly. Having no other option, he maintained a cold, indifferent expression, glaring here and there. That earned him much more respect.

As he walked along, his eyes started to get tired from all the glaring. Eventually, he reached the pavilion where he could select a new immortal’s cave. The old man who had previously treated him with cool indifference suddenly rushed out and offered greetings.

When he realized that Bai Xiaochun had come to choose an immortal’s cave, he was at first shocked, but then quickly changed his attitude. Eyes burning with passion, he produced a scroll map and opened it to show Bai Xiaochun.

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt, what do you think about this one? This immortal’s cave has wonderful surroundings, and the blood qi there is incredible!

“Or what about this one? A prime elder once lived there! I usually don’t point that out to anyone....

“There’s also this place? If I remember, there are a few puppets

that come with that one.”

Although Bai Xiaochun was moved by the old man’s passionate introduction to the immortal’s cave, his face remained icy and ruthless. Eventually, he frowned. Although the open immortal’s caves were better than his old destroyed one, they still weren’t as good as the ones with a lot of blood qi.

Seeing Bai Xiaochun frowning, the old man seemed like he wanted to say something, then hesitated. He looked at Bai Xiaochun for another moment, then thought about the fight from the day before.

Finally, he gritted his teeth and lowered his voice. “Junior Brother Nightcrypt, you don’t need to come here to select an immortal’s cave.”

“Huh?” Bai Xiaochun blinked thoughtfully.

Deciding to make things more clear, the old man lowered his voice further. “Remember, in the Blood Stream Sect, we respect the strong and powerful. Many people don’t officially select immortal’s caves, they just take them. If you see one you like, kick the old owner out, and it becomes yours.”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes began to shine brightly. The truth was that he had lived for so long in the Spirit Stream Sect that, deep inside, he wasn’t at all like the Blood Stream Sect people. Sometimes it was hard to think the way they did. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have needed the old man to remind him.

Clearing his throat, he maintained his icy exterior, and nodded coolly to the old man. Then he swished his sleeve and turned to leave. Inside, he was filled with the excitement that came from being able to violate a taboo.

The old man watched Bai Xiaochun leaving, and sighed. As far as he was concerned, it was a big pity that Nightcrypt was only in Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. Otherwise, he might have had an extraordinary future. Of course, even though he was merely in Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, he was still a brutal fiend who couldn't be provoked.

Bai Xiaochun walked along, feeling more and more excited, his heart pounding as he looked around.

“What a feeling. I can just take whatever I like? Nothing matters except that I'm stronger, so I can have whatever I want....” He licked his lips in anticipation. This was something that could never happen in the Spirit Stream Sect. It was like finally being able to eat forbidden fruit. He scoured Middle Peak for half a day, and around noontime identified an immortal's cave he liked. It was rather large, and the grounds around it were covered with blood trees. It was almost like a whole world unto itself.

The blood trees all had faces on them, and although their eyes were closed, they seemed completely sinister and bizarre, the type that would strike fear into the hearts of anyone who got near them.

In fact, the only path leading to the door had been overrun by the sinister blood trees. Even from a distance, it was possible to see the faint blood mist that filled the area.

Just barely visible through the blood trees was a blood cistern with dense blood qi. The area was paved with limestone, and there were some refined corpses wearing suits of armor who stood guard.

Next to the cistern was the entrance to the immortal's cave, a huge white door that was carved with intricate spell formations. The spell formations were currently active, flickering with bright light that ensured that the entire area was shielded.

Looking at the scene, Bai Xiaochun licked his lips, and his eyes began to shine.

“What a great location....”

He had secretly absorbed blood qi from this location in the past, and vaguely remembered that it was Master God-Diviner's immortal's cave. He had asked imposter Nightcrypt, and learned that Master God-Diviner was only in the early Foundation Establishment stage, but as he was very adept at divination and augury, he was very important to the sect.

In the Lone Hell Pocket Realm, he had reached Earthstring Foundation Establishment, but had only achieved a few Tideflows. Even still, it was enough to set him on the path to fame in the Blood Stream Sect.

Therefore, it was no surprise that he had occupied such a nice immortal's cave for such a long time.

Eyes shining, Bai Xiaochun sped forward toward the immortal's cave. As he neared, faces on the blood trees opened their eyes, which shone with killing intent.

However, as soon as they recognized Bai Xiaochun, they began to scream in high pitched voices.

“Nightdevil is here!!”

“It's Nightdevil!!”

“Heavens! Nightdevil is here for revenge. Master, save me!!”

Inside the immortal's cave, Master God-Diviner gritted his teeth. He both hated and feared Bai Xiaochun, and when he thought about the brutal events from the previous day, he was sure that Bai Xiaochun had come to get revenge. Then he heard the voices crying out from the outside, and his eyes went wide.

“Sure enough, he's here!!”

Chapter 207: Nightdevil's Name Spreads...

“Nightdevil?” When Bai Xiaochun heard what the blood trees were screaming, his jaw dropped. He had no way of knowing, but because of the brutality of the previous day’s events, quite a few people had taken to calling him Nightdevil.

Annoyed by the shrieking trees, he snorted coldly and said, “Shut up!”

His voice was accompanied by a brutally murderous air that scared the blood trees so much that they started trembling and lapsed into silence. Terrified, the trees that had planted themselves onto the path leading to the immortal’s cave pulled up their roots and cleared the way.

Bai Xiaochun clasped his hands behind his back, stuck his chin up, and coolly said, “Master God-Diviner, get out here!”

Everyone who heard him was completely shocked.

Inside the immortal’s cave, Master God-Diviner’s face went ashen, and a crazed look appeared in his eyes. Gritting his teeth, sweat popping out on his forehead, he cried, “Nightcrypt, don’t push things too far!!”

Bai Xiaochun didn’t step into the forest of blood trees. The pressure from the spell formation was too threatening. However, in response to Master God-Diviner’s words, he smiled grimly and then unleashed some blood qi. In the blink of an eye, all of the

blood qi in the area began to churn, transforming into a dense mist.

The faces on the blood trees began to quiver, but they didn't dare to scream. They simply began to huddle together in shock.

The Foundation Establishment cultivators in the area could sense what was happening, and saw the shocking blood qi building up around Bai Xiaochun. Inside the immortal's cave, Master God-Diviner sat there with ashen face, chuckling bitterly. The madness in his eyes grew, and just when he was about to jump out and fight to the death, Bai Xiaochun's cruel voice once again filled the area.

"I'll give you three breaths' of time to get the hell out of there," he said proudly. "I want this immortal's cave." With that he flicked his sleeve.

Master God-Diviner had been ready to unleash the power of the spell formation to fight to the death with Bai Xiaochun. But when he heard his words, his eyes went wide with surprise. He almost couldn't believe it. "You think I'll risk my life based on your kindness, Nightcrypt? What makes you think I'll believe you?!?!"

Sticking his chin up, Bai Xiaochun replied, "Calm down. I'm a man of my word. If I say I'm going to take your immortal's cave, then I'm going to take your immortal's cave!"

Even as the words left his mouth, the door to the immortal's cave opened, and Master God-Diviner flew out at top speed, flying off into the air. As he did, his voice echoed out, "Nightcrypt, the Blood

Stream Sect is a devilish sect, but we keep our promises. If you go back on your word in front of all these Fellow Daoists, you'll be hated by everyone! No one will ever believe you again!"

Master God-Diviner was truly afraid. He feared that Bai Xiaochun was intentionally drawing him out of his immortal's cave to attack him. Even as he flew off, he tossed down the jade pendant to the immortal's cave.

Never could he have imagined that Bai Xiaochun really had just come for the immortal's cave, and not his life. In fact, he still couldn't believe it, and his heart pounded with the feeling of having nearly escaped a deadly catastrophe.

As he caught the jade pendant, Bai Xiaochun stared at the fleeing Master God-Diviner. Only then did he understand what was going on. Sighing, he ignored Master God-Diviner and then stepped into the blood tree forest.

As soon as the blood trees realized they had a new master, they were all smiles, and even began to lavish him with praise.

"Master Nightdevil is mighty and extraordinary, invincible under the heavens."

"Master Nightdevil is a master strategist! He can succeed with even the most difficult tasks!"

Bai Xiaochun looked at the fawning blood trees with a somber,

cold expression, and yet, a gleam of encouragement could be seen in his eyes. At first, the blood trees had been very nervous, but when they saw the encouraging look, they mustered their courage and heaped more flattery upon him. Bai Xiaochun sighed and shook his head.

“I really am quite outstanding,” he murmured. “No matter where I go, people are always trying to flatter me. It’s annoying, and yet, I can’t really stop them either.” His sighs caused the blood trees’ flattery to increase.

“Compared to Nightdevil, no other devils exist in the world!”

“With a single glance, Nightdevil causes all the female cultivators to swoon....”

“When Nightdevil sighs, the heavens turn dim!”

As the blood trees went all out with their praise, Bai Xiaochun happily stepped into Master God-Diviner’s immortal’s cave. The blood qi here didn’t seem any less strong than that near Song Que’s blood waterfall. Bai Xiaochun felt even more satisfied than before.

There were seven or eight puppets present which all offered formal greetings. He quickly sent them over to his old collapsed immortal’s cave to bring his belongings over.

Soon, the fact that Bai Xiaochun had occupied Master God-Diviner’s immortal’s cave spread through all of Middle Peak. Yet

again, a whole new set of stories regarding Nightcrypt's brutality were told.

Half a month went by, during which time the stories of Nightcrypt grew more and more wild. All of the cultivator clans in the area already knew about him.

Soon, everyone was aware that a new, savage figure had appeared in the Blood Stream Sect. He had single-handedly fought an entire group of Foundation Establishment experts, and even killed seven or eight of them. He had drawn upon all the blood qi of Middle Peak to form an enormous, shocking blood sword.

And then there was his Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening, which left everyone completely astonished.

“He has a strange personality, and is completely unpredictable. One second he'll be slaughtering people left and right, the next, he's calm and lets everyone off the hook. It's impossible to figure him out....”

“I heard that, according to Patriarch Limitless, it was Nightcrypt's devilish personality that enabled him to escape alive from the Spirit Stream Sect's Bai Xiaochun. Nightcrypt has obviously been extraordinary for some time!”

“Not even Song Que is a match for him! It's too bad he's only at Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. Otherwise, he'd be even stronger than he is now!”

“That’s nothing. I heard that the grand elders of all four mountain peaks fought over him. In the end, he chose Grand Elder Song Junwan of Middle Peak. What a pity....”

Of course, news leaked from Blood Stream Sect territory into the territory of other sects. Eventually, even the warring Profound Stream Sect and Pill Stream Sect had heard of Nightcrypt.

The Spirit Stream Sect was closer than they were to the Blood Stream Sect, so they were privy to more details. Eventually, both the north and south banks of the Spirit Stream Sect were abuzz with the topic.

Ghostfang was in secluded meditation, but even he heard some of the stories. Frowning, he thought back to the Fallen Sword Abyss, but couldn’t recall a Blood Stream Sect disciple with that name. “Nightcrypt? I don’t remember him....”

Shangguan Tianyou was also in secluded meditation. After thinking the matter over, he couldn’t recall any information about the person in question. But that didn’t matter. He wasn’t happy about anyone being stronger than him. When it came to the Chosen of any generation, they knew that the only way to maintain their place was to keep getting stronger and stronger.

“Nightcrypt....” Zhou Xinqi took a deep breath. The Spirit Stream Sect paid very close attention to the affairs of the Blood Stream Sect. Zhou Xinqi was very shocked by the news, especially when she heard that he had fought a battle with an entire group of Foundation Establishment experts. Gritting her teeth, she focused even harder on her cultivation.

It was the same with Beihan Lie, Lu Tianlei, Xu Song, Gongsun Yun and many other Chosen. The stories about Nightcrypt spurred them into even greater focus. As for the sect leader and the other high level leaders, they also took note, but what interested them more was the Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening.

“If this Nightcrypt keeps getting stronger, he could turn into quite the calamity....”

“Put more resources into the search for Bai Xiaochun. Ever since the kid left, not even a shadow of him has turned up. Even the people we sent to watch over him haven’t been able to turn up any clues.”

The Spirit Stream Sect Chosen and leadership figures were shaken. As for the ordinary Inner Sect disciples, most of them weren’t very impressed with the stories they heard.

“What the hell is a Nightcrypt? Can he even come close to Sect Uncle Bai?”

“Yeah, exactly. If Sect Uncle Bai fought him, this Nightcrypt would be turned to ash in a second!” That was what many people were saying, especially Hou Xiaomei and Big Fatty Zhang. Xu Baocai was especially fervent in his opinions as well.

In fact, to confirm her theory that the newly famous Nightcrypt would be completely destroyed by the simple wave of Bai Xiaochun’s finger, Hou Xiaomei went to consult with Hou Yunfei,

who was in secluded meditation.

After a long moment of thought, Hou Yunfei smiled and said, “Nightcrypt? There were too many people attacking Xiaochun at the same time. I don’t really remember them all.”

“I knew that guy was a nobody! Big Bro Xiaochun is the awesomest.” At first, Hou Xiaomei was very happy. However, her mood quickly soured. “Where do you think Xiaochun is now anyway? How come nobody can find him? I hope he’s not in trouble.”

Hou Yunfei tousled her hair and looked off into the distance.

“Don’t worry about him,” he said with a slight smile. “No matter where he ends up, the people who’ll end up in trouble are the unlucky folks around him. Who knows how many folks he’s driven crazy so far?”

Hou Xiaomei thought back to all of the past events Bai Xiaochun had been involved with, and smiled. Finally, she took a deep breath. Eyes filled with determination, and cheeks flushed, she decided that she had to work hard at her cultivation. Without doing that, there wasn’t any hope at all of anything happening between her and Bai Xiaochun.

As stories of Nightcrypt spread, Bai Xiaochun was sitting by the blood cistern, working on his cultivation. With the help of the strong blood qi in the area, he was already working on the second level of the Undying Heavenly King.

By now, more than half of the Heavenspan River water had merged into his first spiritual sea. Before long, the process would be complete.

That would signify that he had begun to break through from early Foundation Establishment. It would also represent another step of progress with his Human Controlling Grand Magic. At that point, he would be able to experiment in ways that he had only been able to dream about before.

Although he hadn't come across an opportunity to use his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, he was confident that when he opened it, it would be even more powerful than before.

Then there was his Mountain Shaking Bash. He continued to practice with it, which caused booming sounds to echo around his immortal's cave as he grew more and more familiar with it.

He didn't give up on his work with protomagnetic power either. Although he hadn't mastered it, he was convinced that it was an extraordinary magic, and his heart thumped with anticipation at being able to use the powers of gravity and repulsion.

"If I could completely come to understand it, then if someone stronger than me was chasing me, I could just wave my finger, and they wouldn't be able to get close. As for anyone weaker than me, I could just wave my hand, and they would fly toward me." When he thought about that, his eyes glittered like diamonds.

Chapter 208: Save Me Big Sis Song

“Being able to force people to come and go as I wish. Now that is a level unto itself.” The more Bai Xiaochun thought about it, the more he looked forward to it. He could almost imagine what it would be like when he mastered protomagnetic power, and could reduce things to ash with the wave of his hand. The swish of a sleeve could send enemies far off into the distance, and simultaneously bring friends closeby to protect them.

It was such an entrancing idea that Bai Xiaochun looked at his sleeve for a moment, and then decided to perform some more tests.

He worked hard for more than half a month.

One night, in the middle of his protomagnetic power research, a blood-colored palanquin trundled along toward the sect, carried on the shoulders of eight gargoyles.

On either side of the palanquin were hosts of palace maids carrying blood-colored lanterns that caused blood-colored light to spill out in all directions. Inside the palanquin was Xuemei, wearing her mask, staring grimly at a jade slip she held in her hand.

She had left the sect a few months ago on a mission. After killing some Profound Stream Sect spies in one of the local cultivator clans, she was now on her way back to the sect.

“Nightcrypt....” Looking over at the sect, her eyes flickered with

killing intent. About a month ago, when she was still in the middle of her mission, she had heard some of the other disciples talking about Nightcrypt. She knew about the chaos on Middle Peak, and also knew that her immortal's cave had been destroyed....

Now, more killing intent roiled in her eyes than before. In the past, she hadn't thought much about Nightcrypt. To her, he was like an ant, someone who could be killed at the drop of a hat.

If it weren't for the fact that she had been out on a mission, she would have arranged to have him exterminated. Even the fact that he had been hiding on Corpse Peak wouldn't have mattered. Of course, she wouldn't have done the deed herself.

But then Nightcrypt had the gall to actually destroy her immortal's cave. After that came the news that he had fought with a whole group of Foundation Establishment cultivators, and had even drawn upon the blood qi of all of Middle Peak for his Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening. It was truly a spectacular accomplishment.

However, if Xuemei wanted him killed, she could still do it!

Waving her hand, she said, "To Middle Peak!"

In response to her words, the palace maids and gargoyles changed direction. Instead of heading toward Ancestor Peak, they were now moving through the darkness of night toward Middle Peak.

Her arrival caused pressure to spread out that many of the Foundation Establishment cultivators could detect, whereupon they saw the blood palanquin. As for the cultivators who had teamed up to fight Bai Xiaochun, their eyes shone with delight.

That was especially true of Master God-Diviner. He was now living in a relatively simple and crude immortal's cave, and when he saw Xuemei's palanquin flying through the air, he began to tremble with excitement.

“Let's see how you hide this time, Nightcrypt! Everyone else is too scared to attack you. Even Patriarch Limitless approved of you. But Young Lady Xuemei reached nine Tideflows, and she's Patriarch Limitless' beloved daughter! If she wants to kill you, not even the patriarch would stop her! You're dead, Nightcrypt!”

Although it was very quiet on Middle Peak, if you listened carefully, you would be able to hear numerous cultivators doing their best to stifle their breathing. It was like the calm before a storm.

Soon the blood palanquin was hovering in the air above Xuemei's immortal's cave. When Xuemei saw the rubble down below, she began to breathe heavily. Transforming into a beam of blood-colored light, she shot down toward the immortal's cave.

The wave of her sleeve sent countless rocks and bits of rubble flying away to reveal a destroyed spell formation, and the shattered remnants of her blood bottle.

As she stared at her bottle, her murderous aura grew more and more intense, until it formed an explosive energy around her. Astonishingly, nine vortexes could be seen surrounding her.

Those were the manifestations of the nine Tideflows of her Earthstring Foundation Establishment. They spun rapidly until they were like nine enormous tornadoes, causing widespread shock among the cultivators in the area. A moment later, Xuemei's voice echoed out, filled with boundless killing intent.

“Where is Nightcrypt!?”

Master God-Diviner had been paying close attention to what was happening, and as soon as he heard her words, he burst out into the open and flew over. Clasp hands and bowing deeply, he excitedly said, “Young Lady Xuemei, please take charge here. Nightcrypt is matchlessly vicious, a thug who commits every imaginable misdeed. Not only did he destroy your immortal's cave, he killed many fellow members of the sect. Then he stole my immortal's cave! That's exactly where you can find him right now. I'll lead the way, Young Lady!”

Xuemei looked at Master God-Diviner, and her gaze caused his heart to pound. Averting his gaze, he quickly led her toward Bai Xiaochun.

Quite a few other Foundation Establishment cultivators were in the area secretly watching, and they began to follow along. Cruel looks could be seen in their eyes as they anticipated the scene of Young Lady Xuemei slaughtering Bai Xiaochun.

“Nightcrypt is dead!”

“Hmph! Let’s see him be arrogant and aggressive this time! He can bully us, but he’ll be like a bug in front of Young Lady Xuemei!”

“Young Lady Xuemei reached nine Tideflows, shaking the entire eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world. Other than the legendary Bai Xiaochun, who could possibly be a match for her?”

They followed along excitedly until they were outside of Bai Xiaochun’s new immortal’s cave.

“Young Lady Xuemei,” Master God-Diviner said through gritted teeth, “the hoodlum is right here!” After everything that had occurred, Master God-Diviner hated Bai Xiaochun down to his very bones.

Xuemei looked at the immortal’s cave and the blood trees with the vicious faces. The blood trees opened their eyes, and immediately began to tremble. None of them dared to even speak; apparently they could sense how much more terrifying Young Lady Xuemei was than Nightcrypt.

Not only did they not say a word, they uprooted themselves and moved off to the side, revealing the blood cistern and the immortal’s cave.

Xuemei's killing intent slowly transformed into blood qi, which swirled around her as she began to stride forward. It only took a moment for her to be hovering directly above the immortal's cave. There, she lifted her right hand, which turned blood-red before she then shoved it downward.

All of Middle Peak trembled in response, and the same spell formation appeared that had appeared when the patriarch made a move not too many days before. Massive amounts of blood qi swirled together, converging beneath Xuemei in the form of an enormous, blood-colored plum blossom.

Then, the plum blossom began to drop down toward the immortal's cave!

The cave's spell formation was activated, and attempted to fight back, but the blood-colored plum blossom was too shockingly powerful. It had been converged from all of the blood qi in the area, and seemed capable of completely dominating the spell formation. The spell formation only managed to hold out for a few breaths' worth of time before it faded away. Then Xuemei's attack continued to descend.

Incredible rumbling echoed out in all directions. The crowd looked on excitedly as Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave began to collapse, sending rocks and rubble tumbling in all directions.

“Young Lady Xue is almighty!”

“Hahaha! Nightcrypt, you're....” Although everyone was

cheering at first, they quickly discovered that, unexpectedly, the immortal's cave was empty....

Xuemei snorted coldly, then waved her finger toward the blood cistern. Instantly, blood qi erupted out, slamming into the cistern, which collapsed with a boom. At the same time, someone shot out from inside the cistern, that person being Bai Xiaochun himself.

He had been practicing cultivation happily at the bottom of the cistern when he suddenly heard the commotion up above. Before he could even take the time to check what was happening, the top of the cistern had been destroyed. He wasn't injured, but he was certainly shocked. He also wasn't sure what type of mysterious treasure she was using to create such an overpowering aura. That was the only explanation why he hadn't detected her earlier. "Listen, we're all Chosen, so please just listen to what I--"

Xuemei looked over at him calmly. There were some people in life that she didn't view as insects, but Nightcrypt wasn't one of those people.

She waved her finger again, and Bai Xiaochun immediately felt a sensation of imminent crisis. It was the explosive power of nine Tideflows!

She only waved her finger once, but it contained layer upon layer of power, all of which was bearing down on Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was angry; in his opinion, they were all Chosen, so there was no reason they couldn't sit down and discuss things

reasonably. Why did they have to instantly resort to deadly fighting? However, at the moment, he had no choice but to unleash his own blood qi. Raising his hand up over his head, he grabbed the blood sword that formed, and then slashed it out in front of him.

A boom echoed out, shaking everything in the area. As the shockwave spread out, Bai Xiaochun's hair flew about wildly. For the first time, a brilliant light shone in Xuemei's eyes, and she snorted coldly.

“Not bad after all,” she said coolly. “But external power is nothing more than external power. Blood Qi Seal!” Her right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and then she pointed her finger out, and the same thing that had occurred when the patriarch appeared happened again.

All of the blood qi around Bai Xiaochun began to tremble and disperse. Bai Xiaochun looked around, and immediately realized that there were the signs of a spell formation in the ground.

Although she couldn't control all of Middle Peak like Patriarch Limitless could, she could control a smaller area.

“As of this moment,” she said placidly, “you are nothing more than an ant.” Then she began to speed toward Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun's face fell. The blood qi in the area had been suppressed, but if he wanted to, he could seize control back, just like he had done before. Unfortunately, if he did that now, it would reveal some secrets that he didn't want other people to know about.

A boom rang out as they slammed into each other. Bai Xiaochun staggered back, his rage growing. As for Xuemei, intense killing intent could be seen in her eyes. She once again performed another incantation gesture, summoning a blood-colored plum blossom which shot toward Bai Xiaochun.

A fierce look could be seen in Bai Xiaochun's eyes. Xuemei was far stronger than Song Que, and was in fact the most powerful enemy he had encountered since reaching Foundation Establishment. Even as he was trying to decide how to deal with her, a flirtatious laugh suddenly echoed out in the area.

“What foul wind blew Young Lady Xuemei over here? What's wrong? You don't like my Junior Brother Nightcrypt?” Another casual laugh floated through the area as Middle Peak Grand Elder Song Junwan appeared in front of Bai Xiaochun. She was wearing a different outfit than before, but it was just as incapable of containing her voluptuous physique as the other, almost as if she had to breath out just to fit into it. Curves were visible everywhere, along with milky white skin. She was truly explosively sexy....

As soon as the words left her mouth, the blood-colored plum blossom stopped in place in midair. Song Junwan's hair floated around her, and a fragrant aroma spread out. She was like a ripe peach that caused all of the other Foundation Establishment cultivators to gasp with desire. Tongues sticking to the roofs of their mouths, they bowed their heads to avoid looking at the fatally attractive image in front of them.

Only Bai Xiaochun dared to stare. Then, he spoke up, sounding

wronged and bullied.

“Big Sis Song, if you’d been even a bit later, I would have lost my poor little life.”

Chapter 208: Save Me Big Sis Song

Chapter 209: Silenced In Death...

“You’re always looking at me like that, you lecherous little rascal,” Song Junwan said with a flirtatious smile. “What exactly do you think you’re going to do?” Although she didn’t seem to technically be flirting, her spectacular beauty and sparkling eyes would stir the emotions of anyone who saw them.

In his heart, Bai Xiaochun wanted to tell her that she was a vixen. However, if he didn’t somehow manage to become grand elder himself, then the only way to get the relic of eternal indestructibility would be to sneak in through her bedchamber. Therefore, he looked down shyly, lowered his voice and said, “Big Sis Song, you’re peerless and sublime. I don’t know why, but I just can’t stop myself from staring....”

With that, he stared at her a bit more. The way he treated her differently was exactly what Song Junwan found so amusing.

Their flirtatious exchange caused all of the Foundation Establishment cultivators to grumble bitterly inside. In addition to the hatred they felt for Bai Xiaochun, there was also a bit of envy....

That was especially true of Master God-Diviner, whose eyes widened into a near glare. Panting, he suddenly wished he could switch places with Bai Xiaochun. He wanted to be the one standing in front of Song Junwan, the Middle Peak grand elder who was in fact a rare beauty. He wanted to be the one flirting back and forth with her!

Xuemei looked at the two of them, and the coldness in her eyes grew more intense. Snorting coldly, she said, “I’m also curious about something. What foul wind was it that brought Song Junwan over here? Get out of my way!”

With that, she waved her hand, and the blood-colored plum blossom suddenly began to move again.

Song Junwan’s smile suddenly turned icy. “[Du Xuemei](#), this is Middle Peak. Don’t let your presumptuousness get the better of you!”

She waved her right hand, and the spell formation that covered the area suddenly flared to life. Earlier, Xuemei had just barely forced some of it to work, but now, the entire thing was in motion. The blood-colored plum blossom shattered, transforming into massive amounts of blood qi. Most of it scattered, although some of it was absorbed back by Xuemei.

Xuemei stuck her chin up and arrogantly said, “I’m in the middle of something here, why don’t you mind your own business?”

The expression on her face when she looked at Song Junwan was different than when she looked at others; it was one of derision, and even intentional provocation.

“This is my business. I dare you to do something to Nightcrypt! Try it, and see what happens!” Laughing coldly, Song Junwan’s right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and she waved her finger toward the ground. Instantly, the spell formation expanded,

and in the blink of an eye, all of the lower finger was lit up. Song Junwan's eyes shone with just as much derision and provocation as Xuemei's.

Moved, Bai Xiaochun remained behind Song Junwan, glaring hatefully at Xuemei.

Xuemei took a step forward, and her cultivation base erupted with power, becoming a tornado of nine vortexes that stretched high up into the sky. This was the awe-inspiring power of Earthstring Foundation Establishment and nine Tideflows. "I'd originally planned to simply sever his hands to teach him a lesson. But since you're protecting him now, I think I'll end his life!"

Bai Xiaochun's eyes flickered, and inwardly, he despised Xuemei even more. If he could reveal his Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment, then the snap of his finger would leave her shocked into a daze.

"Other people might fear your status, but not Song Junwan. I couldn't care less. If you harm a single hair on Nightcrypt's head, I'll cut off one of your fingers!" Song Junwan also took a step forward and unleashed the power of her cultivation base. Although she didn't have the vortexes of nine Tideflows, she was in the great circle of late Foundation Establishment; the quality of the power at her disposal couldn't match up to Xuemei's, but the sheer volume was overwhelming!

Cracking sounds emanated out as the power from the two slammed into each other. Plants and trees in the area were shredded to pieces, and as the shockwave spread out, the

Foundation Establishment cultivators' hearts trembled.

Xuemei was clearly not a match, and after their initial clash, she staggered backward.

Bai Xiaochun was so shaken that he didn't know what to do or say. He almost couldn't believe that the beautiful grand elder was treating him so well. For him, she had offended Xuemei and even put herself on the line. Although Bai Xiaochun was of the opinion that one of his hairs was worth a lot more than a finger, he was still very moved by the grand elder's goodwill.

"She's really treating me too well," he thought. "What am I supposed to do...?" Feeling a headache coming on, he hovered behind Song Junwan and stared somberly at Xuemei.

Xuemei gave a cold harrumph. Eyes burning with fury and killing intent, she waved her right index finger, causing a white beam of light to shoot out from her bag of holding. It transformed into a little white bell which had a smiling face engraved on its surface. Upon closer examination, however, the face almost seemed to be crying. If you stared at it for too long, your scalp would begin to tingle, and your heart would fill with fear.

As soon as the bell appeared, a bizarre aura spread out in all directions. As it merged into the nine Tideflow vortexes, the Tideflow power erupted, and massive rumbling sounds filled the area. Strangely, the power from the bell seemed to be combining with the nine Tideflow vortexes.

Instantly, the energy in the area skyrocketed, and the bell began to grow larger until it was fully 30 meters tall. As it hovered there in midair, it radiated boundless might and pressure.

Xuemei's eyes flickered. Thanks to the assistance of this magical item, her cultivation base power was rising until it was on the same level as Song Junwan's!

Apparently, the ringing sound of the bell could influence the emotions of those who heard it. The faces of the onlookers flickered, and even Song Junwan's pupils constricted.

This was clearly not a magical item designed for Foundation Establishment cultivators. Considering Xuemei's status, it was obvious to everyone that this was a precious treasure which had been gifted to her by her father Patriarch Limitless.

It was only possible to imagine how powerful of a precious treasure a patriarch would give to his beloved daughter.

Song Junwan gritted her teeth. She had never gotten along with Xuemei, and both of them were currently engaged in a broader struggle for power. Although their mutual dislike had festered for years, Song Junwan currently had a far more powerful cultivation base than Xuemei. And yet, a precious treasure provided by Patriarch Limitless was enough to fill her heart with fear.

However, Xuemei's heart also trembled in fear. She might have her precious treasure, but in terms of cultivation base, she wasn't a match for Song Junwan. Furthermore, when it came to official

status in the sect, she couldn't really compete.

The two of them stared at each other, both of them scared, and neither one willing to make the first move.

Bai Xiaochun remained off to the side, shocked, staring in amazement at the precious magical item.

The two women stared at each other for a while before Song Junwan finally chuckled coldly. Smiling a beautiful smile, she spoke words that cut as deeply as a razor-sharp blade.

“You wear a mask all day, and a mask carved with a plum flower at that. You might as well carve your own ass on that mask, Xuemei. You're obviously so ugly you don't dare to show your face in public!” Everyone in the area gasped. It was almost as if they were listening to a stranger, and not the grand elder.

Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped, and he looked over at Xuemei, wondering how she would counterattack.

Xuemei snorted coldly. Completely ignoring Bai Xiaochun, she glared at Song Junwan and said, “Oh yeah? Well your good looks are probably why you're so easy! The only way you got to be grand elder of Middle Peak was by losing your virtue in 10,000 affairs! Everybody in the sect knows it! I wouldn't be surprised if you'd sleep with 100,000 people to become a blood master! Wouldn't you?!”

Countless gasps echoed out, and the cultivators of Middle Peak stared with wide eyes. As of this moment, Xuemei also seemed like a complete stranger.

Xuemei's counterattack struck Bai Xiaochun mute. Gasping, he couldn't decide which one of them was superior. They actually seemed to be evenly matched....

However, something seemed odd about the situation, and suddenly, he wondered if he had felt moved for no reason. By now, the two shrews seemed to be completely ignoring him, and were consumed by hatred for each other....

“Hey, hold on!” he thought. “I’m supposed to be the center of attention. Did they forget about me?” Blinking, he decided to remind them of what was going on.

“Listen, ladies–”

However, before he could finish, both Xuemei and Song Junwan snapped, “Shut up!”

Bai Xiaochun was initially frightened, but then enraged. However, before he could say anything else, Song Junwan laughed coldly. “Shut your ass up, Du Xuemei. I’m not the easy one. The easy one was your mother. She had to do a blood test just to figure out that Patriarch Limitless was your father. That’s the truth, and everybody knows it! Other people might not dare to say it out loud, but go ask any of your father’s friends. They all know!”

Song Junwan laughed coldly. This time, there were no gasps. Everyone was completely dumbstruck. Considering that a patriarch had just been mentioned, they felt almost like they had been struck by thunder. There were even some who started to slowly edge away.

Obviously, in a brutal organization like the Blood Stream Sect, a secret the likes of which had just been mentioned was the kind that people got killed for hearing. Song Junwan might not be afraid, but that was because one of the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs was from her clan. Nobody else present had such a background!

Not willing to be outdone, Xuemei spat, “Slanderer! You think I don’t know the truth about you? Song Que is your love child! And Nightcrypt is your secret lover! If that weren’t the case, you never would have showed up so quickly. You probably stepped out the back door and then just hurried back, didn’t you!? You disgusting slut-bucket!”

This second batch of unverifiable news caused the scalps of all onlookers to tingle in fear. Moments ago, people had been edging away quietly, but at this point, they didn’t dare to hear anything more. Hearts pounding, they fled, convinced that if they listened any further, they would end up dead.

Bai Xiaochun was also trembling in terror, and was wondering if he would also be silenced in death to keep the news from spreading.

He began to carefully sneak away, hoping to put as much distance between himself and these two women as possible. The truth was

that, in this moment, he was just as scared as he had been back in the Luo Chen Mountains.

Even as he prepared to flee at top speed, Song Junwan and Xuemei continued to curse each other, revealing even more explosive bits of information. Bai Xiaochun's skin crawled as he heard all sorts of sordid history regarding the Blood Stream Sect.

By this point, the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs were aware of what was happening. Eventually, it seemed they weren't interested in hearing any more, and one of the patriarchs cleared his throat. The sound transformed into rumbling thunder, and a lightning bolt even split the sky overhead.

Song Junwan and Xuemei knew what that meant. Neither of them wanted to back down, but they had no choice. With a final vicious glare at each other, they snorted coldly and parted ways. One flew up to the upper finger, the other left Middle Peak.

Unexpectedly, neither of them spared a second glance for Bai Xiaochun....

Soon, everything was quiet. Bai Xiaochun hovered there in shock for a moment before looking around and sighed. There were few things in life as terrifying as two women who hated each other....

At this point you can now see why it's Xuemei and not Xue Mei, because Xuemei is her given name, with her surname being Du. Since I'm sure people will ask, yes, it's the same Du character as Du Lingfei. Don't forget that a shared surname doesn't necessarily confirm a relation or connection. For example, Xu Xiaoshan and

Xu Baocai share the same surname, but that doesn't necessarily mean they're from the same family.

Chapter 210: Grand Elder, Please Behave Yourself!

Bai Xiaochun sighed and looked down at his immortal's cave, pondering his miserable existence. Since arriving in the Blood Stream Sect, he'd had two immortal's caves destroyed.

“These people are savages! One slip of the tongue and they destroy your immortal's cave!” Shaking his head, he looked over furiously at the blood trees.

The blood trees had been completely useless; they'd been so scared that they didn't even offer a warning. Now that he was glaring at them, they were shivering and attempting to look as ingratiating as possible.

Bai Xiaochun was not in a good mood. After glaring at the trees well and good, he warned them that if something like this happened again, he would tear them up by the roots once and for all. After the trembling trees promised that they would behave better in the future, Bai Xiaochun finally let them off the hook.

It took the rest of the night to clean up the mess that was the remains of his immortal's cave. Around dawn, he used spiritual power to repair some of the damage, and then used the rest of the day to recover.

As he sat there cross-legged in the immortal's cave, he thought about the situation, and came to the conclusion that Xuemei probably wouldn't come back for him any time soon. As long as he

stayed on the mountain, he shouldn't have any trouble.

“Just wait until I get that relic of eternal indestructibility!” he said, snorting coldly. “Then I'll show that hussy Xuemei how awesome I really am!” Then he thought about all the secrets he'd heard, and was suddenly worried again.

“It should be fine, right...?” he thought, trying to comfort himself. However, three days later, he happened to hear that a random disciple had been summoned by the grand elder, and had been punished severely for no apparent reason. Bai Xiaochun immediately started to get more nervous.

From what he remembered, that disciple had been one of the group who heard all of the secrets.

Another day went by, and Bai Xiaochun heard about a disciple who had somehow provoked Xuemei. Apparently, she had punished him by tossing him into Blood Prison. Bai Xiaochun began to pant in shock.

“I'm finished. Kaput. The shrews are starting to tie up all the loose ends!” Bai Xiaochun anxiously tried to get more information about what was happening. During that time, he heard plenty of rumors about cultivators being imprisoned by Xuemei or dispatched by the grand elder to the Profound Stream Sect or Pill Stream Sect on spy missions....

Most unbelievable was a tale about one of the cultivators who was summoned to the upper finger for an audience with the grand

elder, and then was suddenly killed.

“That cultivator must have been a complete idiot,” Bai Xiaochun thought. After hearing everything that was happening with the cultivators who had heard the secrets, Bai Xiaochun trembled with fear. He even thought about simply fleeing, but couldn’t bring himself to do so.

“It wasn’t my fault that I heard that stuff! Ai.” He didn’t want to hear the secrets of Xuemei’s past, or know how many people Song Junwan had been in relationships with!

After a few more days passed, no more stories popped up about people being punished, and Bai Xiaochun started to relax.

The next day, as he was in the middle of cultivating the Undying Live Forever Technique, his expression flickered, and he suddenly turned his head. Outside of his immortal’s cave, a cold voice suddenly rang out, “Nightcrypt, the grand elder has requested your presence.”

As soon as Bai Xiaochun heard that, his heart seized. Trembling in fear, he opened the door a crack to look at the person outside.

Beyond the trembling blood trees stood an old man wearing a blood-colored robe decorated with complex golden designs. He had his hands clasped behind his back, and from the fluctuations of his cultivation base, he was in the late Foundation Establishment stage.

When Bai Xiaochun saw the blood-colored robe and the golden designs, he knew exactly who this person was. He occupied a position second only to the grand elder, and definitely much higher than Dharma protectors or regular elders. He was a bloodstreak elder! “A bloodstreak elder! C-could he be here to silence me?!”

Usually there were ten or so bloodstreak elders on every mountain, and they cooperated with the grand elder to maintain order.

Bai Xiaochun looked like he was about to cry. His mind replayed all of the stories he’d heard about the cultivators who had been punished over the past weeks, and he got so nervous that his face went pale.

“What do I do? What do I do!?”

The bloodstreak elder was starting to get impatient, and called out, “Nightcrypt, what’s with the dillydallying? I’ll give you three breaths of time to get out here!”

Grimacing, Bai Xiaochun hesitated for a moment, but finally realized there was nothing he could do. Gritting his teeth, he walked out of the immortal’s cave. The bloodstreak elder glared at him, clearly displeased with Bai Xiaochun’s slowness. With a cold snort, he led the way toward the upper finger.

Bai Xiaochun followed along, mind racing with plans for how to deal with the situation. His nervousness only continued to mount

as he followed the bloodstreak elder to Song Junwan's immortal's cave.

The grounds were expansive, and covered with blood-red roses that filled the air with a fragrant aroma. Nine blood waterfalls could be seen in the area, which poured into a blood lake. A stone path led across the lake to the area behind the waterfalls, where a mysterious immortal's cave was located.

Only after passing through the waterfalls would one be able to actually see the door of the immortal's cave, which was pitch black. Four young attendants stood there silently on guard. Within the waters of the blood lake, it was possible to see strange fish swimming about. When they occasionally leaped out of the water, vicious teeth and spined fins could be seen before they splashed down out of sight.

"Go in, the grand elder is waiting for you," the bloodstreak elder said coolly. Then he sat down cross-legged off to the side.

Bai Xiaochun looked around nervously. Of course, it wasn't lost on him that this location was his ultimate goal in the Blood Stream Sect. The relic of eternal indestructibility was located beneath this very immortal's cave.

Sighing, he walked carefully along the path, his heart pounding in his chest. Eventually, he passed through the waterfalls, and was in front of the door.

The four young attendants looked at him coldly, but didn't say

anything.

Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth, and tried to convince himself that the patriarchs knew who he was, so if Song Junwan wanted to make a move against him, they would surely intervene. After all, he had already accomplished an Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening!

Clearing his throat, he clasped hands and bowed.

“Nightcrypt is here to offer greetings, Big Sis Song.”

Song Junwan’s voice drifted out from the immortal’s cave in response. “Come in.”

Her voice sounded as lovely as ever to Bai Xiaochun, but there also seemed something vaguely sinister about it. Having no other choice, he braced himself, pushed open the door, and entered.

A delicate fragrance met him as he stepped into the luxuriously decorated immortal’s cave. Glowing pearls were inlaid in the ceiling, while the floor was green and scintillated like a gem. There was strong blood qi, as well as abundant spiritual energy, so much so that it made everything a bit hazy.

It was impossible to say how many side rooms there were, but the grand hall in the middle had a hot spring, from which steam rose up into the air. Floating there in the water was a woman, her body just barely visible underneath the surface. She almost looked like a

mermaid as she swayed back and forth, her curves so prominent that Bai Xiaochun's tongue immediately stuck to the roof of his mouth.

“Vixen!” he thought. “Don’t even think of making a pass at Bai Xiaochun! You can’t fool me. This is obviously a trap. If I stare at you, you’ll accuse me of offending you!” Gritting his teeth, he forced his gaze down, refusing to look at her.

“Come on in!” Song Junwan said. Bai Xiaochun walked forward, head bowed, until he was at the edge of the water. At that point, it became impossible to look down, so instead, he looked up to study the glowing pearls overhead. Expression somber, he could just barely see her body out of the corner of his eyes. Heart trembling, he yet again cursed the vixen....

Song Junwan could see what he was doing, and chuckled flirtatiously. Then, the sound of rippling water could be heard as she swam to the edge of the hot spring and stepped out. Draping a blood-red bathrobe over herself, she walked over to Bai Xiaochun, then reached out with her jade-like finger and tugged his chin down.

“What’s wrong, Little Bro Nightcrypt? No lewd stare for me today?” Her breath smelled like an orchid, and considering how close she was, it was impossible for him not to see her milky white skin. It was a very enticing scene, something almost impossible to describe with words. Anyone who laid eyes on her in this situation would surely be struck mute.

Her eyes sparkled like spring rain, and were both profoundly

deep and endlessly charming. It almost seemed like looking into them would leave a man eternally lost within their depths, unable to think, unable to free himself.

Song Junwan slowly leaned over and blew gently into Bai Xiaochun's ear, and her hot breath made him shiver all the way down to his bones and even his soul.

He almost couldn't take it. He shivered under the intense stimulation, and even started to pant. By this point his eyes were completely bloodshot. Song Junwan appeared to be smiling, and yet, there was something disdainful and cold in her eyes. Just when she seemed to be on the verge of saying something else....

Bai Xiaochun took a few steps back. Instead of looking up at the ceiling, he stared directly into her eyes. His own eyes were bloodshot, his face distorted almost as if with pain.

"Grand elder," he said, almost growling, "please behave yourself!" A look of disappointment appeared in his eyes, something like bitter heartbreak. He almost seemed like he couldn't believe what he was seeing. Song Junwan, who had been on the verge of speaking, suddenly stared back at him in shock, and the coldness in her eyes vanished.

"Grand elder, in my heart, you are holy, like the moon in the sky, eternally sacred, so beautiful that even someone who spotted you from afar would be envious." He looked hurt, and although his words were spoken softly, they filled the whole immortal's cave.

Chapter 211: The Ultimate Vixen....

“Grand elder, I refuse to believe the things that Xuemei said. Not one little bit. In my heart, you are as holy as a lotus, something the filth of the world can’t even come close to touching. You are as beautiful as a sea immortal, completely beyond the sordid dirtiness of the world around you!” As he got more emotional, the pain in his eyes grew more intense.

“Grand elder, allow me to tell you what kind of person you are in my heart. I dream of you night and day. You are an eternal safe haven for my soul, the ideal immortal goddess, something pure and sacred that I must protect for my whole life.” Bai Xiaochun’s sorrow and despair was making him shake, and the disappointment he felt in his heart was turning into a madness that was exploding out as if it had been suppressed for far too long.

He swished his sleeve, and a bit of a murderous aura began to emanate off of him, as if he couldn’t suppress it any longer. It was as if he had climbed a mountain of corpses and waded through a sea of blood to get where he was. Even his veins of steel began to show through. “I, Nightcrypt, can’t even count how many people I’ve killed in my life. I am as vicious as they get. I’ve lost touch with my humanity, with my feelings, with my passion. I am like an empty shell filled with nothing but the coldness of slaughter and brutality. However, in the emptiness, there is a spark of light. And that light sparked into being when I first laid eyes on you, grand elder.”

A tremor ran through Song Junwan’s beautiful frame. She almost seemed to be in a daze as she stared at the disappointment in Bai Xiaochun’s eyes. There was pain and grief there, as if

something beautiful and holy which he had been completely attached to... had collapsed. It was as if his entire world had fallen apart, and he was now descending into hysteria.

“I didn’t choose Middle Peak, Grand Elder, I chose... you!

“You talk about my lewd stare, but you are mistaken. I have never looked at you in such a way. Every time I look at you, I just want to protect you....”

By this point, his bloodshot eyes overflowed with pain as he shouted, “Grand elder, the person standing in front of me right now is not you!!

“Put on your clothes! Get that look off your face! Enough with the flirting. I want to see the pure and unsullied Song Junwan that exists in my heart, the person that I, Nightcrypt, wish to protect for my whole life. Return to me that which is the light of my life....” From Bai Xiaochun’s twisted expression, he almost seemed to be going insane. His roaring voice echoed about in the immortal’s cave, causing the hot spring waters to vibrate. It almost seemed as if he were giving vent to his deepest emotions.

Imposter Nightcrypt’s soul was shaken as he observed the actions of Bai Xiaochun, stupefied by how realistic his wording was, and how his emotions seemed so real.

The immortal’s cave was quiet for a moment, but then Bai Xiaochun began to chuckle hoarsely. Sounding disappointed and hurt, he quietly turned away so that he wasn’t looking at Song

Junwan.

He was trembling, although the truth was that it was from fear. As soon as he had stepped into the immortal's cave, he had sensed the intangible coldness inside, and he realized that nothing he had planned on the way over would work.

He could only improvise. As soon as Song Junwan emerged from the water, he knew that he had to exercise utmost caution, lest he be finished.

“This stinking shrew is completely nefarious!” Bai Xiaochun really felt as if he'd gotten the short end of the stick. How could he ever have imagined that Song Junwan would be so vicious? Clearly she knew that the patriarchs liked him, and that he was also very famous in the sect. That was why she had chosen to use such tactics on him.

“It's a good thing Bai Xiaochun is no fool!” he thought. “Let's see what trick she pulls next!” Remaining completely vigilant, he waited for Song Junwan to make her next move.

Song Junwan's mind was spinning, and she was trembling visibly. Bai Xiaochun's words had stabbed deep into her heart, like the sharpest of blades. Now that she stood there looking at his back, he seemed taller than ever, as though he could support heaven and earth on his shoulders.

She wasn't even sure what to say. Nightcrypt had completely shaken her to the core. It felt like a mountain had fallen onto her,

something that broke down all the barriers in her mind and left her soul exposed.

She could only stand there quietly trying to calm the chaos in her heart. Her original intention had been to call Nightcrypt over to try to find a reason to punish him. If she could lock him up in Blood Prison, then she could definitely stop any gossip from spreading. Furthermore, it would make it impossible for Xuemei to kill him, which would mean that she would have won the competition between the two of them.

Who would have ever thought that the seemingly lewd Nightcrypt would fall to pieces because of her clothing and her actions? She was especially moved by his last words, when he asked her to bring back the real Song Junwan. That left her thoroughly moved, and suddenly caused something different to appear in her eyes when she looked at him.

Song Junwan took a deep breath. Slowly, the flirtatious expression she usually wore faded away. She waved her hand, and a more conservative garment flew over and settled onto her. She adjusted her hair and straightened up a bit, and suddenly seemed very different. Instead of looking seductive, she seemed truly dignified and beautiful.

She wasn't very old to begin with, but with this attire, she seemed completely different than before. Inside and out, she radiated a natural grace and charm that made her seem dazzling.

Her skin was fair and white, and without all the makeup, she seemed like clouds reflected on snow. Her hair was now coiled

together into a beautiful bun, and as she looked at Bai Xiaochun, her eyes glistened like deep pools of pure water.

Her teeth were smooth and white, her lips plump and red. Anyone who looked at her would think they were seeing the beauty of humanity personified.

“You can turn around now,” she said softly.

Remaining ever vigilant, Bai Xiaochun slowly turned around, making sure to keep the disappointed expression on his face. At the same time, his veins of steel were visible as he laid eyes on Song Junwan.

Almost immediately, he was shaken to the core. He had seen beautiful women before, such as Hou Xiaomei, Zhou Xinqi, or the missing Du Lingfei. They were all exquisitely good-looking. However, there was something graceful and elegant to Song Junwan that few women could compare to.

Her previous flirtatious look had turned into something very dignified, and the change left Bai Xiaochun completely taken aback.

It was a pure, clean beauty, like a hibiscus flower glistening in the morning dew. Completely and utterly astonishing.

Despite being completely tongue-tied and anxious, Bai Xiaochun’s vigilance didn’t reduce in the slightest. On the

contrary, it grew stronger. “This Song Junwan, she’s... she’s the ultimate vixen!!”

Seeing Bai Xiaochun’s reaction, Song Junwan covered her smile with her hand. There was nothing coquettish about it this time. It was actually very charming, and the look in her eyes caused Bai Xiaochun’s heart to leap.

“What’s she doing now!?!” he thought, so nervous that his heart was pounding in his chest. For some reason, this latest tactic of hers seemed far more powerful than her opening move. Presumably, she would be making her counterattack at any moment. Was she moving in for the kill?

She smiled charmingly, and before he could respond, she continued on in a serious voice, “Very well, I’m giving you back the Song Junwan that exists in your heart. Happy now?”

“The reason I asked you here was to tell you something. Go back and pack your bags. We’ll meet tomorrow at dawn, at the base of Middle Peak. You’ll be joining me as I go with one of my Song Clan’s patriarchs to visit the Spirit Stream Sect!

“That Song Clan patriarch is also one of the eight patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect!”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went wide, and when he heard her mention the Spirit Stream Sect, his heart trembled.

“A diplomatic mission to the Spirit Stream Sect?” Bai Xiaochun was taken aback. The idea of going back to the Spirit Stream Sect as Nightcrypt was strange to say the least.

Song Junwan looked at him and smiled. “What’s wrong. You don’t want to go? I didn’t originally plan to take you. However, if I leave you behind, that slut Xuemei might cause problems. Since I can’t stay to protect you, then I’d prefer to take you with me.

“You need to be very careful whenever you see that whore. She’s ruthless, and also reached nine Earthstring Tideflows. Her father is Patriarch Limitless, and she herself is a potential future matriarch of the sect. There’s nothing she won’t do to reach her goals.

“She and I have never gotten along. The slut thinks that she can rely on her status to steal my rightful spot as blood master of Middle Peak. But how could I possibly let her do such a thing!?” Almost as soon as Song Junwan mentioned Xuemei, her eyes flickered with cold light. However, seemingly worried that such a look wouldn’t conform with Bai Xiaochun’s image of her, she suddenly felt the need to explain further.

“From generation to generation, there have always been four blood masters. By now, the blood masters of the other three mountain peaks have already been selected. Only Middle Peak has none. Blood master is a very high position, similar to that of prime elder. After reaching Core Formation, blood masters become blood rippers, which are second only to the patriarchs. Of course, in order to become a blood ripper, you have to first become a blood master!

“The position of Middle Peak blood master has belonged to the Song Clan for many, many years. But this time, Xuemei reached nine Tideflows, and thinks she can steal it away.

“If I fail, then the Song Clan’s power will weaken in the sect, and I can’t let that happen.” Having finished her explanation, Song Junwan looked at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. Then, after a moment of thought, he asked, “Why exactly are we going to the Spirit Stream Sect?”

Song Junwan hesitated for a moment. Before what had just happened, she would never have divulged the secret. But now, after a moment of thought, she waved her hand, activating her cave’s spell formation, and sealing the two of them in alone. Then she began to explain.

Chapter 212: The Hesitation of the Blood Stream Sect

Song Junwan looked at Bai Xiaochun and said, “You and I won’t be the only ones going with the patriarch on the diplomatic mission to the Spirit Stream Sect. There will be others. However, Middle Peak will be in charge.

“There are two purposes to the mission, one primary and one secondary. Let’s start with the secondary purpose. We want to get a firsthand look at Bai Xiaochun!” When Song Junwan spoke Bai Xiaochun’s name, her eyes flickered with intense coldness.

Bai Xiaochun’s nervousness mounted, especially when he saw that cold look. From the way she was looking at him, it seemed as if her killing intent were rising to explosive levels.

He gritted his teeth. Killing intent overflowing, he said, “Back in the Fallen Sword Abyss, Bai Xiaochun and I sparked the greatest of enmities! My hatred for him runs as deep as the sea! I refuse to live under the same sky as him. You had better not, under any circumstances, allow me to run into him, otherwise I’ll do everything in my power to kill him!”

Of course, he really felt that he was getting the short end of the stick in this situation, and hoped that Song Junwan wouldn’t be offended.

Song Junwan nodded. Sighing, she said, “Bai Xiaochun stole Que’er’s Heavenstring Foundation Establishment, and destroyed

all of the Song Clan's plans. The clan paid a very heavy price to get that chance. We bought the secrets of the Heaven-Dao cultivation base from Patriarch Limitless, all for the purpose of Que'er becoming Middle Peak's blood master!

"But now, it's too late for that. Que'er only reached eight Tideflows, and can't possibly fight Xuemei. Now I'm the only one who has a chance at the blood master spot!" As of this moment, she seemed more than ever like she wanted to kill the Spirit Stream Sect's Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times, then began to nod deeply as if he approved of what she was saying.

"Yeah, that's right," he said, feeling quite proud of himself. "If it weren't for Bai Xiaochun, Que'er would definitely have reached Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment!" He couldn't help but imagine the glorious expression Song Que would have on his face if he were present to hear himself called Que'er.

Song Junwan continued in a soft voice: "The main reason for the diplomatic mission, though, is to see if war is really going to break out between the Blood Stream Sect and Spirit Stream Sect!"

As she spoke, it almost seemed as if she could see the future war playing out.

Bai Xiaochun's scalp was tingling so hard it felt like it might explode. Although he had always known that war was likely to break out between the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream

Sect, he didn't want that to happen. War was a brutal thing, and if it truly occurred, many people would die.

“The Profound Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect have already been fighting for some time. The Pill Stream Sect is weak, and have already begged the Blood Stream Sect for help.... However, at the same time, it is highly likely that the Profound Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect have been in secret negotiations regarding an alliance.... If they're doing that, then so can we!

“The most interesting thing of all is that the Profound Stream Sect also hinted to us about an alliance in the past.... However, that seemed a last-minute thing, something doomed from the beginning to collapse. From all of this, we can see how much scheming and plotting is going on. In the end, the sects can only trust and rely on themselves.” Although Song Junwan's eyes seemed to contain a bit of cynicism, there was an icy coldness deep within that.

Bai Xiaochun didn't say anything at first. This wasn't the first time he'd heard about the war between the Profound and Pill Stream Sects. From the rumors he had caught wind of in the sect, the war had already reached a very brutal level, with countless casualties on both sides.

“It's hard to see where the true battlefield lies. Although the Profound and Pill Stream Sects are fighting each other, for all we know, they might end up as allies in the end. It's always difficult to tell who your true enemies are. Determining the identity of your true foe is the most critical aspect of war. Considering the importance of what is at stake, the Stream Sects are going crazy.

Nightcrypt... war is not too far off. It could break out at any moment.

“Furthermore, biding time and waiting for the outbreak, waiting until the battlelines are drawn, is not necessarily the best decision. If too much time goes by, it’s possible that two of the other sects could form an alliance. Maybe even all three of them. They might all join forces to defeat the Blood Stream Sect. After all, we are the strongest sect! As the saying goes, once you start riding a tiger, it’s hard to get off, so we need to take advantage of the moment before true war breaks out to seize the advantage!” Song Junwan sighed and looked at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun smiled wryly. From the perspective of the Blood Stream Sect, this was exactly the right move. If they let things progress too far along without making a move, the other three sects might form an alliance. In that case, the Blood Stream Sect would be at a distinct disadvantage, and might even suffer a bitter loss.

“This time, there will be a war! And the Blood Stream Sect must rise up to become a Middle Reaches sect!” At this point, Song Junwan went on to explain matters regarding the Sky River Court in the Middle Reaches. For the most part, her explanation matched the explanation give by Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong of the Spirit Stream Sect.

Bai Xiaochun listened quietly and didn’t ask any questions.

“If war breaks out,” she continued, “we really have only one option, and that is to fight the Spirit Stream Sect. After all, the

four great sects are located on the tributaries in the following order: Blood, Spirit, Profound, Pill. The closest to us is the Spirit Stream Sect.

“If we do start fighting, the Blood Stream Sect is confident of winning. But that doesn’t mean the Spirit Stream Sect can be underestimated. They are adept at hiding their resources, and have profound reserves built up. Although we would suffer heavy losses, the Spirit Stream Sect would be destroyed in the end. But then we would have to face the advance of the Profound Stream Sect!

“Even if we came out victorious against them, there wouldn’t be many survivors. If all of the sects ended up suffering heavy casualties, there would be no hope of being powerful enough to take out the Sky River Court. Any chance of rising up to a higher position would be dashed.” Song Junwan frowned. By now, she was divulging information that an ordinary Dharma protector would never have access to. Only the higher echelons in the leadership of the Blood Stream Sect would be privy to such matters.

Bai Xiaochun’s heart trembled. After coming to the Blood Stream Sect, he had become very familiar with how powerful and savage they were, and was certain that if war erupted, the Spirit Stream Sect wouldn’t be a match for them. He could only imagine what it would be like to see so many faces he knew awash with blood, never to open their eyes again.

“The war would be one in which the Spirit Stream Sect was wiped out, and the Blood Stream Sect suffered severe losses. The truth is, we don’t actually want such a war to happen. If we could

prevent it, and maintain the full strength of the Blood Stream Sect, then the Profound Stream Sect and Pill Stream Sect could be easily wiped out. Then, we would be much more confident in maintaining the strength necessary to defeat the Sky River Court!" At this point, Song Junwan's eyes shone with a mysterious light.

"Our biggest concern is this: when the Blood Stream Sect finally moves to take out the Sky River Court, what would happen if the Spirit Stream Sect suddenly allied with the Sky River Court? Then we would be wiped out for sure!

"No amount of promises, not even oaths sworn to the Dao of the heavens, can be trusted when it comes to matters affecting the entire sect!

"Therefore, after much discussion, the patriarchs have chosen to send a diplomatic mission. If the Spirit Stream Sect agrees, then we will promise not to fight them. The Spirit Stream Sect will not be exterminated, nor will the Blood Stream Sect suffer heavy casualties!" To hear such words coming from Song Junwan's mouth caused Bai Xiaochun's heart to tremble. As far as he was concerned, the best outcome would be no war at all between the two sects.

"However, that agreement would involve the Blood Stream Sect setting up an enormous spell formation on the Spirit Stream Sect's portion of the Heavenspan River. That spell formation would seal their sect for a thousand years!

"During those thousand years, anyone would be able to enter, but no one would be able to leave. Disciples of the Spirit Stream Sect

would be unable to go out into the Eastwood Continent, and the Spirit Stream Sect's portion of the Heavenspan River would waste away to some degree. Their spiritual energy would grow weaker. However, it would only be for a short thousand year period. Afterward, the Blood Stream Sect would be in a stable position in the Middle Reaches, and would undo the seal.

“That is the only circumstance in which we could trust the Spirit Stream Sect, and the only way to prevent war between the two of us. Not a single person from the Spirit Stream Sect would die, and the Blood Stream Sect would definitely succeed in rising up to a new level!” By the time Song Junwan finished explaining everything to Bai Xiaochun, she was almost panting.

As for Bai Xiaochun, great waves of shock filled his heart. From what he knew, it seemed unlikely that the Spirit Stream Sect would agree to such terms. To be sealed for a thousand years was basically a prison sentence. Most frustrating of all would be the situation after the thousand-year-period ended....

However, from the standpoint of the Blood Stream Sect, there seemed to be no other options. They didn't want to go to war, but there was no way they could put faith in simple promises or agreements. They could only trust a powerful magical seal!

Bai Xiaochun was a bit at a loss. It was a weighty matter, so much so that he felt almost as if he were being suffocated. He wasn't sure what choice the Spirit Stream Sect patriarchs would make. Would they go to war?

Song Junwan smiled. “Very well, there's no need to think too

much into the deep things. The patriarchs will handle everything. In the end, there will be war, the question is only who we'll fight."

After chatting a bit longer about trivialities, she could tell that Bai Xiaochun was a bit stunned. She didn't seem upset. After all, it was only natural to react in such a way to news like this.

In fact, when she had heard the information a few days ago, and realized that bitter war would be coming, she had also been shaken for some time.

With that, she dismissed him.

However, even as he turned to leave, Song Junwan suddenly seemed to remember something, and said, "Xuemei was lying. For the entire time I've practiced cultivation, I've never had any Daoist partners to pick from. In fact, I've never even had a Daoist partner!"

She wasn't really sure why she felt the need to explain such a thing, and after the words came out of her mouth, she found them to be so outrageous that her face immediately turned bright red.

"Huh?" Bai Xiaochun said, stopping in place and looking back at her. When he saw her flushed cheeks and lovely dimples, she looked even more charming than before.

"Another deadly move!" he thought, gasping inwardly. Ducking his head, he hurried out of the immortal's cave. The whole time,

he was thinking that the two moves she had used after her transformation were quite formidable. In fact, he had felt almost powerless to resist them.

Some time later, he was back in his immortal's cave, where he sat down cross-legged to think about everything that Song Junwan had told him. Finally, he sighed.

“Is there really no other way?”

Chapter 213: Piddling Master Coldsnot!

Three days later at dawn....

Bai Xiaochun was not in a very good mood. The more he thought about war breaking out between the two sects, the worse he felt. On top of that, he now realized that the only reason he was going along on the diplomatic mission was because of his own stellar performance to the grand elder.

Were it not for that, he could have taken advantage of her absence to sneak into her immortal's cave and search for the relic of eternal indestructibility. However, after reminding himself about how strictly guarded it was, he shook his head.

Inwardly, he was scowling miserably, but to everyone who looked at him, he simply looked cold and sinister.

After leaving his immortal's cave, he went down to the bottom of Middle Peak, where a few cultivators were already gathered. There were a dozen or so there, many of whose faces went grim as soon as they laid eyes on him. A few had no reaction, though.

Master God-Diviner was one of the cultivators in the group. As soon as he saw Bai Xiaochun, his expression flickered. Suddenly seeming to remember something, his eyes turned icy, and he gave a disdainful snort. Before, he had been scared of Bai Xiaochun, but considering the Dao oath he had made to Young Lady Xuemei, making him one of her subordinates, his fear had been significantly reduced.

“Everybody is backed by someone powerful,” he thought, chuckling coldly. “Let’s see you try to cause trouble for me now!”

Bai Xiaochun wasn’t paying attention to the various looks given him by the other cultivators. He chose a spot near the back of the group to sit down cross-legged. There had been a couple others sitting in the area, but as soon as he arrived, they respectfully made room. Nightcrypt’s name had already spread near and far.

Before much time passed, more beams of light appeared. There were people in all levels of the Foundation Establishment stage, and after enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, Grand Elder Song Junwan appeared, escorted by two bloodstreak elders. Everyone rose to their feet and clasped hands in greeting. However, it was to the shock of everyone present that the previously smoking hot Grand Elder Song Junwan was wearing different clothing than usual.

She no longer seemed overtly sexy, but rather, somewhat conservative. Of course, her fundamental good looks hadn’t changed, and in fact, her new style made her seem, not less beautiful, but more so.

All of the cultivators present were surprised, and many of them looked at her with wide eyes.

Song Junwan smiled faintly, her eyes glistening. Many people were dazzled, and as for Bai Xiaochun, his heart began to beat faster.

Song Junwan looked over the group, and when her gaze came to rest on Bai Xiaochun for a moment, her eyes suddenly widened into an angry glare.

“Another tricky move!” he thought, even more nervous than before. He immediately upped his level of vigilance. He was coming to find that Song Junwan was really hard to figure out. Three days before, she had been smiling like a flower, but now she was glaring at him. Even before he could begin to analyze the situation, Song Junwan’s voice echoed out for all to hear.

“All of you will be accompanying the patriarch on a diplomatic mission to the Spirit Stream Sect. Be on your best behavior, and don’t lose face for the Blood Stream Sect!” She was no longer smiling, and her serious tone provoked nods of response among the crowd.

It was at about this time that a blood cloud appeared near Ancestor Peak. Thunderous rumbling sounds could be heard as the cloud rapidly grew to 300 meters in size. Then it began to float down in their direction. Standing atop the cloud was an old man wearing a violet robe. He had a tall crown on his head, and despite his age, stood ramrod straight. He seemed threatening without being angry, and had a shocking aura that filled everyone with a sensation of madness and profundity.

“The Song Clan patriarch!” Bai Xiaochun thought, a tremor running through him. He immediately bowed his head. The old man seemed completely impossible to judge, as though a single strand of divine will from him could cause unending torment.

The other cultivators in the area were also shocked, and clasped hands respectfully. “Greetings, Patriarch!”

“Everyone has assembled, I see,” the Song Clan patriarch said. “Very well. It’s about time to leave for the Spirit Stream Sect!” As his voice echoed out from the cloud, he looked down at the group. That simple gaze caused everyone to feel as if winter were raging inside their bodies, as intense coldness seeped into the depths of their hearts.

Bai Xiaochun was a bit shocked. Including this old man, he had now seen two patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect, the first one being Patriarch Limitless. Of the two of them, Bai Xiaochun was of the opinion that Patriarch Limitless was not quite as frightening as the Song Clan patriarch.

“Oh, that’s right,” he thought. “Patriarch Limitless just recently became a patriarch. He’s not as strong, and is also younger than the Song Clan patriarch. This guy is an old hand; his cultivation base must be terrifyingly powerful. He’s probably lived for years and years.” Suddenly, he gasped as he realized that his body had been grabbed by some invisible force, and was now flying through the air. Up he went, and in the blink of an eye, was on top of the blood cloud.

To his surprise, although the surface of the cloud was fluffy, it was resilient. Looking down, he could see all of the Blood Stream Sect below him. A moment later, the blood cloud shot off into the distance.

Soon, the ground was speeding along down below. From what Bai Xiaochun could tell, even if he went all out, he couldn't even go a third as fast as this.

“So, this is a patriarch....” he thought, swallowing hard. Looking around, he saw all of the other Middle Peak cultivators around him, including Master God-Diviner. None of them seemed to be taking things in stride as well as Bai Xiaochun; their faces were ashen, and they were clearly shocked.

Only Song Junwan and the two bloodstreak elders seemed calm. Sitting cross-legged at the very front, surrounded by a spinning vortex, was the shocking and enigmatic Song Clan patriarch.

He was close enough now that they could see his flowing white hair and wrinkled face. There were even some brown age-spots on his face.

After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, Bai Xiaochun became accustomed to the speed, and examined his surroundings more closely. There was a defensive spell formation set up that protected the surface of the cloud, ensuring that only a bit of a breeze lifted his hair, and nothing more.

For some reason, he felt a very mysterious excitement at the idea of being able to go back to the Spirit Stream Sect as Nightcrypt. He suddenly started thinking about everyone he knew.

“I wonder if I'll see Big Fatty Zhang,” he thought. “Will he recognize me? Heh heh. And what about Hou Xiaomei? What if I

went and called her Little Sis as Nightcrypt? And there's Zhou Xinqi, Xu Baocai, and Ghostfang...." The more he thought about everyone, the more he smiled.

Even as he reveled in his excitement, a cold snort broke his train of thought, and he looked over to see Master God-Diviner sitting not too far away, a disdainful and cold expression on his face.

"What are you looking at, Master Snortlaugh?!" Bai Xiaochun said coldly.

As soon as the words left his mouth, everyone's ears perked up. They had been feeling a lot of pressure because of the patriarch and the grand elder, and hadn't dared to do anything other than sit quietly. Now that they saw something going on between Nightcrypt and Master God-Diviner, they instantly started to get excited.

That was especially true considering the sarcastic words Bai Xiaochun had just uttered. Many of them gaped in shock, temporarily unsure of how to react to hearing the words 'Master Snortlaugh'.

"What did you just say!?" Master God-Diviner snapped, rage burning in his heart as he glowered at Bai Xiaochun.

"You don't like that name?" Bai Xiaochun replied coolly, his expression indifferent. "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you liked to snort. You've already snorted a bunch of times at me so far. If you snort one more time, I'm going to call you Master Snortsnort."

Of course, his words were just bait. Master God-Diviner ground his teeth, and as for the other cultivators, some of them actually started laughing out loud.

A moment later, Master God-Diviner chuckled coldly. “You.... Hmph! So what if you have some sword qi? You and your clowning around make it impossible for anyone else to practice cultivation. You piece of garbage! It’s only a matter of time before you get killed by Young Lady Xuemei!”

Bai Xiaochun stuck his chin up proudly. “You claim you have skill in divining things, you charlatan? You’re nothing but a scam artist! Divining my ass! Let me tell you what. Nightcrypt knows everything about the starry sky and the Yellow Springs! With one glance, I can figure out everything there is to know! With one flick of my sleeve, I could turn Master Snortsnort into dust!”

With a patriarch present, no one would dare to start fighting. Bai Xiaochun loved it when talking was allowed but fighting was not, and in such situations, feared no one.

As soon as the biting words left his mouth, eyes went wide among the onlookers. Only now did they understand how gifted Bai Xiaochun was with the tongue, although they couldn’t help but look down on his bragging. As for Master God-Diviner, everyone could see that, despite his rage, he was no match for Bai Xiaochun in a war of words.

“How shameless of you! Hmph!” Gritting his teeth, Master God-

Diviner snorted coldly, but before he could say anything else, he was interrupted by Bai Xiaochun.

“See! You snorted again, didn’t you, Master Snortsnort!? Listen, we need to talk this through. Stop with the snorting, okay? If you’re snorting all the time at the Spirit Stream Sect, people might think you’re a pig transformed into human shape. That would be a big loss of face!” He sighed.

“You!!” Master God-Diviner wasn’t sure why, but every time he ran into this person, his rage burned almost beyond control. The fact that he was tongue-tied in front of so many people got him so mad that he leapt to his feet.

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes flashed coldly, and he waved his right index finger, already starting to converge blood qi.

When Master God-Diviner saw that, his heart seized with shock; he had only stood up, he never imagined that his opponent would attack just because of that.

It was in that instant Grand Elder Song Junwan’s cold gaze flashed over toward them. “Enough!” she said coolly. “Master God-Diviner, sit down over there! Nightcrypt, you sit next to me!”

Taking advantage of the moment, Master God-Diviner sat down. He was just about to snort coldly when he thought back to Bai Xiaochun’s words from just now, and held back. Inwardly, his hatred grew.

Everyone else sat straight and tall, inwardly envious of Bai Xiaochun. Not only did he get to sit next to the grand elder, that got him closer to the patriarch. As of this point, all of them realized that they should try to seize opportunities more often in the future.

“Grand Elder, I’m fine right here!” Bai Xiaochun said, shrinking back a bit. “Why don’t I just–”

Before he could finish, Song Junwan stared at him icily and interrupted, “Get over here!”

Chapter 214: I'm Back....

Bai Xiaochun could do nothing more than glare one final time at Master God-Diviner, and then begrudgingly stand up and walk over to the grand elder. Further up ahead, the Song Clan patriarch sat there, his back straight, radiating the sensation of a vicious wild beast. Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but sweat and get even more nervous than before.

“Big Sis Song, you look really pretty today!” he said quickly. The two bloodstreak elders sitting nearby looked over with strange expressions on their faces. Even the Song Clan patriarch seemed surprised, and frowned.

Song Junwan blushed slightly, then glared at Bai Xiaochun. “Enough with the smooth talk. Sit down and be quiet.”

Bai Xiaochun was growing increasingly confused by Song Junwan's odd behavior. It was very different than how she had acted three days ago. After much thought, he still couldn't come up with any reasons why she would be behaving in such a way. Finally, he just sat there looking around, and occasionally glancing down at the ground.

Soon, he saw a boundless mountain range down below. From this vantage point, the towering mountain peaks seemed to make up a spell formation.

“The Luo Chen Mountains....” he thought. This was the area that lay between the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect.

More accurately, it was the border of Spirit Stream Sect territory. “I can’t believe we got here so quickly.”

Shocked, he looked down at the blood cloud. As it sped through the Luochen Mountains, powerful fluctuations seemed to rise up from the mountains, surrounding the blood cloud, locking down onto it, and following it as it proceeded along.

Clearly, the Spirit Stream Sect was in control of the Blood Stream Sect’s movements now. The Song Clan patriarch’s expression was the same as ever as he sat there meditating. Bai Xiaochun thought about it for a moment, and came to the realization that the Blood Stream Sect’s diplomatic mission must have come about only after initial communications with the Spirit Stream Sect.

As the blood cloud sped along, Bai Xiaochun watched the familiar scenery speeding past. He saw a huge giant, a roc-like bird, and an enormous crocodile splashing in the Heavenspan River, only half of its gigantic body visible.

When the gigantic creatures saw the blood mist, they shied away from it, as though it contained some powerful entity that terrified them.

Shocked, Bai Xiaochun looked over at the Song Clan patriarch. However, he didn’t say anything. The familiar scenery whizzed by, and soon they were closing in on the Spirit Stream Sect. Bai Xiaochun’s heart instantly leapt.

Even as Bai Xiaochun reveled in his excitement, Song Junwan’s

voice drifted into his ears. “I heard that you had quite a few girlfriends in the Blood Stream Sect over the years. Is that true?”

Her voice was cold enough to pierce his bones, like a chill air that left Bai Xiaochun shivering. He looked over in shock at Song Junwan, who simply snorted coldly. Rising to her feet, she ignored Bai Xiaochun as she walked over to confer with the Song Clan patriarch.

The bloodstreak elders did the same thing, and suddenly, Bai Xiaochun’s anxiety increased. Feeling more wronged than ever, he now realized why Song Junwan had treated him so coldly.

“It’s only been three days, and that shrew actually did a background check on me!?” Sighing in his heart, he thought back to the romantic escapades of imposter Nightcrypt, who hadn’t even been able to accurately recount how many there had been....

Before long, the blood cloud began to slow down, and the Spirit Stream Sect spread out in front of their eyes. The Blood Stream Sect disciples rose to their feet, radiating brutality and power as they looked coldly at the Spirit Stream Sect.

At the same time, pillars of light shot up from the eight mountain peaks of the Spirit Stream Sect, creating an enormous vortex in the sky. Deafening rumbles echoed out as heaven-shaking, earth-shattering energy surged. The south and north banks of the Spirit Stream Sect both erupted with power, making heaven and earth seem like a raging sea filled with towering waves.

Within the vortex, an eye appeared, which radiated boundless pressure as it stared at the Song Clan patriarch on the blood cloud.

The people from the Blood Stream Sect became like rowboats on a stormy sea, hovering on the verge of collapse because of the surge of energy of heaven and earth. Their faces flickered, except for that of the Song Clan patriarch, whose expression remained calm the entire time.

Slowly, his eyes opened, and in that instant, two beams of explosive light shot out. Mountain-toppling, sea-draining power spread out, and as the patriarch rose to his feet, he flicked his sleeve and took a step out into midair.

When his foot landed, he was in front of the heavenly vortex up above. Apparently, he was single-handedly resisting the boundless power therein!

A white-robed, middle-aged man stepped out from the turbid eye in the middle of the vortex. Clasp hands, he smiled and said, “Fellow Daoist Song Yunwen!”

Bai Xiaochun immediately recognized him. It was the same man who had appeared to offer assistance on the day Bruiser had come to life. He was one of the patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect, a man with unfathomable energy that seemed roughly equivalent to the Song Clan patriarch’s.

“Fellow Daoist Li Zimo!” The Song Clan patriarch smiled as he clasped hands in greeting. The two of them exchanged a glance,

and then stepped into the vortex.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. Although he'd always taken the Song Clan patriarch to be amazing, it was now extremely clear how incredible he was. Obviously, he wouldn't have come to the Spirit Stream Sect alone if he weren't completely confident in his own strength.

As the patriarchs entered the vortex, beams of light shot out from both the south and north banks of the Spirit Stream Sect as numerous figures gathered in front of the blood cloud.

The person in the lead was not Zheng Yuandong, but rather, Xu Meixiang. Next to her was the old woman from Irispetal Peak, who was flanked by Beihan Lie and some other young woman that Bai Xiaochun had never seen before.

Next to Xu Meixiang were Big Fatty Zhang and Lu Tianlei.

Further back were several dozen Foundation Establishment cultivators from the south and north banks. Virtually all of them were familiar to Bai Xiaochun, especially those whom he had assisted in the Fallen Sword Abyss.

“Middle Peak grand elder, you have come from afar to visit,” Xu Meixiang said with a smile. “The sect leader is in secluded meditation, so I’ve come to receive you. Please, follow me!” Xu Meixiang’s gaze swept over the crowd and seemed to linger on a few particular individuals, Bai Xiaochun included.

Song Junwan smiled slightly and replied. “Peak Lord Xu, there’s no need for such courtesy. Please lead the way!”

With that, she stepped off the blood cloud. Bai Xiaochun and the other cultivators from the Blood Stream Sect followed close behind. The gazes of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators were not welcoming. Although the Blood Stream Sect cultivators had their murderous auras, the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators’ eyes flickered with killing intent.

Clearly, this generation of Foundation Establishment experts from the Spirit Stream Sect had all experienced fighting and bloodshed. They had a large number of Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivators, and although Song Junwan had been aware of this fact, the sight of it caused her eyes to widen.

Song Junwan and Xu Meixiang took the lead, chatting conversationally, but simultaneously probing each other for information. As for the two bloodstreak elders, they were accompanied by the old woman from Irispetal Peak.

The other cultivators were all escorted by various people from the Spirit Stream Sect, who seemed to be forcibly restraining themselves.

Bai Xiaochun was joined by no ordinary cultivator, but rather, by north bank Chosen Beihan Lie. His expression was somber, his gaze penetrating, and he seemed to be constantly on guard as he proceeded along next to Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun sighed. For some reason, he suddenly felt the intense urge to call out greetings to everyone he knew.

The group flew into the Spirit Stream Sect to Mount Daoseed. After landing, the people from the south and north banks stared icily at the group from the Blood Stream Sect. A somber, murderous aura was slowly building up.

“Ah, it’s so great to be home. Especially when nobody can recognize you!” Bai Xiaochun looked around excitedly, and his gaze was drawn repeatedly back to the unfamiliar young woman who accompanied the old woman from Irispetal Peak.

She was strikingly beautiful, and Bai Xiaochun was surprised that he had never seen her before.

“Looks like the north bank must have some new blood,” he thought, feeling more than ever like a member of the Senior generation. Sighing in satisfaction, he looked over at Big Fatty Zhang.

“I can’t believe Big Fatty Zhang is in the tenth level of Qi Condensation....” he thought, sighing emotionally. However, every time Bai Xiaochun turned his attention to a different person, Bei Han Lie would get very nervous, and would tense up vigilantly, and seem to radiate a brutal, bloodthirsty air. He couldn’t help but be shaken by the various stories he’d heard about this Nightcrypt.

“According to the rumors, this Nightcrypt is particularly vicious,” he thought. “He cuts people down like scything wheat!

He's quite the womanizer, and apparently has very low standards. People say he loves the taste of human blood, and demands to drink it every day. Furthermore, he won't rest until he's sated his desire for women. On a daily basis! This guy is a complete and utter devil! Not only does he have a multifarious personality, he's completely and utterly brutal. Dammit! He's looking at Junior Sister Fang and Big Fatty Zhang! Just what is he planning...?" Even as Beihan Lie's anxiety grew, Bai Xiaochun looked over at him and smiled.

To Beihan Lie, Nightcrypt's smile seemed cruel and ferocious. But then he realized that even as Nightcrypt smiled at him, he raised his eyebrow, almost as if he were flirting! Beihan Lie gasped, and his expression flickered.

"No need to get nervous," Bai Xiaochun quickly said. If he hadn't said anything, nothing would have happened, but since he did, Beihan Lie's right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and a magical item shimmered into being.

He wasn't the only one to react in such a way. Other Spirit Stream Sect cultivators could detect what was happening, and looked over menacingly at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun frowned. As far as he was concerned, he had just been saying hello to an old friend. However, even Song Junwan and Xu Meixiang could sense what was happening. When they looked back, Xu Meixiang's eyes widened. Big Fatty Zhang and Lu Tianlei looked over with grim expressions, and even the old woman from Irispetal Peak reacted similarly.

Everyone from the Spirit Stream Sect had heard information about the infamous Nightcrypt, and had even seen pictures of him, so they immediately recognized him. That was especially true of Lu Tianlei. With a challenging gleam in his eyes, he flew over toward Bai Xiaochun, whereupon he took his place next to Beihan Lie. Clearly, Nightcrypt's reputation in the Spirit Stream Sect was one of complete and utter ferocity.

Bai Xiaochun glared at Lu Tianlei. Things weren't like they had been long ago in the Spirit Stream Sect, and Bai Xiaochun couldn't believe that Lu Tianlei would actually have the gall to challenge him openly.

"Who might that be...?" Xu Meixiang said, pretending not to know.

"That's my Junior Brother Nightcrypt," Song Junwan replied with a smile. Then she changed the subject. "I've heard that the Spirit Stream Sect's legacy echelon-designate reached Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment? Would it be possible to pay Bai Xiaochun a visit?"

Chapter 215: Divination With The Snap Of A Finger!

Even as Bai Xiaochun was staring in shock at Lu Tianlei, he heard Song Junwan mention his name, and his ears twitched.

He wasn't the only one. The other cultivators from the Blood Stream Sect went completely silent and looked over at Song Junwan. Bai Xiaochun was completely infamous in the Blood Stream Sect. Not only had he stolen heavenstring energy from Song Que, he had slaughtered countless of their fellow disciples in the Fallen Sword Abyss. For these and other reasons, he was a very important figure who was quite well-known.

“Grand Elder Song, your timing is a bit off,” Xu Meixiang said sadly. “Junior Brother Bai is currently in secluded meditation.”

Song Junwan smiled. Shaking her head, she sighed wistfully and said, “I heard Bai Xiaochun is a mysterious and enigmatic figure, a unique genius. What a pity that I won't be able to meet him.”

Her good looks combined with her display of emotion made her seem extraordinarily attractive. Although Xu Meixiang was gorgeous in her own way, she seemed almost average in comparison to Song Junwan.

The crowd from the Blood Stream Sect were well aware of how terrifying Song Junwan could be, so they quickly bowed their heads. However, the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators hadn't been prepared for Song Junwan's beauty, and couldn't help but look

over at her, somewhat dazed. Lu Tianlei's eyes shone especially brightly.

Xu Meixiang's eyes glittered as she said, "Grand Elder Song, with a natural born charmer like you in the sect, how do Blood Stream Sect disciples on Middle Peak ever focus on cultivation?"

Her words instantly shook the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators out of their reveries.

Bai Xiaochun sighed. Feeling more proud than ever, he suddenly wished he could rip off his mask and tell the vixen Song Junwan, "Enough with your scheming, Song Junwan! Lord Bai is right here!"

He looked over a bit contemptuously at Lu Tianlei, who still seemed to be partially in a daze. Then he congratulated himself on his wisdom of getting Song Junwan to change clothes. If she had worn the smoking hot outfit she used to wear, Lu Tianlei would likely have coughed up mouthfuls of blood.

Even as Bai Xiaochun sighed inwardly, Song Junwan covered her mouth with her hand and laughed lightly. Seemingly unaware of the sarcasm in Xu Meixiang's words, she looked over at the south bank of the Spirit Stream Sect and said, "I heard that Bai Xiaochun started out on Fragrant Cloud Peak. Peak Lord Xu, do you think it would be possible to go take a quick tour?"

Xu Meixiang had no reason to refuse. In fact, her mission was to show the Blood Stream Sect people around. With a nod, she led

them toward Fragrant Cloud Peak.

As they neared, a beam of light flew toward them, within which was a young woman. She wore a long blue gown, and was exceptionally good-looking. She almost looked like a celestial goddess. She was none other than Zhou Xinqi.

Many of the Blood Stream Sect disciples recognized her, and their expressions turned very serious.

“Greetings, peak lord,” she said calmly, hands clasped respectfully. Then she looked over at the people from the Blood Stream Sect.

Xu Meixiang smiled and said, “Xinqi, this is Grand Elder Song Junwan from Middle Peak in the Blood Stream Sect. Would you mind showing us around Fragrant Cloud Peak?”

Zhou Xinqi nodded, then led the group onward.

They started at the foot of the mountain, taking a route that had already been planned out in advance by the sect. Everything that the Blood Stream Sect was able to see had been specially arranged by the Spirit Stream Sect for certain reasons.

Even the disciples who they encountered along the way had been placed there by special arrangement.

Bai Xiaochun looked around at Fragrant Cloud Peak, at all the

plants and trees, at Zhou Xinqi as she led them along, and sighed inwardly.

“I, Bai Xiaochun, really have become too famous. Everybody has heard about me. Even Song Junwan came from far, far away just to meet me. Ai. I really need to keep a lower profile. Being famous is really annoying.”

He sighed the whole way. Eventually, about halfway through the tour, Song Junwan frowned slightly and said, “Peak Lord Xu, Fellow Daoist Zhou, since Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment expert Bai Xiaochun started out on Fragrant Cloud Peak, do you think it would possible for us to take a look at his old immortal’s cave?”

Zhou Xinqi frowned and looked at Xu Meixiang. Xu Meixiang’s eyes glittered, and she returned Song Junwan’s gaze with a smile.

“I’ve heard of someone from Middle Peak in the Blood Stream Sect,” she said, “someone called Master God-Diviner, an expert in consulting the heavens. Considering the excellent reputation of this Fellow Daoist, what do you say we let him perform some divinations to locate the immortal’s cave of my Junior Brother Bai?”

Xu Meixiang looked over at Master God-Diviner.

Master God-Diviner’s expression was cold and aloof, and inwardly he was feeling very proud of himself.

Song Junwan's eyes narrowed slightly, but after some thought she turned to Master God-Diviner and nodded.

Master God-Diviner cleared his throat, reminding himself that this was his chance to shine, and that he had to take advantage of it. He had to show off his abilities to the fullest extent.

“I might not have powerful combat magic, but when it comes to divining things from the heavens, I'm the best there is, and nobody even dares to call themselves second in line to me!” Glancing contemptuously over at Bai Xiaochun, Master God-Diviner took a few steps forward. As everyone from both the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect looked on, he lifted his right hand and performed an incantation gesture.

At the same time, his eyes seemed to flicker with the shining light of augury. Muttering to himself, his hand flashed faster and faster, and images seemed to be flickering through his eyes. But then a mist seemed to cover his eyes, making it impossible for him to see clearly.

“So, it's protected by a spell formation!” Master God-Diviner said, chuckling coldly. Apparently he was prepared for this. Slapping his bag of holding, he produced a gray chunk of bone that radiated the power of Time. Pressing down hard onto the piece of bone, he performed more auguries.

Gray wisps of smoke rose up from the bone, which Master God-Diviner breathed in. Off to the side, Xu Meixiang and everyone else was watching with bated breath.

Master God-Diviner's face slowly turned very pale, and beads of sweat popped out on his forehead. Moments later, his eyes opened wide; to his surprise, none of his efforts so far had produced any results. Not even his ancient chunk of bone was capable of penetrating the Spirit Stream Sect's terrifyingly powerful spell formation. It was so strong that it resisted all intrusive augury magics.

In fact, he could tell that if he performed any further auguries, he would be hit with a backlash that would severely drain him mentally, and potentially even wither him to the point of death. Not daring to continue any further, he gave up. Eyes flashing, he looked over at Bai Xiaochun, who seemed to be enjoying the show.

Killing intent rose up inside of Master God-Diviner. Stepping back, he turned to Song Junwan and clasped hands formally. "Along the way here, Junior Brother Nighcrypt said that he knows everything about the starry sky and the Yellow Springs. He said that he could wave his sleeve and figure out everything there is to know. Although I, Master God-Diviner, cannot determine the location of Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave here on Fragrant Cloud Peak, perhaps Junior Brother Nighcrypt can divine its location. With his immortal divination magic, he will surely be able to succeed with little effort. Isn't that right, Junior Brother Nighcrypt?"

With that, he stared coldly at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was a bit taken aback. He had merely been enjoying the show, and had never imagined that the shameless Master God-

Diviner would pull him into the matter after his own failure. Master God-Diviner's pale, sweaty face made it clear how difficult, and even dangerous, it would be to perform auguries here.

Xu Meixiang looked over curiously at Bai Xiaochun. Zhou Xinqi's gaze was ice cold, and the others from the Spirit Stream Sect had very serious looks on their faces. As for the group from the Blood Stream Sect, all of them seemed very interested in what would happen next.

Song Junwan frowned, and was about to say something when Master God-Diviner laughed coldly and said, "Junior Brother Nightcrypt, on the way here you said you knew everything about everything. What's wrong? Too scared to perform auguries now? Could it be that everything you said before was mere boasting? If you can divine the location of Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave, then I, Master God-Diviner, will gracefully concede defeat. In fact, I'll even bow to you as an inferior!"

In response to Master God-Diviner's words, silence reigned.

The Spirit Stream Sect seemed pleased to see the infighting between members of the Blood Stream Sect, especially between two famous individuals like Nightcrypt and Master God-Diviner. As far as they were concerned, it was a good thing.

On the Blood Stream Sect side, they were just as willing to see Nightcrypt make a fool of himself. That was especially true considering how Master God-Diviner had worded things, which ensured that none of them would say a single word to intervene.

Song Junwan's eyes narrowed further. She was not happy at all about what Master God-Diviner was doing, and it caused her eyes to shine with cold light.

Seeing everyone looking at him, Bai Xiaochun blinked. How could he not know the location of his own immortal's cave? Furthermore, it wouldn't hurt at all to take everyone over to see it; there was nothing inside to look at anyway, considering it had long since been reduced to ruins.

Therefore, he proudly stuck his chin up and looked contemptuously over at Master God-Diviner. Clearing his throat, he took a few steps forward and coolly said, "Fine. I, Nightcrypt, have always preferred to keep a low profile. I was never interested in revealing my true skills and abilities here in the Spirit Stream Sect. After all, once I do, it will surely lead to countless headaches.

"However, since Master God-Diviner is taking things so seriously, then I guess I have no choice than to perform some divination!" Waving his sleeve, his eyes began to show with a profound light, and he seemed to seethe with explosive energy.

His hair suddenly whipped about in the air, but instead of performing incantation gestures or muttering to himself, he simply closed his eyes and raised his hands into the air. It almost seemed as if he were communing with heaven and earth, becoming one with the world around him.

The sight caused Master God-Diviner to chuckle coldly under the

belief that Bai Xiaochun was simply trying to dazzle everyone with meaningless tricks.

“I couldn’t detect even the slightest fluctuations,” he thought. “What makes you think you can divine anything?!”

One breath of time after another passed. After about twenty, Master God-Diviner’s smile grew even colder, and the surrounding cultivators were starting to feel a bit skeptical. But then, Bai Xiaochun’s eyes snapped open, and they shone with bright, mysterious light. Without any hesitation, he pointed off into the distance. “There! Follow me!”

Striding forward, he led the crowd through Fragrant Cloud Peak until they reached a location that seemed to be nothing more than a pile of rubble.

“This is Bai Xiaochun’s immortal’s cave!” he declared proudly, his voice so decisive that it could sever nails and chop iron.

“Are you joking!?” Master God-Diviner said in a bitingly cynical voice. “This pile of rocks is Bai Xiaochun’s immortal’s cave?” Even as he began to laugh coldly, he suddenly felt as if something were off. Looking around at the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators, his eyes widened.

Zhou Xinqi’s jaw had dropped, and Xu Meixiang was gasping. Big Fatty Zhang trembled visibly, and the other Spirit Stream Sect cultivators seemed equally taken aback. All of them were looking at Bai Xiaochun, their eyes shining with indescribably bright light.

Obviously, they were surprised, shaken even, by the enigmatic performance of Nightcrypt.

That was especially true of Zhou Xinqi and Xu Meixiang. They were familiar with the workings of the spell formation, and couldn't imagine how powerful a divination magic would have to be to penetrate it.

When the Blood Stream Sect people saw the expressions on the faces of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators, they realized that Nightcrypt had correctly divined the location of Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave. Instantly, their hearts swelled with shock. Although most Blood Stream Sect cultivators could perform a bit of divination magic, most of them were complete novices. It was rare for someone like Master God-Diviner to come along who could master the arts. And yet, Nightcrypt had just completely crushed Master God-Diviner. It was a completely shocking turn of events.

Song Junwan was equally stunned. Looking over at Bai Xiaochun, her expression grew more complex than before. Never could she have imagined that he would actually successfully perform the divination.

Master God-Diviner was flabbergasted, and began to tremble in disbelief. "Impossible. This is impossible...."

Chapter 216: All-Knowing!

Off to the side were Beihan Lie and Lu Tianlei, who had taken responsibility for keeping an eye on Nightcrypt. Their pupils constricted from the pure shock they felt at seeing the power of his divination magic.

The area went deathly quiet, and all eyes were riveted on Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun stuck his chin up proudly, reveling in the astonishment.

Master God-Diviner seemed nearly shocked to death, and was trembling on the verge of collapse. His discomfort and incredulity was like music to Bai Xiaochun's ears.

"How dare you try to compete with me, puny Master Snortsnort!" he thought. "Hmph! In any other sect it would have been impossible, but the Spirit Stream Sect is my home! Don't tell me you're going to try to get me to do some more divinations? I could walk around with my eyes closed and not get lost!" Bai Xiaochun felt more wonderful than ever. His dream of always being the center of attention was being realized now more than ever.

Just when Bai Xiaochun was about to step down from his pedestal of triumph, Master God-Diviner's face twisted into a vicious expression, and he shrieked, "Hold on a second! Nightcrypt got lucky just now! Anybody can see that the violet qi rising from this immortal's cave is beyond ordinary. I refuse to believe that he found it by divination!" All of a sudden, Song Junwan frowned, and the group from the Spirit Stream Sect hesitated, and began to

wonder if a divination had truly been performed.

Bai Xiaochun immediately stopped in place and glared at Master God-Diviner.

“Don’t believe me, huh? Fine! I’ll just have to convince you!” Snorting coldly, Bai Xiaochun closed his eyes. This time, he took even longer than before, and even as people’s suspicions deepened, he suddenly opened his eyes, which overflowed with bizarre, swirling light. His expression seemed even more solemn than before, and he even radiated a deathly, somber aura.

His gaze settled onto a nearby immortal’s cave, which he pointed at and said, “That immortal’s cave was struck by lightning in the past!”

Zhou Xinqi’s pupils constricted; the immortal’s cave that he was pointing at had been hers when she was in the Inner Sect, and had been destroyed by lightning because of Bai Xiaochun’s pill concocting.

She wasn’t the only one that realized this. The other cultivators from Fragrant Cloud Peak all remembered what had occurred, and their expressions flickered. The Blood Stream Sect cultivators were once again shocked. They couldn’t see any signs that lightning had struck the area, and yet clearly, the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators’ silence spoke volumes. Shockingly, Nightcrypt had yet again performed a successful divination.

Master God-Diviner gritted his teeth and was about to offer a

response, but Bai Xiaochun wasn't finished. Expression flickering with odd light, he looked more closely at the immortal's cave and then took a deep breath in through his nose.

“I can sense the lingering aroma of makeup! If my divinations are correct, this immortal's cave was not only struck by lightning, it belonged to a female disciple!”

He swished his sleeve proudly. Then, to the shock of the surrounding cultivators, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and declared, “Furthermore, my divinations reveal that the female disciple was a top beauty in the sect! Hold on. Let me divine her name! She... she was a young woman surnamed Zhou!” He abruptly spun in place to look at the shocked Zhou Xinqi. After examining her closely, he pointed at her.

“You! This was your immortal's cave!”

The Spirit Stream Sect cultivators immediately cried out in shock and disbelief. Beihan Lie and Lu Tianlei gasped, and Big Fatty Zhang trembled even harder than before.

Xu Meixiang's eyes flickered with cold light. She wasn't sure whether this Blood Stream Sect cultivator had actually performed a divination, or whether he had access to inside information. Either option was shocking in its own way, and killing intent toward Nightcrypt suddenly rose up inside of her.

After a moment of silence. Zhou Xinqi's gaze turned icy, and she nodded.

That nod caused the Blood Stream Sect cultivators' eyes to widen even further. As for Master God-Diviner, he felt like his mind was being struck by lightning, to the point where he didn't know what to say.

"How could this be possible...?" he thought, trembling, mind reeling. He still couldn't believe that what he was seeing was the truth. After all, he hadn't sensed even a trace of a divination aura, and yet, Nightcrypt had obviously divined the information correctly.

Song Junwan looked more enlivened than ever. Her background check into Nightcrypt had revealed that he occasionally performed divinations as an Inner Sect disciple, and yet, she could never have imagined that he would be even more powerful than Master God-Diviner.

Bai Xiaochun felt more proud of himself than ever at the reactions he was getting. Enlivened, he stepped forward and took the initiative to lead the group through Fragrant Cloud Peak. That role should have been taken by Xu Meixiang or Zhou Xinqi, but now, Bai Xiaochun would close his eyes, take a few steps, then open them and explain matters that left the Spirit Stream Sect in shock. Of course, Bai Xiaochun was careful to only reveal appropriate information, and nothing confidential.

Stopping near a crack in a boulder, his expression turned serious, and he said, "And here... Eee!? The cracks in these stones seem odd. Hold on, let me perform a divination. Hmm, yes. It seems that snakes once emerged from these rocks. Lots of them! Tons in fact!

“This place over here was also struck by lightning. Heavens! How many areas on Fragrant Cloud Peak got hit by lightning!?” He led the group along, stopping here and there to point out various locations.

Eventually he reached 10,000 Medicines Pavilion. Looking around with a sigh of admiration and utmost respect, he said, “I can sense a powerful aura here. Apparently, some consummately powerful individual once stood in this exact spot, looking down upon all creation! He must have been the number one master of plants and vegetation!”

Soon, they were at the Missions Office, where Bai Xiaochun let out an exclamation of shock. “Aha! This must be the Missions Office. At some point in the near past, a domineering individual swept through the missions here!

“Eee? I can sense the aura of a bird here, some sort of a huge bird!

“Something seems very odd here. According to my divinations, many chickens went missing from this location!!”

As he led the group through Fragrant Cloud Peak, offering commentary here and there, the group from the Spirit Stream Sect was left more and more stunned. Everything he said was correct, without even a single mistake. It was almost as if Nightcrypt had once lived in the Spirit Stream Sect.

Zhou Xinqi was left panting. Lu Tianlei and Beihan Lie saw the

expression on her face, and were more shocked than before. As for Xu Meixiang, the coldness in her eyes grew more intense.

The old woman from Irispetal Peak was equally shaken. The things that Nightcrypt were describing were all trivial matters, and yet it was still shocking that he knew so much information. People began to guess how he was doing it, and some of them even speculated that he might have infiltrated the Spirit Stream Sect at some point in the past!

However, the Blood Stream Sect cultivators were aware that Nightcrypt had never been to the Spirit Stream Sect, which left them all completely shaken. Master God-Diviner felt like he was being inundated by lightning; he was completely taken aback. He could tell that the Spirit Stream Sect's grand spell formation was activated, and would prevent even the slightest bit of augury magic. Even when he tried to release a bit of it, he felt like he was being suffocated. And yet Nightcrypt was so powerful that he could walk along performing auguries the entire way. Furthermore, he was using some sort of magic that Master God-Diviner couldn't even detect. The casual way he went about it was completely and utterly shocking.

Master God-Diviner even started to doubt his own abilities. To the people from the Blood Stream Sect, there was only one explanation; Nightcrypt had skill in divination that could shake heaven and earth.

After touring the length and breadth of Fragrant Cloud Peak, Bai Xiaochun felt more pleased than ever. Everyone else seemed to be in a daze, even unsettled. It was at that point that Big Fatty Zhang

looked over at Xu Meixiang and noticed a certain look in her eyes. Without any further hesitation, he stepped forward and pointed at Bai Xiaochun.

“Senior Nightcrypt,” he growled. “Since you’re so good at divination, why don’t you reveal some information about me!?”

Everything went completely silent. The Blood Stream Sect cultivators looked over at Bai Xiaochun, and Master God-Diviner’s eyes suddenly began to shine.

“Divining information about inanimate objects is easy.” Master God-Diviner chuckled inwardly. “Divining information about people is much more difficult. I refuse to believe that Nightcrypt could be so ridiculously powerful when it comes to divining information about people!”

Bai Xiaochun looked at Big Fatty Zhang, a strange expression on his face. Realizing that he couldn’t just back down now, he closed his eyes, and his expression turned solemn.

Big Fatty Zhang was inwardly very nervous. However, Xu Meixiang had clearly indicated that he needed to test out Nightcrypt. As he looked at Nightcrypt there with his eyes closed, Big Fatty Zhang’s heart began to pound.

After about ten breaths of time passed, Bai Xiaochun opened his eyes, and looked over at Big Fatty Zhang. Voice cool, he said, “You have a good life, young man. You come from a rich family, and will have incredible good fortune in the future.”

Big Fatty Zhang was a bit taken aback. Bai Xiaochun hadn't said much, and actually, there was no way to refute any of his words. Big Fatty Zhang looked over anxiously at Xu Meixiang.

Although Xu Meixiang seemed to be smiling, her wariness of Nightcrypt was only growing. Strange expressions could be seen on the faces of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators. The words spoken by Nightcrypt just now had been pleasing to the ear, and were virtually impossible to criticize.

Gritting his teeth, Big Fatty Zhang said, "Your divination is—"

"You used to be fat," Bai Xiaochun interrupted. "Very fat. You started out in the Ovens, and then by chance you became an Outer Sect disciple. Hmm. Let me divine some more information. Yes.... You faced many twists and turns along the way, and came to be an Outer Sect disciple because of matters pertaining to profit!"

Big Fatty Zhang gasped, and his hair stood on end as he looked at Bai Xiaochun. Almost all of his secrets had been instantly seen through.

Everyone else from the Spirit Stream Sect stood there in shocked silence.

Seeing how Nightcrypt had single-handedly astonished all of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators, Song Junwan covered her mouth and laughed charmingly.

“Everyone says that Bai Xiaochun from the Spirit Stream Sect is breathtaking and peerless with his Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment,” she said. “However, from what I can see, Nightcrypt from the Blood Stream Sect, with a mere Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivation base, seems a complete match. Regardless of whether it’s his shrewdness, his cultivation base, or his latent talent, he seems just as stunning as Bai Xiaochun. What a pity that Bai Xiaochun is in secluded meditation, otherwise they could have a bit of a competition to see who is more spectacular.”

Bai Xiaochun’s heart immediately began to pound. How could he possibly have a competition with himself? Have his left hand fight his right hand...?

Looking down at his hands, he blinked a few times....

Chapter 217: Beast King!

The Spirit Stream Sect cultivators' expressions were the same as ever, but inwardly they were laughing derisively. As far as they were concerned, what made Bai Xiaochun the most powerful was not his cultivation base or his battle prowess, but his disastrous medicinal pills!

Big Fatty Zhang looked over contemptuously at Nightcrypt and thought, "You can tell at a glance that this monster Nightcrypt is good at nothing more than fighting and augury. How could he possibly compare with Bai Xiaochun? If they competed, Bai Xiaochun would toy with him like a cat toys with a mouse! Bai Xiaochun would just toss out some medicinal pill, and Nightcrypt would be wiped out of existence so cleanly you couldn't bury him!"

Bai Xiaochun felt a bit embarrassed as he looked around at the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators. There was no need for him to even speculate what all of them were thinking, and it made him sigh sadly.

"Having two identities is a real headache. I guess you can only blame my outstanding nature." Bai Xiaochun shook his head and sighed.

Xu Meixiang smiled slightly, but didn't take the bait. Instead, she led the Blood Stream Sect cultivators on a simple tour of Violet Cauldron Peak and Green Crest Peak. No matter what anybody said, Bai Xiaochun refused to perform any more divinations. He followed along at the end of the line, allowing these two mountain peaks to impress the Blood Stream Sect people with their might. By

this point, the Blood Stream Sect was starting to understand how powerful the Spirit Stream Sect was.

After completing the tour of the south bank, they headed toward the north bank.

At that point, Xu Meixiang relinquished the lead to the old woman from Irispetal Peak.

The old woman was relatively reticent, and didn't say much as she led the way. However, before Song Junwan and the Blood Stream Sect cultivators could even step onto the north bank, the battle beasts threw their heads back and roared. Heaven and earth trembled as an enormous shockwave rolled out. Expressions of shock appeared on the faces of the Blood Stream Sect disciples, and Song Junwan's eyes widened. To have so many countless battle beasts releasing such explosive auras was something none of them took lightly.

Although the battle beasts didn't actually appear in the open, their aura was so powerful that it created an intense pressure that weighed down on the Blood Stream Sect forces. It actually made it impossible for them to proceed on to the north bank, leaving them stuck between it and Mount Daoseed.

"My apologies," the old woman said coolly, her eyes flashing with cold light. "The north bank of the Spirit Stream Sect is a bit lacking in manners. Diplomatic missions usually go to the south bank. Your request to visit the north bank caught me a bit off guard, Grand Elder Song."

Bai Xiaochun felt somewhat shocked. Looking at things from the perspective of an outsider, the Spirit Stream Sect clearly seemed to be soft on the outside, but as hard as steel on the inside!

That dichotomy was epitomized by the south and north banks. The south bank seemed soft and warm, but the north bank was hard and tough. They complemented each other, using different methods to threaten and unnerve the enemy.

Song Junwan's face was a bit pale. She knew the Spirit Stream Sect was strong, but had never imagined that they would be this powerful. Back on the south bank, the spell formation seemed to pulse with soft warmth, and yet, was filled with biting power. It had been very shocking.

In contrast, the north bank was impossible to even enter. The strength emanating from the battle beasts made it such that any person who desired to go to war with the Spirit Stream Sect would clearly need to be prepared to pay a heavy price.

And that was only what the Spirit Stream Sect was allowing the Blood Stream Sect to see....

"They are gentle and reserved, but also powerful and unyielding," Song Junwan thought. "Clearly they are capable of being merciless. How threatening! Plus, they certainly have unfathomable powers held in reserve...." Behind her, the others from the Blood Stream Sect were speechless, their hearts filled with pounding waves of astonishment.

Bai Xiaochun suddenly felt proud of the Spirit Stream Sect, including both the south and north banks. Furthermore, he couldn't help but grin inwardly when he looked over at the north bank and began to search among the various auras for Bruiser's.

"Please don't take offense," the old woman said. "Fellow Daoists from the Blood Stream Sect, I'm afraid we really can't continue on with a tour of the north bank. The north bank is a bit crude, and it would be horrible if the battle beasts got out of control and started eating people." She smiled, although to the people from the Blood Stream Sect, it seemed quite intimidating.

After a moment of thought, Song Junwan said, "That's fine...."

However, even as she smiled, a howl rose up from the north bank that instantly caught the attention of everyone present.

It seemed to crush the auras of most of the other battle beasts, and as it spread out, the north bank disciples were shocked to discover that their own battle beasts began to tremble in response. The beasts looked up, seemingly more violently agitated than before, more brutal, and more energetic.

It was as if they were being incited as a group, their spirits rising as they howled. A powerful energy caused a mountain-toppling, sea-draining force to rumble toward the Blood Stream Sect forces.

The massive blast caused the faces of the Blood Stream Sect cultivators to fall. As they edged backward, Song Junwan's pupils

constricted, and she also fell back. The old woman from Irispetal Peak also seemed shocked as she looked over at the north bank.

From the jungle beneath the four mountain peaks, a violet beam of light shot up into the air at high speed.

A moment later, an enormous beast appeared in midair. It was fully 30 meters long, with the body of a horse, the head of a dragon, the scales of a lizard, and the feet of a pangolin. More shocking of all was that its teeth radiated a seven-colored glow.

As for its solitary horn, it looked just like the Heavenshorn ink dragon's, long and sharp.

Even more astonishingly, violet flames roiled out from its four clawed feet. A single glance at the flames would shake one down to the soul. They roiled out in all directions, covering an area of 300 meters, creating a huge violet sea of flames.

Anyone who looked at the beast within that sea of flames would be shaken to the core, and would most likely gasp in alarm.

It seemed like the king of battle beasts, and its appearance caused all of the other battle beasts on the north bank to howl at full force. It seemed almost as if they would heed the call of this king of beasts to charge into battle at any moment, regardless of what their masters ordered. They seemed to be hovering on the brink of losing control!

This beast who had just appeared was none other than Bruiser!

Bai Xiaochun's Bruiser!

The instant Bruiser appeared, the cultivators from the Blood Stream Sect felt their minds reeling. Gasps could be heard, and expressions of disbelief appeared on their faces. That was especially true of Song Junwan, whose face fell. One of the bloodstreak elders gasped, "Beast king!!"

"How could this be happening? I can't believe a beast king has appeared!"

"Heavens! In the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world, there are only two beast kings. One sleeps beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River, the Heavenspan Divine Crocodile. The other is a death beetle that lives in the depths of the earth!"

"That's not a beast king. It's only a juvenile. But once it grows up, it will definitely be a beast king!!"

"I never heard of any sect raising its own beast king...."

The group from the Blood Stream Sect felt their scalps going numb. Even Bai Xiaochun was shocked. Rubbing his eyes, he looked at Bruiser, whose cultivation base was unexpectedly comparable to the early Foundation Establishment stage.

He remembered that when he'd left the Spirit Stream Sect,

Bruiser had been roughly in the tenth level of Qi Condensation. Clearly, he had made a lot of progress since then.

Furthermore, all of the battle beasts of the north bank seemed willing to take orders from him. Although Bai Xiaochun had sensed something to that effect was possible, now it was more clear than ever.

Even the old woman from Irispetal Peak hadn't been prepared for Bruiser to make an appearance.

The truth was that Bruiser's current state was only a sign of what was to come for the north bank. Back before he had reached the Foundation Establishment level of power, he had been incredible. And yet, he had completely surpassed all expectations, and reached Foundation Establishment smoothly and naturally!

He hadn't required any assistance, be it a Foundation Establishment Pill or earthstring energy. He just naturally progressed to an energy and battle prowess comparable to Foundation Establishment. Even the patriarchs had been shocked, and realized that they had underestimated Bruiser from the beginning.

At that point, they realized that he didn't have a sixth order bloodline, he actually had a seventh order bloodline! In the lands of Heavenspan, such creatures were called beast kings!

If Bruiser kept maturing, there was a high likelihood that he would become a true beast king in the future!

The matter had shaken the entire Spirit Stream Sect, and they had even arranged for a new place for Bruiser to live. However, he refused to move out of the Beast Conservatory. That was his home, and that was where he enjoyed romping about and playing. However, he would often stare off into the distance. All the Spirit Stream Sect disciples knew that he was waiting for someone to return....

The woman from Irispetal Peak was shocked, but couldn't bring herself to scold Bruiser. Normally, Bruiser would stick to the Beast Conservatory, caring for it like a watchdog. Even when he emerged to play, he wouldn't erupt with such fearsome energy, and he definitely wouldn't fly up into the air like a king.

Before the shock in the hearts of the cultivators could fade, Bruiser threw his head back and roared. The flame beneath his feet flared, and it was with a wild joy than none could detect that he charged toward the group from the Blood Stream Sect.

As he closed in, flames surging around him, the countless battle beasts from the north bank burst into motion, flying up into the air to join Bruiser as he charged the group from the Blood Stream Sect.

From a distance, they were so numerous that they blotted out everything beneath them. The Blood Stream Sect cultivators' scalps began to tingle as intense sensations of deadly crisis rose up in their hearts.

Song Junwan began panting. Even though she was in the late Foundation Establishment stage, seeing a beast king like Bruiser left her completely shocked.

“The Spirit Stream Sect really does have a beast king!!” The truth was that the matter wasn’t a huge secret. Word of the Spirit Stream Sect’s beast king had spread to some degree. Because of Song Junwan’s status, she had long since received reports on the matter. However, to see it in person gave her a completely different feeling of threatening danger.

The old woman from Irispetal Peak seemed shocked, and immediately attempted to intervene. “Bruiser, what are you doing? Back down!”

However, her words seemed to do no good. There was only one person in Bruiser’s eyes.

His father!

Despite the fact that Bai Xiaochun was masked and in disguise, there was something inside of Bruiser that enabled him to instinctively identify his father.

There was no person more dear to him in the world!

Chapter 218: Negotiations Fall Apart!

Bai Xiaochun looked at Bruiser in shock. Beneath his mask, he was smiling warmly; the fact that Bruiser was so powerful left him elated.

Furthermore, the exclamations of shock around him got him even more excited. As of this moment, he wished that he could loudly announce: “That’s my Bruiser!”

However, Bai Xiaochun knew that such a thing wasn’t possible. He remained within the group of Blood Stream Sect cultivators, giving Bruiser a look that only the two of them would be able to understand.

Be a good boy and go back. Dad has a few matters to handle, then he’ll come for you.

Bruiser suddenly halted in place. He was smart, and had been well trained by Bai Xiaochun. It only took a moment of thought for him to understand what Bai Xiaochun wanted. He bared his teeth at the Blood Stream Sect people, radiating an air of incredible ferocity. Then, his gaze shifted to Song Junwan’s chest, where it lingered for a long moment....

Although few people present knew what that look meant, Bai Xiaochun understood, and he couldn’t help but sigh one more time and then glare at Bruiser.

Growling, Bruiser bowed his head and then turned and left. In

the blink of an eye, he was gone. The other battle beasts let out powerful howls and then returned to their masters' sides.

The mountain-toppling, sea-draining energy from moments ago faded away until it couldn't even be detected. In that moment, something else happened that no one else detected. Someone in the crowd on Irispetal Peak was looking up at Bai Xiaochun in the Blood Stream Sect forces.

It was a pretty young woman in plain and simple clothing. A very strange look could be seen in her eyes, and her face was very pale. However, none of that lessened her beauty; it only made her seem more worthy of pity.

The young woman smiled, but covered it with her hand as she murmured to herself, "So, Big Bro, you're in the Blood Stream Sect...."

A strange flicker of light passed through her eyes. That girl was none other than Gongsun Wan'er, who had gone missing in the Fallen Sword Abyss. During the time that Bai Xiaochun had been spending in the Blood Stream Sect, she had returned to the Spirit Stream Sect!

In the moment that Gongsun Wan'er looked at Bai Xiaochun, the Heaven-Dao aura within him stirred. Sensing that someone was looking at him, he glanced down to try to determine who it was. At the same time, the old woman from Irispetal Peak smiled, thinking to herself that all of her years of spoiling Bruiser had finally paid off. A single order from her had sent him away.

“My apologies,” she said. “Ladies and gentlemen, I think it would be best if we stayed away from the north bank.” Although her expression was somber, she was inwardly delighted.

Song Junwan took a deep breath to calm herself. Although she had been aware that the Spirit Stream Sect possessed a beast king, seeing it with her own eyes left her shaken in a completely different way than before.

“According to the secret reports, the beast king was raised by Bai Xiaochun,” she mused to herself. “He reached Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment, and gained enlightenment of the Waterswamp Kingdom. Who exactly is this guy?! If only he were a cultivator of the Blood Stream Sect!”

Song Junwan wasn’t in the mood for any more touring. Just when she was about to respond to the old woman from Irispetal Peak, a cold snort echoed out from the sky above. An enormous vortex appeared, out of which strode the Song Clan patriarch, surrounded by flickering flames.

He was followed closely behind by Li Zimo, who had a look of regret on his face.

Expression grim, the Song Clan patriarch looked back into the vortex, and then at Li Zimo. “Make no mistake, Fellow Daoists from the Spirit Stream Sect. If war breaks out, the fighting will not stop until the bitter end!”

The person to respond to the Song Clan patriarch wasn't Li Zimo. An ancient, somber face appeared within the vortex, a face that seemed to radiate boundless years of time. When he spoke, the mere sound of his voice caused ripples to spread out in all directions. "Your demands are too harsh, Fellow Daoist Song. The Spirit Stream Sect would rather go to war than be slowly strangled for a thousand years!"

This man was none other than the first generation patriarch of the Spirit Stream Sect, Frigidsect!

The Song Clan patriarch snorted coldly and looked away. Swishing his sleeve, he summoned a blood cloud, and then waved his hand at the Blood Stream Sect cultivators.

"We're leaving!" he said. Bai Xiaochun and all the others flew up into the air and landed onto the blood cloud, which seethed as it shot off into the distance.

A moment later, not a trace of it could be seen!

Everything happened so quickly that the people from the Spirit Stream Sect were completely taken aback. The face which had just appeared in the vortex watched as the blood cloud shot away, and his expression turned grimmer by the second.

"Should we stop old man Song?" Li Zimo asked slowly.

A moment later, the first generation patriarch replied, "Old man

Song has an extraordinary cultivation base. Among the eight patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect, his battle prowess rates in the top three. The fact that he visited us alone indicates that he came prepared, especially for tricks. If we provoke him, he certainly won't be bound by morality in his counterstrike."

Whether the most important factor was the first or the second, no one could tell.

Li Zimo hesitated for a moment. Unable to bear the thought of how many casualties war would bring, he softly said, "Brother Frigidsect, the Blood Stream Sect doesn't want to go to war either. You can see that from their demands. They've already backed down as far as they can. Why don't we—"

"Zimo, you're being too softhearted. At the moment, softheartedness won't benefit anybody. I know that many lives will be lost if we go to war. The Spirit Stream Sect doesn't want such a catastrophic event to occur. That was why I initially agreed to Song Wenyun's demands that we not go to war. Even if it means missing out on a huge opportunity, we could avoid the destruction of our sect, and the loss of many lives among the younger generation...." Frigidsect's ancient voice seemed tired, although no one could hear his words other than Li Zimo and the other patriarchs.

"We agreed not to attack the Blood Stream Sect, nor to join forces with the Sky River Court. Those are demands we could meet. However, there is no way we could agree to the erection of a spell formation on the Heavenspan River!

“If we allowed the Heavenspan River to dry up in our area, all in order to prevent a catastrophe, the spiritual energy here would grow scarce. Over the course of a thousand years of being sealed, the cultivation bases of everyone inside the seal would stagnate. Progress would be impossible, and it would only take a few hundred years out of that thousand year period for the Spirit Stream Sect to wither away into death. Even if the sect still existed a thousand years later, we would be weak beyond compare. We would simply be giving up our own right to decide our fate, and allowing anyone to come along and destroy us!

“Fate would be like a sword hanging over our necks. Besides, in a thousand years, the Blood Stream Sect would be completely different than they are today. They would be a great sect in the Middle Reaches, far more powerful than they are now. At that time, they might feel pity on us, and honor their agreement from before. But if they didn’t feel like it, they could destroy us as easily as turning over their hand!” Within the eyes of the founding patriarch, it was almost possible to see all those future deaths. His voice sounded very grim.

“Being sealed for a thousand years would avoid deaths in the moment, but the truth is, it would only be delaying our inevitable destruction. We’re actually in a much better situation now, with all the different variables at play. If we do go to war, we might not to be able to defeat the Blood Stream Sect on our own, but with the cooperation of other forces, we would have a chance.

“Zimo, sometimes we patriarchs have to look at the bigger picture, not just the events playing out right in front of us. We have to take the future into consideration!

“It would be better for the Spirit Stream Sect to go out fighting in battle, than to gasp and wheeze our way into death a thousand years from now. Clearly, there is only one path for us!” The founding patriarch seemed very tired. After he was finished speaking, he faded back into the vortex. Soon, the vortex itself dissipated. Li Zimo hovered there silently for a moment, the desire to do battle slowly building up in his eyes. Just as the founding patriarch had said, standing and fighting held the hope of survival, whereas hiding away only ensured a tragic end later on!

Eventually, orders from Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong were sent to both the south and north banks.

“The sect’s grand spell formation will be activated, along with all the formations in the Luochen Mountains. All disciples must return to the sect immediately to begin preparing for war!!’

Meanwhile, the blood cloud shot along at top speed in the air between the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect. The cultivators from the Blood Stream Sect were scared witless; even the Song Clan patriarch’s face seemed ashen as he sat at the front of the cloud, frowning in thought.

When everyone pondered the words spoken by the Song Clan patriarch when he left the vortex, they realized that the discussions with the Spirit Stream Sect had not ended well.

Apparently, war between the two sects could break out at any moment. That in turn made the return trip to their own sect seem that much more fraught with danger.

Master God-Diviner's face was pale as he looked down into his lap and performed auguries. Bai Xiaochun also maintained his silence. He knew the big picture, and he knew why the Spirit Stream Sect had made their choice. He sighed inwardly. Huge matters that affected the entire sect were things that he didn't qualify to participate in or interfere with. He could only turn his head and look back at the Spirit Stream Sect, his heart aching with worry.

Song Junwan sat next to the Song Clan patriarch at the front of the cloud, her face a mask of vigilance as she scanned the road ahead for potential danger. Everyone else on the cloud simply sat there silently.

Time passed. Eventually, the cloud passed through the Luo Chen Mountains to arrive in Blood Stream Sect territory. At that point, the Song Clan patriarch's eyes snapped open, and they shone with profound coldness.

Not a single ambush had occurred, and in fact, the instant they left Spirit Stream Sect territory, the Luo Chen Mountains began to rumble, and a cascade of light shot up into the sky. A huge barrier now existed, clearly demarcating the boundary between the two sects.

After a moment, the Song Clan patriarch murmured, "Well played, Spirit Stream Sect...."

Deep in his eyes could be seen both regret and respect. He

suddenly waved his sleeve, and three motes of light flew out, which transformed into three shadowy figures. There was one that Bai Xiaochun recognized immediately. It was none other than Patriarch Limitless.

“So they didn’t intercept us?” Those three figures were illusory projections of patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect. As soon as they appeared, the cultivators on the cloud clasped hands in formal greeting, Bai Xiaochun included. Then he looked up, shocked at the strange fluctuations emanating from the shadowy figures.

“I put myself up as bait,” the Song Clan patriarch said softly. “Whether because of their righteousness or their suspicions, they allowed me to leave. That in itself is a type of domineering fearlessness. The Spirit Stream Sect is indeed a worthy adversary!”

The other three patriarchs maintained their silence. As for Patriarch Limitless, he looked off in the direction of the Spirit Stream Sect and shook his head. Sighing softly, he said, “It’s too bad. We can’t trust them, nor can they trust us.”

Chapter 219: Mid Foundation Establishment

The blood cloud seethed and churned as it shot back to the Blood Stream Sect. Everyone was wrapped up in their own thoughts, and no one spoke. Bai Xiaochun was most taciturn of all, although he would occasionally turn to look back in the direction of the Spirit Stream Sect.

By the time he got back to his immortal's cave on Middle Peak, it was evening. He sat there quietly until it was late in the night and the moon hung high. Unfortunately, the matter of war between the two sects was something he had no say in. It was a game being played between the patriarchs of the two sects.

He felt tired. He didn't even like to think about fighting and killing, but he also knew that sometimes, certain things couldn't be avoided, no matter how much you wanted to.

He shook his head in frustration. The only thing he could do now was get to the relic of eternal indestructibility before the war started, and then get back to the Spirit Stream Sect.

He took a deep breath and calmed himself down, then began breathing exercises. Blood qi began to rise up and flow toward him as he continued to advance through the first level of the Undying Heavenly King.

That first level was the ten mammoths Berserk Ghost Body, and because of his constant cultivation, he was growing more and more powerful. By now, he had the power of two berserk ghosts.

After the power of ten, he would break past the first level and transform his Berserk Ghost Body into the Heavenly Demon Body!

At the same time, the Heavenspan River water in his first spiritual sea was continuously being absorbed. By now, less than half remained, and from the look of it, it wouldn't take much longer before that portion was fully absorbed.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, two months went by. During that time, the Blood Stream Sect continued to make preparations for war. Of course, war was no laughing matter. Once it started, it would be difficult to stop, and everyone knew that the future of the two sects were involved.

The Blood Stream Sect wasn't completely united in its desire to wage war. There were eight patriarchs, and of that group, four were of the mindset that war should be avoided if possible. That group consisted of the Song Clan patriarch, Patriarch Limitless, and two other patriarchs.

However, one faction, made up of three patriarchs, were staunchly for the war. One of the patriarchs, Daoist Sage Droughtflame, had similar standing to the Song Clan patriarch, being one of the most powerful experts of the older generation. His words carried much weight.

Daoist Sage Droughtflame and the other two patriarchs in his faction were very much for declaring war. The fact that the Song Clan patriarch and his faction had so many problems with the war

led to friction between the two groups.

The person who had the final say in the Blood Stream Sect was the arch-patriarch of the generation, and he hadn't said a word on the subject. His opinion on the matter was of vital importance, but even he seemed to be hesitating.

As the discussions and friction between the patriarchs persisted, the Blood Stream Sect as a whole continued to prepare for war.

Eventually, the day arrived in which the final bit of Heavenspan River water merged into Bai Xiaochun's first spiritual sea.

Rumbling sounds filled him that only he could hear. He began to shake, and could sense that his first spiritual sea was shining with boundless golden light. Cracking sounds emanated out, and a moment later, his first spiritual sea began to crystalize!

Crystallized spiritual sea!

Bai Xiaochun shivered. Panting, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then pushed his hands down onto his dantian region. Instantly, the crystallization process sped up, and the cracking sounds grew more intense. Moments later, his entire first spiritual sea had become solid.

Instead of liquid, it now was a mirror-like crystal!

In the instant that it completely crystallized, it erupted with a

power ten times the level of the original spiritual sea. That power filled Bai Xiaochun, causing him to tremble, and making him feel completely different than before!

In Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, there was only one spiritual sea. In fact, there was so little water in it that it was more like a spiritual lake.

Only Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivators could use Tideflows to form multiple spiritual seas.

The difference between spiritual lakes and spiritual seas was one reason for the huge disparity between Mortal-Dao and Earthstring Foundation Establishment.

When it came to advancing through the Foundation Establishment stage, the crystallization of the spiritual seas was the hallmark of mid Foundation Establishment. The crystallization was a major transformation that caused the basic foundation to become ten times stronger. Because Earthstring spiritual seas were already vastly more powerful than Mortal-Dao spiritual lakes, the disparity between the two levels of Foundation Establishment only grew greater from that point on.

At the same time, the number of Earthstring Tideflows affected the number of spiritual seas, and that in turn made the difference between those different levels even more clear. When it came to Earthstring Foundation Establishment, three crystallized spiritual seas marked the mid level!

To reach late Foundation Establishment, one had to reach six crystallized spiritual seas. The great circle of Foundation Establishment was nine!

Of course, people with nine spiritual seas were as rare as phoenix feathers or qilin horns, so the above standard would apply only to them. The same general principles applied to the other levels of Foundation Establishment.

For example, in Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, the great circle was a single crystallized spiritual sea. However, that level of power was, at best, the same as a single crystallized spiritual sea of Earthstring Foundation Establishment! That was one of the main reasons why it was virtually impossible for any Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivator to reach Core Formation.

It was the same with Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivators who only completed a single Tideflow. However, because they had a true spiritual sea, it was theoretically possible for them to crystallize it and break through to the next cultivation stage. However, the likelihood was very small.

When it came to two spiritual seas, that likelihood increased. Five spiritual seas was considered the standard, and anyone with seven was deemed highly likely to succeed. Eight spiritual seas was very rare, and even more likely to break through, and those with nine were considered ninety percent likely to break through.

However, all of that pertained to Mortal-Dao and Earthstring. When it came to the extremely rare peak of Foundation Establishment, those cultivators who used heavenstring energy to

create a Heaven-Dao aura were not only ten times as powerful, but their crystallized spiritual seas could crush Earthstring Foundation Establishment. That was especially true of Bai Xiaochun, who had achieved nine Tideflows. Essentially, he could crush any and all fellow Foundation Establishment cultivators!

In early Foundation Establishment, the disparity wasn't as obvious. However, mid Foundation Establishment involved an explosive increase in power, and once in the great circle of Foundation Establishment, he could be called invincible.

“Crystallizing the sea is the sign of stepping into mid Foundation Establishment!” Excited, Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath; the crystallization didn't stop with the first spiritual sea! It continued on into the second spiritual sea, which immediately began to show signs of solidifying.

Intense cracking sounds filled his mind for the following several hours. His cultivation base grew explosively, and soon, his second spiritual sea was crystallized, and the process progressed to the third!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

The process continued until the following morning. As the first rays of sunlight landed on the earth below, rumbling sounds filled Bai Xiaochun, and his eyes snapped open.

At that point, he could feel a level of spiritual power coursing through him that vastly exceeded what it had been before. Now

that he had three crystallized spiritual seas, every breath he took seemed to fill his surroundings with thunderous booms.

He now felt like the simple wave of his hand could crush everything around him. Furthermore, his forehead tingled with pain, as though his Heavenspan Dharma Eye wished to open.

Bai Xiaochun had the intense premonition that if he did open that eye, it would erupt with shocking fluctuations.

Eyes glittering, he burst into motion. Spiritual power surged through him, and rumbling sounds could be heard as he turned into nothing more than afterimages. A moment later, he was outside in front of one of the blood trees.

The blood tree shivered and began to rattle off fawning praise. Unlike usual, Bai Xiaochun didn't pay any attention to the tree. Instead, his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and he pointed out, causing streams of blood qi to converge into a blood sword.

"I can form blood swords way faster than before!" Excited, he mentally recalled Middle Peak's secret magic, the Blood Annihilation World. After performing another incantation gesture, he waved his hand, and even more blood qi converged in the area, and another blood sword appeared.

Things weren't over yet, though. A third blood sword appeared, swirling around him, causing the entire area to surge with a bloody, murderous aura.

Intense pressure also weighed down in the area, causing all of the blood trees to tremble.

“In mid Foundation Establishment, I’m not limited to one blood sword. I can summon three. And furthermore, I can even combine them together into one larger sword!” Eyes flashing, he performed another incantation gesture with his right hand, and the three blood swords merged together into a gigantic blood-colored greatsword.

Even when the blade was still forming, its energy fluctuations were filled with brutality and madness. Everything in the area trembled, and even before it could finish forming, Bai Xiaochun waved his hand to dispel the sword and the pressure.

“According to the description of the secret magic, if I can summon six swords, I’ll be able to step into late Foundation Establishment.... Although I cultivate the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, because of the Undying Live Forever Technique, once I reach late Foundation Establishment, I can use the Blood Annihilation World along with it!” Bai Xiaochun was very pleased with how quickly he had progressed from early Foundation Establishment to mid Foundation Establishment. Some of that was because of the medicinal pills the mysterious sect had given him, but another reason was the blood qi in the Blood Stream Sect.

Not only could he rapidly cultivate the Undying Heavenly King, it also provided benefits to his cultivation base.

Bai Xiaochun clasped his hands behind his back and stuck his chin up. Looking very proud of himself, he thought about how incredible he was with his three crystallized spiritual seas. Of course, if he could reach six, or nine, then he would be even more powerful.

Chapter 220: Holy Pill Wall Fragment

Taking advantage of the darkness of night, Bai Xiaochun left Middle Peak. Going down to the bottom of the giant's hand, he actually left the Blood Stream Sect and went to the bank of the Heavenspan River. Considering his current status and level, getting some Heavenspan River water wasn't very difficult. All he had to do was make up a random reason, and the cultivators guarding the way would let him pass. After arriving, he collected ten drops of water.

Soon, he had a small cup full, which he carefully took back to his immortal's cave and then began to absorb.

A few days later, the water was inside of him, above his fourth spiritual sea. At that point, he ended this session of cultivation.

“Next, I need to fully merge the Heavenspan River water into my spiritual sea. Once that happens, I can step into late Foundation Establishment!” Excited, he left his immortal's cave, hands clasped behind his back as he soliloquized proudly to himself.

“Now that I'm in mid Foundation Establishment, I'm even more awesome than before!

“Becoming a grand elder doesn't seem so impossible now....” He looked up at the upper finger of Middle Peak. It was really depressing to know exactly where the relic of eternal indestructibility was, but be unable to reach it.

He had long since given up any aspirations of somehow sneaking in to get the relic of eternal indestructibility. Song Junwan's immortal's cave was too well-guarded, and he had no confidence in being able to succeed.

“How can I actually become the grand elder? Challenge Song Junwan?” Bai Xiaochun rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

“The challenge would only be secondary, though. First I'd have to win over the masses. Plus I need to convince the leadership that I'm important, that I'm a crucial member of the sect. That's the only way that I could successfully challenge Song Junwan and then take over her position.” Nodding to himself, he decided that this was definitely the right track to follow. With that, he stuck his chin up proudly.

“I'm already halfway there. If I want people to think I'm important, though, I need to do something that leaves everybody completely shaken....” As far as he was concerned, it wouldn't be too difficult to do such a thing. He had already been in the Blood Stream Sect for some time, and knew quite well that apothecaries were few and far between. The leadership of the sect placed a high value on them, and had even established certain sect rules to encourage disciples to walk that path.

However, the very nature of the Blood Stream Sect essentially doomed such efforts from the beginning. The Blood Stream Sect was fundamentally a devilish sect, and most disciples viewed concocting medicine as a waste of time. They would much rather study techniques to increase their battle prowess. If they needed medicinal pills, they could simply go rob people from the Pill

Stream Sect. If they needed magical items, they could take them from Profound Stream Sect disciples. If they needed spirit beasts, they could get them from the Spirit Stream Sect.

Therefore, few people focused on concocting medicine. There were some who could, such as imposter Nightcrypt back in the day, but in a huge sect like this, they were completely insufficient to meet the needs of the sect as a whole.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve concocted any medicine....” Having reached this point in his train of thought, he began to chuckle. As his laughter drifted out into the night, the blood trees began to tremble, apparently because of the sinister nature of the laughter.

“However, before I actually concoct any medicine, I need to solve one problem. I did a bit of medicine concocting earlier, but if I suddenly do something too incredible, people will get suspicious. I need the right opportunity....” With that, his eyes narrowed.

“Supposedly, the Holy Pill Wall Fragment here was actually robbed from the Pill Stream Sect 10,000 years ago, for the express purpose of allowing disciples to seek enlightenment of the Dao of medicine....

“Hmph. I can just pretend to gain enlightenment there, and then start concocting some medicine. Then nobody will be suspicious at all....” Once again, he laughed out loud proudly. He’d actually planned to do this for quite a while, and now, the timing seemed perfect. The following morning, he left his immortal’s cave without the slightest hesitation. Leaving Middle Peak, he headed

toward the area in the Inner Sect district where the Holy Pill Wall Fragment was located.

Soon he arrived in front of the enormous stone stele that was as tall as three people put together. This was his second time coming here, the first being when he'd seen Xuemei. At that time, Xuemei had looked at him as if she were eyeing a bug.

This was his second time, and even from a distance, he could see a few Inner Sect disciples sitting below the stele, looking at it thoughtfully.

His appearance caused the Inner Sect disciples' expressions to flicker. They quickly rose to their feet and offered formal greetings. Not daring to be near him, they left, and by the time he was actually in front of the stone stele, he was completely alone.

Rubbing his chin, he coughed dryly and sat down cross-legged. Feeling very comfortable with this sort of situation, he looked up at the wall fragment, and reviewed what imposter Nightcrypt had told him. 8,000 years ago, a genius rose up in the Blood Stream Sect who was very adept in the Dao of medicine. After seeking enlightenment from this wall fragment, his ability to concoct medicine improved significantly.

"I guess that means the shrew Xuemei was here to try to get some enlightenment, huh?" He couldn't help but feel a bit disdainful of the idea. He was of the belief that although certain degrees of enlightenment were required when it came to medicine concocting techniques, it wasn't something that could come overnight. Constant practice was required, along with gradual progress. That

was the way to achieve mastery.

Although it was possible that enlightenment could be gained from this wall fragment, Bai Xiaochun was certain that it would be useless to a disciple who didn't have a basic understanding of medicine concocting to begin with.

“It should be enough to just put on a bit of a show so that people think I'm gaining enlightenment.” Bai Xiaochun cleared his throat and then focused on the wall fragment, trying to reach the same mental state he'd stumbled into when he'd gained enlightenment from the beast statue in the Spirit Stream Sect.

“I just need to imitate what happened back then....” He thought. With that, he did his best to imitate his past facial expression. He opened his eyes wide, staring at the wall. Strangely, as he stared at the wall, it felt as if his mind were being drained. Although he was surprised, he did nothing to stop it from happening.

Three days went by. Quite a few Inner Sect disciples passed the wall fragment, and when they saw Bai Xiaochun, they noticed that his eyes were bloodshot, and his hands seemed to be moving. His expression was completely blank, which created quite an odd picture.

“Senior Nightcrypt, are you....”

“Is he really gaining enlightenment!?!?”

“Heavens! It’s been a really long time since anybody actually gained enlightenment here. Is Senior Nightcrypt really pulling it off?” The Inner Sect disciples were shocked, and soon, word began to spread. Foundation Establishment cultivators from all of the four peaks heard the news, and many went over to see for themselves.

Another seven days passed, during which time Bai Xiaochun’s vision began to swim. In order to make sure everything looked as real as possible, he continued to stare at the wall for ten days and ten nights. Soon, he started to look as if he were in a daze, and actually, it was no farce. He really was zoning out.

It was a deep and profound daze that actually looked like enlightenment, to the point where no outsider would be able to tell the difference....

His mind was weakening. After all, he had just broken through into mid Foundation Establishment, and had no way to quickly recover at the moment. The time he spent in a daze increased, until eventually he realized that he had spent almost half the day in such a state. By this point, he decided that he’d probably put on enough of a show....

Just when he was about to finish up and put on a show of reaping some amazing reward from his efforts, a tremor ran through him. Before he could look away, his eyes went wide, and he suddenly stared fixedly at the wall fragment.

He began to pant heavily, and his pupils constricted. He wasn’t sure if he was hallucinating or not, but moments ago, just as he

had been about to look away from the wall, he'd seen a blurry figure that appeared to be concocting medicine. From what he'd seen, the method was different from what he'd learned about the Dao of medicine.

“Whoah!” A tremor ran through him. Settling down, he once again stared at the wall fragment, focusing all of his attention, which drained him even more rapidly than before. Moments later, his soul seemed to leave his body and enter the wall, to appear right next to that blurry figure.

Upon closer inspection, Bai Xiaochun was certain that he was looking at someone concocting medicine. He wasn't sure of the exact type of spirit medicine that was being concocted, but the apothecary's methods were fantastic.

Apparently, he wasn't even using a pill formula. He casually selected two types of medicinal plants, and then called upon the principles of mutual augmentation and suppression, not to force out the impurities, but cause transformations. A new type of medicinal strength appeared, a power which he imbued into other medicinal plants to alter them.

He did everything in a completely smooth and natural way. Occasionally, the ingredients in the pill furnace would explode with force, at other times they were calm. Sometimes they seethed, sometimes they were as quiet as death. Regardless of the transformations or the eruptions of power, the apothecary maintained full control the entire time.

He controlled every aspect with skill and deftness!

This Dao of medicine was very different from what Bai Xiaochun had learned in the Spirit Stream Sect. The apothecary in the wall fragment was on a completely different level.

It almost seemed like the Spirit Stream Sect's Dao of medicine was for amateurs, whereas what this apothecary was using were the methods of an expert.

“He's not concocting medicine, he's actually creating plants and vegetation!!” Bai Xiaochun forgot about the passage of time. He was completely focused on watching the shadowy figure in the wall fragment. Eventually, the figure finished concocting the batch of medicine, and opened the pill furnace. What appeared in his hands was a green medicinal pill that actually looked like a plant. Bai Xiaochun's mind filled with rumbling, along with faint comprehension.

“Before concocting medicine, you have to refine the plants and vegetation! Depending on the medicinal strength you seek, you search through countless medicinal plants. If you can't find what you're looking for, you make your own!

“The limits of the Dao of medicine rely only on the limits of your imagination, and your skill in concocting medicinal plants and vegetation!” Bai Xiaochun felt like his mind was being struck by lightning, and he even began to shake physically. It was with deep and utter excitement that he immersed himself within the images in the wall fragment.

At the same time, the Holy Pill Wall Fragment began to emit a green light. As the light grew more and more intense, it transformed into a green pillar that shot high up into the sky. The entire Blood Stream Sect was being shaken to the core!

Chapter 221: The Dao of All-Creation Plants and Vegetation

The green pillar of light shot up into the heavens, causing everything to tremble. Even the blood qi in the area was blasted away. Instantly, the whole Blood Stream Sect was shaken.

Middle Peak Grand Elder Song Junwan was in the middle of meditating when suddenly, her eyes opened. Shocked, she rushed out of her immortal's cave to look at the green light, and quickly realized that it was coming from the Holy Pill Wall Fragment.

“Nightcrypt is over there seeking enlightenment. Don't tell me....” Heart trembling, she flew into the air. It wasn't just her; numerous beams of light sped from the various mountain peaks toward the Holy Pill Wall Fragment.

There were even streams of divine sense that flowed out from Ancestor Peak. Instantly, everyone saw Bai Xiaochun, in a deep trance, expression blank. He even seemed to be somewhat intoxicated. Anybody who looked at him could tell that he was in the middle of being enlightened by the wall fragment!

“Every few hundred years, someone succeeds in gaining enlightenment. But nobody has ever caused green light to shoot up from the wall fragment!”

“I remember reading in the ancient records about how the Daoist Blood Sage received enlightenment 800 years ago. Green light appeared back then.... Could it be that this is the same kind of

enlightenment?”

“I can’t believe Nightcrypt is so gifted in the Dao of medicine!”

“I remember him concocting medicine a few times in the past. If he can gain enlightenment from the wall fragment, then in the future, the Blood Stream Sect might have another grandmaster apothecary!!”

It wasn’t just the prime elders who took note of what was happening. Two pairs of eyes flashed like lightning as they looked over at Bai Xiaochun.

One of them belonged to Patriarch Limitless, the other, to the Song Clan patriarch!

Strange light could be seen in those eyes, and they seemed moved. Soon, it became apparent that countless figures were converging on the wall fragment, so the Song Clan patriarch quickly said, “Song Junwan, stand as Dharma protector for Nightcrypt. If anyone tries to interfere, kill them immediately!”

The Song Clan patriarch’s voice was as cold as ice, and rang out for all to hear. Immediately, the cultivators near Bai Xiaochun backed up, hearts pounding in fear. Some of them had actually been contemplating whether or not they should interfere, but now they pushed such thoughts aside.

Song Junwan took a deep breath. Clasp hands in respect

toward Ancestor Peak, she took a few steps forward and sat down cross-legged next to Bai Xiaochun to serve as Dharma protector.

Other cultivators who were under the personal command of Song Junwan also sat down cross-legged, forming a wider perimeter, staring coldly at the other surrounding cultivators.

With Song Junwan serving as Dharma protector, and a warning having been uttered by a patriarch, the crowd began to thin. Soon, the area was very quiet.

Word spread about Nightcrypt gaining enlightenment from the wall fragment. During the following month, cultivators would come on a daily basis to observe what was happening. As for Song Junwan, her eyes were increasingly bloodshot, and she also seemed in a daze, as if the only thing that existed were Bai Xiaochun and the wall fragment.

“Nightcrypt reached Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening,” she thought, “and also has terrifying abilities in divination. Now it seems he’s a genius in the Dao of medicine. Lots of disciples study this wall fragment, but very few people can succeed, and even fewer provoke a reaction from the wall! Just what Dao of medicine is Nightcrypt gaining enlightenment of?” Her eyes glittered even more profoundly than before as she realized that yet again, her earlier assumptions about Nightcrypt had been incorrect.

He seemed simple enough, as if he could be judged at a single glance. However, Song Junwan had to admit that what she had seen, and what she knew, was just the tip of the iceberg.

“How could a person like this slip through Qi Condensation completely unnoticed? Did he really spend all that time building up and preparing?” No matter how she considered the matter, she couldn’t come up with an answer. At the same time, the gleam in her eyes as she looked at Bai Xiaochun continued to deepen.

Time passed. Another month went by, and Bai Xiaochun had forgotten about himself. He was completely focused on the apothecary, and his process of concocting medicine.

He watched him over and over again, and the closer he examined him, the clearer the figure became. Eventually, the image turned into a different person, and soon, the concocting methods were different again.

Generally speaking, theories regarding the Dao of medicine were the same. However, when it came to the plant and vegetation pills, or the pill concocting methods, they changed from person to person. The people changed, the methods changed, but the foundation was the same.

A tremor ran through Bai Xiaochun as he saw one figure after another concocting medicine. Each one used the same general principles to form the exact type of medicinal strength they needed.

It was as if a huge door were opening in Bai Xiaochun’s mind. At a certain point, he subconsciously extended his hands and began to mimic what he was seeing inside the wall.

As his hands moved, a green field of light appeared around him, which attracted the green light shining from the stone wall. Soon, the two were connected.

Bai Xiaochun's mind filled with rumbling sounds as countless bodies of knowledge regarding the Dao of medicine flowed into his mind through the light.

The group on Ancestor Peak was shaken, and based on the levels of their cultivation bases, they could actually sense what was happening.

“A legacy!”

“No wonder the Pill Stream Sect has tried so hard over the years to get that wall fragment back. If the Daoist Blood Sage hadn't expressed his dying order to never return the wall for all eternity, it would probably have been sent back long ago.”

“So this wall contains a legacy of the Pill Stream Sect's Dao of medicine. Now that I think about, doesn't the Pill Stream Sect also have a wall fragment?” The Blood Stream Sect patriarchs exchanged glances, and all of them could see how deeply moved the others were.

Bai Xiaochun's mind was wracked with pain as he accepted the legacy. He was left trembling, his eyes completely bloodshot, and he even cried out at the top of his lungs.

However, he wasn't willing to give up. Even a glimpse at the knowledge of the Dao of medicine he was receiving was completely shocking.

“Use heaven and earth as the pill cauldron. Use all creation as the plants and vegetation. Bequeath soul seeds. Create medicines of good fortune!”

Bai Xiaochun's mind was battered by towering waves of shock. Suddenly, he thought back to the Pill Stream Sect disciple he'd killed, Fang Lin. The Heaven-Earth Furnace Cauldron he'd used was obviously what was referred to in the first line of the wall fragment legacy!

He also thought back to what had occurred [when Fang Lin died](#), and the face of the young man he'd seen, which resembled a yin-yang symbol. Apparently, Fang Lin had unknowingly been infected with a soul seed!

Back in the heat of the moment, Bai Xiaochun had mostly ignored that young man with the yin-yang face. However, he hadn't forgotten the incident, and had always remained suspicious about it. Now, he realized that what he had seen was a manifestation of Soul Seed Bequeathal!

Furthermore, the legacy he was receiving now was the technique of All-Creation Plants and Vegetation!

Heaven-Earth Furnace Cauldron, All-Creation Plants and

Vegetation, Soul Seed Bequeathal! These three divine abilities were the fundamental Dao which served as the foundation of the Pill Stream Sect!

Unfortunately, the Blood Stream Sect had robbed them of half of their wall fragment. Perhaps the lack of the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation technique was why the Pill Stream Sect had been in a state of gradual decline for so long.

“By using all creation as plants and vegetation, the transformations of the plants and vegetation can be used to form any type of medicinal effect! A Dao of medicine like this is unimaginable!” Bai Xiaochun was panting. Never could he possibly have guessed that his attempt to pretend to get enlightenment would result in him actually receiving a legacy magic.

As the legacy was passed on, the light shining up from the wall fragment grew weaker and weaker, and the green glow around him grew stronger and stronger. A few days later, the light around the wall faded, and Bai Xiaochun’s eyes snapped open. The intense green light around him caused rumbling like that of thunder to echo out. At the same time, the images of countless plants and vegetation swirled around him, continuously merging with each other, continuously transforming.

The bizarre signs that the disciples of the Blood Stream Sect were seeing left them shocked. It was easy to imagine how, even as soon as the following day, Nightcrypt’s name would once again rock the Blood Stream Sect. Even the other sects would surely hear about what was happening, and Nightcrypt would become even more famous in the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world.

“Nightcrypt....” Song Junwan murmured, rising to her feet. An expression of concern could be seen in her eyes as she looked at Bai Xiaochun. He was much thinner than he had been before, his face sunken in a bit, seemingly little more than flesh and bones. And yet, his eyes shone with brilliant light.

He looked over at Song Junwan and nodded. Before she could say anything, he said, “I need to concoct some medicine!”

He needed to take the information that was sinking into his mind and apply it to medicine concocting as soon as possible, to firmly fix the sensation of the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation technique into his heart. Under the eyes of all present, he flew into the air toward Middle Peak. Even the patriarchs on Ancestor Peak had expressions of anticipation on their faces as they watched him go.

Back in his immortal’s cave, he immediately went into secluded meditation. He didn’t have a lot of plants and vegetation on him at the moment, but it was without hesitation that he produced a pill furnace and began to concoct, not spirit medicine, but plants and vegetation pills.

Through this process of concocting, he became much more confident in manipulating the plants and vegetation to produce specific levels of medicinal strength. The legacy branding in his mind grew deeper. He was so focused that he completely ignored matters like sleep and eating. At the same time, the exact effect he had hoped to produce within the sect could be seen. The Song Clan patriarch arranged for large quantities of plants and vegetation to

be delivered to him, along with piles of bloodflame stones.

All of the resources of the Blood Stream Sect were being called upon to ensure that Bai Xiaochun quickly mastered the legacy he had received. Many of the medicinal plants he was given were very rare, and would fetch exorbitant prices on the outside, or even be the subject of fierce fighting.

But now, it was without hesitation that the sect handed them over.

They even sent over an apothecary attendant, who respectfully said, “Grandmaster, the patriarch sent me to explain that this is only the first set of ingredients. More medicinal plants are on the way!”

Because of the steady flow of medicinal plants, Bai Xiaochun experienced no delays in his mastery of the legacy. As he concocted more plant and vegetation pills, his eyes shone with more intense light. At the same time, his skill in the Dao of medicine advanced by leaps and bounds.

Bai Xiaochun was even delighted to discover that there were aspects of the Frigid School Medicine Manual that he didn’t understand before, but were now clear. In fact, there was an entire section on the first page that now made complete sense!

“I have the feeling that I can finally concoct a tier-4 medicinal pill! Maybe even tier-5!”

Tier-4 medicinal pills were a dividing mark between journeyman apothecaries and master apothecaries!

Fang Lin died in chapter 160. Incidentally, when I first translated that chapter, I misinterpreted the “yin-yang face” description as being figurative. I’ve since changed the wording in chapter 160 a bit, and tinkered with a few other parts.

Chapter 222: I Must Concoct Medicine!

“I must concoct medicine!” Bai Xiaochun’s eyes shone with intense focus. The enlightenment he had gained from the Holy Pill Wall Fragment, and the abstruse information from the Frigid School Medicine Manual, caused his skill in the Dao of medicine to break through from the point of being able to concoct tier-3 medicines. He was now fairly certain he could concoct tier-4 medicines!

In the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world, tier-4 spirit medicines were virtually priceless. Foundation Establishment cultivators absolutely required them, the most obvious example being Foundation Establishment Pills!

Foundation Establishment Pills were tier-4 spirit medicines, and were very difficult to concoct. In fact, anyone who could successfully concoct them would be viewed as a master apothecary!

Master apothecaries were rare. The Blood Stream Sect had been home to a few in the past, but not anymore. It was the same with the Profound Stream Sect. Obviously, the Pill Stream Sect had them, and in fact, they even had grandmaster apothecaries, who were on a similar level as prime elders.

Other than the master apothecaries in the Pill Stream Sect, the only other one was in the Spirit Stream Sect, and that was Li Qinghou!

But now, Bai Xiaochun was at the peak of the tier-3 level, and was

on the verge of breaking through to the tier-4 level. Theoretically, the knowledge he possessed already gave him what he needed to break through. Taking a deep breath, he extended his right hand and opened the bag of holding that the sect had provided, which contained all sorts of plants and vegetation. Almost immediately, he gasped, and the more he studied the contents of the bag, the more shaken he was.

“Is this dragonspirit root? I can’t believe it’s over 700 years old...

“This is peacedevil leaf!! More than 400 years old....

“Revelation fruit. Dao-immortal blossom....” It seemed like each of the medicinal plants he’d been given was more valuable than the one before it, and more rare. From the plants and vegetation he was being given, it was obvious how important the Blood Stream Sect viewed him to be. It actually exceeded his expectations.

He couldn’t help but feel a bit conflicted. On the one hand, the Blood Stream Sect really had treated him amazingly. On the other hand, he couldn’t forget that he was from the Spirit Stream Sect....

Even as he wavered back and forth about what to do, he looked at the most recent delivery, which included two bags of holding.

One of them contained pill furnaces, the other contained the Blood Stream Sect’s unique bloodflame stones!

Bloodflame stones were similar to the earthflame crystals from

the Spirit Stream Sect, except even more domineering. The intense heat they emitted was a necessity for medicine concocting, and although they were unique to the Blood Stream Sect, after some examination, Bai Xiaochun confirmed that they could produce three-colored flame.

Although he would have preferred fuel for four-colored flame, three-colored flame was still satisfactory. Finally, he made his decision. He would concoct pills, and secretly keep some of them for himself.

As for the four-leaf clovers he had harvested some time back, he still had them in his bag of holding. However, he didn't dare to use the turtle-wok in the Blood Stream Sect, for fear of mishaps.

After looking closer at the bag with the pill furnaces, Bai Xiaochun was even more shocked than he had been by all of the valuable medicinal plants. Eyes wide, he said, "How many pill furnaces are in here?"

Mind reeling, he counted over 100 pill furnaces. There were large ones and small ones, new ones and old ones. The mere sight of them left Bai Xiaochun's vision swimming.

There were even a few dozen pill furnaces which were clearly magical devices, and others contained strong medicinal aromas that indicated they had been frequently used by apothecaries in the past.

"Did they rob all of these?" he thought, rubbing his eyes. After

further examination, he realized that almost all of the pill furnaces were marked with a symbol like a cauldron, which was the sign of the Pill Stream Sect.

Obviously, these were pill furnaces that the Blood Stream Sect had robbed from Pill Stream Sect disciples over the years....

In addition to the pill furnaces, there were some jade slips in the bag of holding. After examining them, Bai Xiaochun's mind was yet again sent spinning. It actually took quite a while for him to recover. Those jade slips were clearly incredibly valuable.

They were inscribed with countless medicine formulas!

Some of them were even tier-5 formulas....

Bai Xiaochun sighed emotionally, and his eyes shone with intense light. To have so many medicinal plants and so many pill furnaces right there in front of him left him completely excited. Rubbing his hands together, he immediately pulled out a pill furnace and some bloodflame stones. After igniting the stones with some spiritual power, a blood-colored flame lit the room.

“Concoct medicine. Must concoct medicine!” He didn't start with the Foundation Establishment Pill. Instead, he studied the formula for something called a Spirit-Tempering Crystallizing Pill, after which he began to concoct it.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, half a month went by. Bai

Xiaochun never went outside even once, and soon his hair was completely disheveled. He was completely immersed within his medicine concocting. He failed over and over again as he built up experience and performed experiments. He pursued new trains of thought, and every time he came up with a new idea, he would laugh out loud with joy.

As his laughter echoed out of the immortal's cave, the blood trees shivered, and any Middle Peak cultivators who happened to be passing by would be surprised, but mostly dismissive.

Most of the cultivators on Middle Peak had some sort of beef with Bai Xiaochun, although none of them would ever dare to reveal that publically. However, as time passed, all sorts of gossip spread.

“So what if he gained enlightenment of the wall fragment? Does he really think he's going to concoct some sort of amazing spirit medicine?”

“Hmph. I heard that all of the plant and vegetation resources in the whole sect were sent over to Nightcrypt. He's just digging his own grave. He's going to fail completely, or at best concoct some ordinary spirit medicine. Either way, he's screwed!”

“Who cares about medicine concocting? I don't even understand why the sect thinks it's important!”

However, Song Junwan and the three other grand elders, as well as the prime elders on Ancestor Peak, were filled with anticipation. Even the Song Clan patriarch felt the same way, and was

constantly looking over toward Middle Peak.

Ten days passed. Bai Xiaochun's extended time in seclusion was being viewed with increasing derision by the Middle Peak cultivators. Of course, most of that was jealousy. They were jealous of his relationship with the grand elder, jealous that the sect cared so much about him, and jealous that he was being gifted with so many plant and vegetation resources.

However, his overall level of power was extraordinary, and everyone knew it. Because of the Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening, he had already surpassed the power of a Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment Dharma protector. The Earthstring Foundation Establishment elders were starting to feel threatened, and even the late Foundation Establishment experts were worried.

Another three days passed....

Bai Xiaochun had been working at medicine concocting for a full month straight. Inside his immortal's cave, he was working like mad, his eyes bloodshot as he paced back and forth around the pill furnace. He never stopped concocting. He would draw upon the plants and vegetation he had access to as he aimed for the medical strength he desired. Each time he failed, he would see new hope for success.

"This time I'm definitely going to succeed!" he said hoarsely, licking his lips and staring at the pill furnace. Several more hours passed, and then the pill furnace began to tremble. A medicinal aroma spread out, and Bai Xiaochun's eyes shone with anticipation. Moments later, though, his excitement turned into

fear.

“What’s going on!?” he said, eyes widening. In the instant that the spirit medicine was supposed to emerge, the pill furnace suddenly began to heat up. Apparently, the strength of the pill was causing instability, which was affecting the pill furnace itself. Even the bloodflame stones were being influenced, which was causing the heat spike. Instantly, a sensation of intense danger filled Bai Xiaochun’s heart.

Cracking sounds rang out, and the pill furnace began to shake violently. Fissures spread out across its surface, which were filled with shining, blood-colored fire. From the look of things, the pill furnace was about to explode.

A shocking force was building up inside, causing the pill furnace to bulge dramatically....

“It’s gonna blow!!” he gasped, his scalp tingling. This was a tier-4 spirit medicine, something far beyond tier-2 or tier-3 medicines.

Even an exploding tier-3 spirit medicine was completely shocking, but the idea of how much force the detonation of a tier-4 spirit medicine would release caused Bai Xiaochun’s pupils to constrict. From the aura that was emanating from the pill furnace, Bai Xiaochun could tell that it had force comparable to a Foundation Establishment cultivator.

There was no time to sit around thinking about what to do. Shrieking, Bai Xiaochun reached out and grabbed the bulging

furnace, then drew upon the full power of his cultivation base to burst outside and hurl it up into the air.

“Everybody watch out!” he cried at the top of his lungs. The pill furnace sailed up above Middle Peak, and then exploded, releasing a thunderous boom that shook heaven and earth. A shockwave also blasted out, sweeping over everything in sight.

As the pill furnace exploded, medicinal dregs shot out in all directions. Even more terrifying was that the burning shrapnel created by the exploding furnace rained down in all directions.

Countless Middle Peak disciples were badly frightened, and rushed out to see what was happening.

“What’s wrong?!”

“What happened?!”

“Is the Spirit Stream Sect attacking us?!”

In their shock, they looked up and saw flames streaking through sky like falling stars to land in various locations around Middle Peak. As each bit slammed into the ground, booms echoed out.

Soon, cries of alarm rose up into the air. Wherever the destroyed remnants of the pill furnace landed, flames rose up. There were even some unfortunate cultivators who caught on fire and began to scream at the tops of their lungs.

All of Middle Peak was thrown into chaos. Song Junwan was shaken, and when she rushed out, she saw Middle Peak engulfed in flames. She could smell the acrid odor of a destroyed medicinal pill, and could also see the chunks of the pill furnace raining down.

“Is this what happens when you concoct medicine?” she thought with a gasp. “I can’t believe medicine concocting is so terrifying!” In her mind, medicine concocting should be a calm, peaceful activity, and even if something went wrong, there shouldn’t be a huge disaster like this.

If disciples of the Spirit Stream Sect were present, they would definitely understand what was happening, and would probably even feel bad for the Blood Stream Sect and say, “Disaster strikes once Sect Uncle Bai starts concocting medicine.”

Chapter 223: Flying Furnaces Fill the Firmament

Bai Xiaochun's heart was pounding with nervousness. The exploding pill furnace had not only been shocking, but also a very close call....

“If I had been just a bit slower, it would have blown up my immortal's cave! But that's not the scariest part. I might have lost my poor little life! That would have been a tragedy.” Bai Xiaochun ducked his head down, trying to look apologetic to the furious crowd around him. He quickly made some adjustments to the cave's spell formation, and then hurried back inside.

There, he braced himself to face a mob, but after an entire day passed, nothing happened. Surprised, he waited even longer, but no one ever showed up.

“Weird.... Oh well. I guess it doesn't matter. I'll just keep concocting. Now why did that pill furnace explode?” Sitting down cross-legged, he rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

What he didn't know was that the reason nobody came looking for him was because of how people called him Nightdevil. He was already completely infamous, and although people wanted to go call him to account, the way he had slaughtered people with the blood sword left them no choice but to grit their teeth and endure.

Another reason was that, although the explosion had been a powerful one, and caused a lot of fires, other than that, it didn't

really influence anyone negatively....

Three days later, Bai Xiaochun slapped his thigh.

“In the past, my tier-3 medicines also exploded. But this time, the explosion happened for a different reason. When tier-4 spirit medicines are in the final stages of condensing into a pill, they absorb qi from their surroundings, which leads to instability!

“It doesn’t have anything to do with the bloodflame stones. The pill is being destroyed from the inside out!” Panting, hair in disarray, eyes shining with enlightenment, he quickly rolled up his sleeves and produced a new pill furnace to work with.

The concocting process went much more quickly this time. A day later, and the spirit medicine was already taking form. As it did, he paid close attention, and was also fully prepared for any outcome. Suddenly, the pill furnace began to turn bright red, and cracks started to spread out across its surface. A violent eruption was obviously building up, and the pill furnace even began to bulge in shocking fashion, even more dramatically than last time.

Bai Xiaochun gasped. Waving his sleeve, he collected up the pill furnace and then raced outside, where he threw it high up into the air. Unfortunately, he didn’t have time to call out a warning this time....

A deafening boom echoed out as the pill furnace exploded, sending shrapnel in all directions, along with waves of violet-colored flames....

Booming thuds then rose up as the pieces landed on the ground. At the same time, enraged roars could be heard.

“Again?! What are you doing, Nightcrypt?!?!”

“Nightcrypt, are you really concocting medicine? If you want to kill us, why not just fight us!?!?”

“What pill is he trying to concoct?!?!”

There were about ten cultivators who were directly affected, and despite their rage, they didn't do anything other than gnash their teeth. They didn't dare to cause any problems for Nightcrypt.

Bai Xiaochun remained in his immortal's cave, terrified. However, after some time passed and nobody came to complain, he sighed and looked off into the distance.

“You people understand the situation, and choose not to cause problems for me. Don't worry. I promise this will be the last time.” Taking a deep breath at how sincere he was in his efforts, he once again began to concoct.

Three days later....

“Dammit, what's wrong!?” Feeling like he was going insane, he rushed outside and threw the pill furnace up into the air.

BOOM!

Five days later... boom! Seven days later... boom! Ten days later....

“How could this be happening?!” He felt like he was going completely mad. This time, he threw an especially large pill furnace up into the air!

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

During the ten days that passed, Middle Peak was driven insane. Every day or two, another pill furnace would explode, raining down shrapnel and fire. Many places on Middle Peak were scorched to the ground.

Many newly erected immortal's caves were burned to ash, and one cultivator after another was left screaming in rage. Eventually, not a single blade of grass or plant on Middle Peak was left unscorched.

Although Master God-Diviner's immortal's cave wasn't harmed, he did catch on fire at least once....

The killing intent of the Middle Peak cultivators continued to build until it seemed like it might explode.

The situation was a bit better on the upper finger. However, the fires eventually spread that far too, and the mid and late Foundation Establishment cultivators there were slowly building up into a rage. All of Middle Peak was turning into a ticking timebomb.

“Nightcrypt, are you looking to die?!?!”

“If I don’t kill Nightcrypt, then I’m not human!!”

“Dammit! Does Nightcrypt want to burn Middle Peak to the ground? He’s not concocting medicine, he’s trying to kill us!”

The unusually large pill furnace that he threw up into the air didn’t actually explode in until it landed. After it smashed into one of the blood waterfalls, a huge boom rang out, and masses of blood and water surged out in all directions. A miserable shriek rang out from Song Que’s mouth as he emerged, engulfed in flames. His hair and eyebrows were almost immediately burned away.

“Nightcrypt!!!” he howled, shooting toward Bai Xiaochun’s immortal’s cave. His actions caused the suppressed emotions of the other cultivators to erupt, and they joined him in shouting at the tops of their lungs.

“Kill Nightcrypt!”

“If Nightcrypt doesn’t die, then we’ll all be killed!”

“First he messed with the blood qi, then he chased that rabbit, and now he has these exploding furnaces. Nightcrypt is a walking disaster!”

“You’re dead, Nightcrypt! You destroyed my immortal’s cave during the blood qi incident, then again because of the rabbit, and now again with a pill furnace!!”

Never before had the cultivators of Middle Peak been united in such a way. Ninety percent of the cultivators, from early to late Foundation Establishment, raged with murderous auras as they shot toward Bai Xiaochun’s immortal’s cave, intent on joining hands to destroy it.

Even if the sect prohibited such action, they didn’t care. They were convinced that the sect wouldn’t cause problems for all of the Foundation Establishment cultivators on Middle Peak because of a single person.

When Bai Xiaochun saw what was happening, his scalp began to tingle with fear. Even though he was already in the mid Foundation Establishment stage, and was sure he could easily crush even a large group of opponents, it was a shock to see so many Foundation Establishment cultivators racing toward him, including both Mortal-Dao and Earthstring types, from the early to the late stage, all of them bristling with killing intent, and many without any hair or eyebrows.

Song Que was leading them all, a pack of hornets whose howls shook the mountain peak like thunder.

“Listen to me, people!” Bai Xiaochun cried, face ashen from fear. Backing up, he tried to offer explanations, but his voice was drowned out by the howls of rage. As the people closed in, their cultivation bases surging with shocking power, they became like a wave of rage, upon which the rowboat which was Bai Xiaochun teetered on the verge of death.

That was when a cold snort echoed from Ancestor Peak, a snort filled with frigid iciness. It pierced into the maddened minds of the mob, and all the cultivators who had been planning to attack Bai Xiaochun were instantly shaken to their souls.

Only a prime elder or a patriarch would be able to calm down such a large group of people so quickly. It didn’t matter who it was that had just snorted, it left everyone shaking.

Simultaneously, Grand Elder Song Junwan appeared in front of Bai Xiaochun. Looking around coldly at the group of cultivators, she frowned and said, “Enough is enough. Nightcrypt didn’t do any of this on purpose. It’s hard to avoid accidents when concocting medicine!”

The surrounding Foundation Establishment cultivators could say nothing in response. However, despite the fact that they feared and respected the grand elder, they were haughty and arrogant people by nature, and inwardly, were still just as angry as before. Even their eyes radiated a brutal coldness.

“The patriarch agrees on this point!” Song Junwan continued

coolly, her eyes radiating cold light. When the Foundation Establishment cultivators heard that, they had no choice but to sigh bitterly. Biting their tongues, they turned to leave. Of course, their hatred for Bai Xiaochun still burned hot inside of them.

All of them were thinking the same thing: “You can’t keep this up. The patriarch’s patience has a limit, and sooner or later, you’ll meet a bitter end!”

Inwardly, they chuckled coldly, filled with expectation for the day that Nightcrypt would be punished by the sect.

After the crowd dispersed, fear still lingered in Bai Xiaochun’s heart. Looking over at Song Junwan, he slapped his chest and said, “Those people were being so unreasonable! I’m concocting medicine for the sect!”

Song Junwan, who had already been turning to leave, looked back at Bai Xiaochun with a strange expression on her face. Then she shook her head. Even she would never have been able to imagine that pill concocting could prove to be so dangerous....

After a moment of hesitation, she said, “Nightcrypt, you had better end up concocting a pill that pleases the patriarch.”

With that, she gave him a deep look, and then left.

She didn’t want to go into any more detail than that. She was sure that Nightcrypt would understand her meaning; the

leadership of the Blood Stream Sect cared about the result, not the process. If, in the end, Nightcrypt was able to concoct a pill that pleased the patriarch, then everything that happened along the way wouldn't matter. As long as he didn't go too far, they wouldn't just ignore the mishaps; they would shield him from the consequences.

However, if he failed to produce a satisfactory medicinal pill, then he would be viewed as useless, and the sect would demand restitution.

Essentially, the more useful he was, the more they would use him, and the more powerful he would be in the sect!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes flickered. Naturally, he understood what was going on. He had come to understand the way the Blood Stream Sect did things way back on Corpse Peak....

"They look at the result, not the process." He sighed. "What a great sect!" Coughing dryly, he returned to his immortal's cave and continued concocting.

Back on Ancestor Peak, the Song Clan patriarch was sitting in a large hall. Looking away from Middle Peak, he smiled at the two prime elders who were there to accompany him. All of them seemed quite pleased.

"Aren't Nightcrypt's concocting methods a bit excessive?" one of the prime elders said with the shake of a head.

The other prime elder chuckled. Sounding a bit sarcastic, he said, “That’s what Blood Stream Sect disciples are supposed to be like. Don’t concoct pills like everyone else! You can see at a single glance that he walks a devilish path. Everyone else concocts pills as if they’re drinking warm water. He concocts them with explosive flair!”

Chapter 224: This Isn't Betraying The Sect, Is It?

Ten days passed. On two occasions, pill furnaces exploded, but there was nothing Bai Xiaochun could do about it. Reducing the medicinal strength seemed to be the only option. As far as Bai Xiaochun was concerned, these pill furnaces were simply too weak....

After reducing the medicinal strength, and utilizing the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation technique, he was gradually able to stabilize things, and in the end, managed to successfully concoct a batch of tier-4 Spirit-Tempering Crystallizing Pills.

Although only five pills came out, and they were all low-grade, they still contained far more spiritual energy than any other spirit medicine that Bai Xiaochun had concocted in the past. He could even feel the spiritual energy pulsing inside of them when he held them in his hand.

They almost seemed intelligent....

That was one of the unique characteristics of tier-4 medicinal pills. After examining them closely for a bit, Bai Xiaochun started to get even more excited than before. Although he was confident that a pill like this would please a prime elder, it probably wouldn't be good enough for the Song Clan patriarch.

"I need to increase my success rate significantly. Then the Song Clan patriarch will definitely be convinced!" Sticking his chin up

proudly, he continued concocting with the techniques he had already perfected to some degree.

He wanted more control over tier-4 spirit medicine, and a higher success rate, similar to what he had with tier-3 spirit medicines. It was with complete focus that Bai Xiaochun proceeded to ignore the outside world, and immerse himself in the Dao of medicine. Next, he selected another classic tier-4 spirit medicine formula, Misty Spirit Incense.

A few days later, a fragrant aroma rose up from the new batch of spirit medicine, and Bai Xiaochun's eyes immediately began to shine. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and the pill furnace opened, causing a stream of green smoke to rise up into the air.

"Huh?" What shocked Bai Xiaochun most wasn't the green smoke, it was the fact that no spirit medicine could be seen inside!

"What went wrong?" he thought, shocked. He inspected the pill furnace carefully, but there was nothing inside, not even any medicinal dregs. It was almost as if the spirit medicine in the pill furnace had vanished into thin air.

Thinking about the smoke, he looked around the immortal's cave, but didn't see anything out of the ordinary. Frowning, he started working on another batch, determined to identify the source of the problem.

The same thing happened with the next batch. "It turned into

green smoke again?”

Green smoke rose up, and within a few breaths of time, had completely vanished. No matter how he tried to capture it or prevent it from dissipating, it faded away.

“Interesting. Every tier-4 spirit medicine seems to have a unique property to it.” He wasn’t discouraged. Quite the contrary. For the following month, he tried numerous methods to solve the problem. However, the dozen or so batches he completed during that time all resulted in a green smoke which quickly faded away.

As Bai Xiaochun continued his research and study into the Misty Spirit Incense, the cultivators of Middle Peak were finally awakening from the nightmare that had been the exploding pill furnaces. However, before they even had a chance to rejoice, they found themselves sinking into another nightmare.

The first cultivator to be struck with misfortune was Master God-Diviner. About ten days before, in the middle of the night, he had been performing an augury for someone when suddenly his face fell. To the surprise of the cultivator sitting in front of him, Master God-Diviner rushed out of the room, face bright red. That night, he felt like he was about to fall to pieces. The following morning at dawn, his face was ashen.

“What’s going on? I haven’t eaten food for more than ten years. How could I be having diarrhea...?” Clutching his abdomen, he tried to perform a divination, but before he could finish, a growling sound echoed out from inside of him....

Soon, one cultivator after another was affected. Regardless of whether they were in their immortal's caves or not, anyone on Middle Peak who breathed in the aura caused by the green smoke would be stricken with diarrhea. It didn't matter when or where they were....

If it were an ordinary case of diarrhea, it might not have been a big deal. However, days passed, and the situation only continued to worsen. The ones who had it best off only ended up visiting the restroom ten or more times per day, but for others, it was over a hundred.

The cultivators of Middle Peak were starting to go crazy, and couldn't even imagine what sort of poison could be causing the situation. Some of the Foundation Establishment cultivators couldn't handle it, and began to collapse unconscious.

“Someone's poisoned us!!”

“Dammit! What exactly is going on? This couldn't be Nightcrypt, could it?!”

A plague of diarrhea had struck the lower finger of Middle Peak. There was an invisible poison mist that seemed to affect any cultivator who encountered it, regardless of the level of their cultivation base. Soon, Middle Peak was virtually a ghost town. Everyone was on the verge of going completely insane, and yet barely had the energy to move.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a problem that simply went away after a short time passed. Song Que lay prone, listless and weak. He had visited the restroom so many times that by this point, he almost felt like a mortal.

“What’s happening!?” people moaned.

“It must be Nightcrypt! He’s concocting medicine, and the aura is spreading out and doing this to us!”

More and more people began to come to the same conclusion. However, no one could even go to investigate; the diarrhea had gotten so bad that most people couldn't even leave their immortal's caves.

Soon, the upper finger was being affected. Song Junwan simply left, shaking in fear at the thought of medicine concocting.

“Just what kind of concocting is he doing?” she sighed, looking down sympathetically at Middle Peak. “How could it be so terrifying!?”

Eventually, word spread to the other three mountain peaks, and the cultivators there began to laugh and joke about the matter. Some of them went over to the vicinity of Middle Peak to investigate for themselves, but they quickly returned and went into secluded meditation.

Eventually, the cultivators of Middle Peak began to leave.

Unfortunately, they could only crawl, so that was how they made their escape. They crawled slowly away, unwilling to remain behind any longer. Sadly, they had been severely poisoned, so even after leaving, the symptoms lingered. Everyone teetered on the verge of collapse, glaring in terror at Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave. If they had to choose between this and exploding furnaces, they would pick the furnaces....

“Nightcrypt is so vicious! He's definitely getting revenge on us!”

“Dammit! We shouldn't call him Nightdevil, we should call him Plaguedevil!!”

“Nightcrypt the Plaguedevil!!”

As time passed, and the Foundation Establishment cultivators simmered in suffering, their hatred for Bai Xiaochun dissipated. Most of them resolved that in the future, they would do anything possible to avoid provoking him....

He was truly a terrifying figure, and his tactics of cutting down his enemies with invisible medicinal pills was truly mind-numbing.

Furthermore, quite a few cultivators changed their mind about the Dao of medicine, and decided that they should spend more time studying it....

Even Ancestor Peak took note of what was happening. Of course,

Bai Xiaochun had no idea what was going on. Because he cultivated the Undying Live Forever Technique, he wasn't affected at all, and was completely consumed in the Dao of medicine. A month later, he finally solved the problem of the green smoke, and succeeded in concocting the Misty Spirit Incense.

Then he went on to concoct some other tier-4 spirit medicines. Eventually, he raised his success rate to seventy percent. By that point, he had run out of medicinal plants, and was forced to take a break. Spirit medicine in hand, he sighed and walked out of the Immortal's cave.

It was a bright, sunny morning, but for some reason, everything seemed unusually quiet. Bai Xiaochun looked around and found that Middle Peak was completely empty.

At first he was shocked, but then he was pleased. He had finally managed to concoct some medicine without affecting people in the area. Sighing again, he began to walk along through Middle Peak. Before long though, he started to get nervous.

"Why is it so quiet?" he thought. Something seemed off. By the time he reached the bottom of the mountain, he hadn't seen a single person, or even detected any signs of life. All of the immortal's caves seemed empty.

"Where is everyone?" Blinking, he started to get even more nervous, and then picked up his pace. Soon, he caught sight of one of the Middle Peak Foundation Establishment cultivators, hobbling along with the help of two Inner Sect disciples. When the cultivator looked up and saw Bai Xiaochun, a tremor ran through

him, and his eyes widened as if with fear as he raised a trembling finger to point at Bai Xiaochun..

“Are... are you finished concocting?” he asked.

“Huh?” Bai Xiaochun replied, a bit confused.”Um, yeah I’m finished!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the cultivator shivered, then turned toward the Inner Sect district and yelled as loud as he could: “You can all come out now! Let’s go back to our immortal’s caves. Plaguedevil is finished concocting medicine!!”

Soon, cries of relief rang out from numerous immortal’s caves in the Inner Sect as countless figures appeared, supported by Inner Sect disciples. They all looked gaunt and sallow, their expressions simultaneously listless and excited.

“Are you serious?! Plaguedevil finally finished with his medicine concocting?”

“The heavens do have eyes!!”

“We can finally go back to Middle Peak....”

Song Que was in the crowd, his legs trembling as he glared at Bai Xiaochun. He was unlike the rest of the crowd; he had not been cowed into fear, and still wanted to kill Nighcrypt.

Bai Xiaochun scratched his head guiltily as the crowds of Inner Sect disciples helped the Foundation Establishment cultivators on their way back to Middle Peak.

For the time it takes an incense stick to burn, he watched hundreds of people passing him. Then Song Junwan flew by overhead, and then circled around to land in front of him, mixed emotions on her face.

“Big Sis Song....” he said carefully.

“Finished concocting?” she asked with a wry smile. “Give me the spirit medicine, I’ll take it to the patriarch.”

Bai Xiaochun quickly pulled five tier-4 spirit medicines out of his bag of holding. They were only a portion of what he had concocted. The rest he kept to himself, naturally.

Song Junwan accepted them, and after examining them briefly, was clearly moved. She gave Bai Xiaochun a deep look, then smiled. Telling him to wait for her, she flew toward the top of Middle Peak.

Bai Xiaochun was already feeling very nervous. He knew the rules in the Blood Stream Sect. Although he was confident that he had done enough to impress the leadership of the Blood Stream Sect, he was still a bit anxious.

He waited for the time it takes an incense stick to burn, whereupon Song Junwan returned. A strange look could be seen in her eyes as she handed him a command medallion, then lifted his chin with her finger. Her breath smelled like orchids as she said, “The patriarch wanted me to tell you that from now, as long as you don’t betray the sect, you will be treated like a direct descendant of the Song Clan!”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes sparkled at the thought of being to do virtually anything he wished in the sect. Feeling extremely proud of himself, he looked back at the lovely grand elder, and then reached out and lifted her chin with his finger.

“Does this count as betraying the sect?” he said with a chuckle. Song Junwan’s eyes went wide. In all her life, she had never encountered anyone who dared to flirt with her in such a way. She instantly blushed, but then her eyes flickered with cold light.

“It seems I need to teach a bit about why grand elders are supposed to be respected!”

Chapter 225: Come Back Home With Me, Nightcrypt!

The command medallion was a gift from the Song Clan patriarch, and was a guarantee that as long as he didn't betray the sect, he could do virtually anything he wanted in the sect.

He could even kill people with impunity!

Unfortunately, it was useless when dealing with Song Junwan. It didn't matter that he was in mid Foundation Establishment, there was no way he was a match for someone like her, a top expert who was on the verge of reaching Core Formation. Of course, Song Junwan didn't attack him, she merely glared at him for a moment before turning and leaving.

Over the course of the following days, news about Nightcrypt successfully concocting a tier-4 spirit medicine spread throughout the entire Blood Stream Sect. Everyone, prime elders included, heard about the matter.

Even the blood rippers, who were almost always in secluded meditation, caught wind of the name of Nightcrypt. It was the same with the rest of the patriarchs.

The Song Clan patriarch seemed to take him especially seriously, and his attitude determined the attitude of the Song Clan. Of course, the Song Clan was a major force in the Blood Stream Sect, with roots that ran very deep.

Eventually, news about Nightcrypt and his medicine concocting leaked out of the sect to the cultivator clans. Word even reached the Spirit Stream Sect. Hou Yunfei and Bai Xiaochun's other friends were all struck speechless. Some of them couldn't help but think of Bai Xiaochun, but the idea that the two of them were connected seemed so preposterous that they quickly dismissed such notions.

Either way, the stories about Nightcrypt caused the other sects to view him as an even more important person in the Blood Stream Sect. Some people even placed him on the same level as Song Que.

Of course, in the Blood Stream Sect, things were different. A lot of people already viewed Song Que as being inferior to Nightcrypt. Not only did Nightcrypt have terrifying battle prowess, he was also brutal, vicious, and had a devilish way of concocting medicine. Few people dared to even approach him.

The fact that a pestilence of diarrhea had struck an entire mountain caused countless hearts to be struck with even more fear than before.

His nickname soon changed from Nightdevil to Plaguedevil. The mere idea of how he would cut people down without even shedding blood was terrifying.

Bai Xiaochun actually enjoyed the change in attitude. Most of the cultivators on Middle Peak were dead set on avoiding him at all costs.

None were willing to provoke him, and although some still resented him, no major issues arose.

As for the Inner Sect disciples, they thought of him as some sort of vicious wild beast. The mere thought of him would cause their legs to go weak, and based on the stories that circulated among them, he was the type of person who could wipe out an entire mountain peak if he wanted.

However, Bai Xiaochun's life only went smoothly for a few days. Calling upon her authority as the grand elder of Middle Peak, Song Junwan issued a whole series of orders to him. She had him sweep all of the paths on Middle Peak, had him go repair all of the destroyed Immortal's caves, and told him to do other similar things. She found plenty of ways to control Bai Xiaochun, to the point where he was left scowling on the verge of tears.

"So I slipped up one little time...!" Bai Xiaochun huffed. Just when he was finishing sweeping Middle Peak, he got another order from Song Junwan. He was now to scrub all garbage receptacles on Middle Peak.

"I can't believe she's being such a bully! How come she can make a pass at me, but I can't do the same thing back!?" Bai Xiaochun was brimming with anger. How could he go around scrubbing garbage receptacles, considering his status in the sect? It was at around that moment that a beam of light appeared off in the distance, which circled around and headed toward Bai Xiaochun.

When he looked up, he realized it was the grand elder of Corpse Peak.

“Hey there, Nightcrypt, old boy,” the grand elder said, laughing heartily. Landing near Bai Xiaochun, he walked over and saw the broom in Bai Xiaochun was holding. Eyes glittering, he said, “Being punished? I can’t believe you actually dared to make a pass at Song Junwan!”

Although he was the grand elder of Corpse Peak, he knew that Nightcrypt was an extraordinary person who would likely become a patriarch. He had virtually limitless potential, and was also haughty and arrogant. Therefore, the grand elder had long since come to view him as a cultivator of the same generation as himself.

“Yeah, so what?” Bai Xiaochun replied, glaring and sticking his chin up. “She made a pass at me first!!”

The grand elder looked around carefully, then lowered his voice and said, “Nightcrypt, old boy, you listen to me. Do you know what kind of person Song Junwan is? She’s a damned scorpion, that’s what! Of all the guys who have dared to provoke her over the years, not a single one met a good end. In fact, years ago, when she was in the Qi Condensation stage, I personally witnessed how she dealt with someone who treated her improperly. She gutted him alive....”

“Gutted him alive?!” Bai Xiaochun asked, gasping.

The grand elder looked around furtively for a moment before

continuing, “Did you ever hear about Blood Master Situ Hao from Lesser Marsh Peak? A few years ago, he harbored malicious intentions toward Song Junwan. She chased him all the way to Nameless Peak, and almost managed to gut him too!”

“She guts blood masters?!” Bai Xiaochun felt his scalp tingling like mad. He knew that in the Blood Stream Sect, blood masters occupied a very high position, similar to the sect leader. In fact, in some ways, they were even more powerful than the sect leader. The sect leader couldn’t directly issue orders to the cultivators of a mountain peak, but a blood master could!

Furthermore, only by reaching Core Formation and becoming a blood master could someone ever have a chance of becoming a blood ripper! Blood rippers were the most important force in the sect next to the patriarchs!

For various reasons, blood masters were people who could drive countless other members of the sect into madness.

Bai Xiaochun was more nervous than ever. After glancing up at the upper finger, he looked back at the Corpse Peak grand elder and said, “What are you doing here anyway? Trying to scare me?”

“Why would I want to scare you, Nightcrypt, old boy?” he replied, smiling broadly. “I’m just telling you the facts! Hey, we’ve been friends since your days in the Inner Sect, haven’t we? Such good friends.... In fact, I even went to the sect leader and asked if it would be alright to invite you to Corpse Peak to concoct some medicine. If you do, then you won’t have to follow any orders from that ogress Song Junwan, right?”

“How about this: take as much time to think it over as you need. Don’t worry, I’ll provide you with all the medicinal ingredients. Actually, they’ve already been prepared. After you’re finished, you’ll have my profound thanks! Oh, right. The Corpse Peak blood master said that if you agree to concoct medicine for us, he’ll give you that emerald zombie you refined as a gift!” The Corpse Peak grand elder slapped his bag of holding and produced a command medallion, which was none other than the device to control the emerald zombie.

Bai Xiaochun looked at it and confirmed that it was the very control device which he had handed over, the one that controlled the emerald zombie. Of course, if he wanted to, he could invalidate the command medallion with a mere thought at any time.

However, the idea of concocting medicine at Corpse Peak to evade the punishments of Song Junwan seemed like a wonderful idea. He didn’t agree right away though. Instead, he put a hesitant expression onto his face.

“You know,” he said with a wince, “whenever I concoct medicine, fellow sect members often suffer....”

“I’ll personally kill anyone who complains,” the grand elder responded immediately. “Nightcrypt, old boy, rest at ease and concoct to your heart’s content! As long as you can make me a tier-4 Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill, then anything goes!”

Bai Xiaochun cleared his throat. He was about to continue to play

hard to get when suddenly, a cold snort echoed out from the upper finger.

“Nightcrypt, why haven’t you started scrubbing yet!?”

“And then there’s you, old fogey. What are you doing off of Corpse Peak!? Why are you always interfering in my business on Middle Peak!” It was none other than Song Junwan. As soon as her voice rang out, Bai Xiaochun grabbed the arm of the Corpse Peak grand elder.

“I agree! When do we leave!?”

“Now!” replied the grand elder, elated. Throwing his head back and laughing uproariously, he unleashed the power of his cultivation base, taking Bai Xiaochun with him as he shot toward Corpse Peak in a beam of light.

At first, Song Junwan’s jaw dropped in shock. But then a strange fire began to rage in her heart, and she flew out to block the path of the Corpse Peak grand elder. “Where do you think you’re going, Nightcrypt!?”

However, it was at that very moment that a blood-colored beam of light shot out from Corpse Peak. It was a middle-aged man with a mane of blood-colored hair, wearing a long, blood-colored robe. Even his skin was the color of blood, and eyes shone with piercing light. Clearly, he had a Foundation Establishment cultivation base, and yet he emanated an energy that was no weaker than that of a prime elder. A single step put him directly in front of Song

Junwan.

“Junwan, Junior Brother Nightcrypt is a famous person in the sect. Even the patriarchs like him. It’s fundamentally wrong to force him to do such menial, humiliating tasks. Junior Brother Nightcrypt has agreed to come to Corpse Peak to concoct medicine, so just calm down, we won’t treat him badly!” The man waved his right hand, and Corpse Peak trembled, as though it were resonating with him. At the same time, incredible pressure weighed down in all directions.

“Windcliff, I don’t care if you’re the blood master of Corpse Peak, what gives you the right to interfere in Middle Peak’s affairs!?” Song Junwan’s eyes flickered with killing intent as she stared at the blood-colored figure, who was none other than Blood Master Windcliff from Corpse Peak!

“I’m not a useless piece of crap like Situ Hao! You’re not getting past me!” Windcliff took another step forward to block her path while the grand elder sped along toward Corpse Peak with Bai Xiaochun in tow.

“Nightcrypt, come back home this instant!” Song Junwan shouted lividly.

Seeing that Song Junwan’s path had been obstructed, and knowing that he was now safe, Bai Xiaochun shook his head vigorously and shot back, “I’m not going back, no matter what you say!”

“Are you coming or not!?” she cried, stamping her foot in fury.

“Not!” he retorted with another shake of the head.

“Oh, look at you, Nightcrypt. Think you’re tough stuff now, huh? If you don’t come back this instant, then you can forget about ever coming back!” With that, she turned angrily and headed back toward Middle Peak.

“Fine!” Bai Xiaochun said with an angry snort. “I’m never going back!” Then he turned and headed toward Corpse Peak.

By this point, the grand elder was sweating as he looked first at Bai Xiaochun, and then back at the equally furious Song Junwan.

“You two...?” he said hesitantly, starting to wonder exactly what had gone on between them....

The exchange that had just gone on left the Corpse Peak grand elder, as well as Blood Master Windcliff, blinking in shock. Something about the whole conversation seemed a bit off.

They weren’t the only ones to have such a reaction. Any other cultivator who heard their argument couldn’t shake the feeling that they were hearing a fight between a husband and wife. It was like a husband angrily storming out of the house and the wife cursing him the entire way....

Chapter 226: Don't Worry About Anything

Song Junwan returned to the upper finger of Middle Peak, her face a mask of rage as she flew over her blood lake and toward her immortal's cave. Before the door could even swing open like it usually did, she kicked it as hard as she could.

A huge boom echoed out, and the door trembled as cracks spread out across its surface.

“That lousy Nightcrypt! Thinks he's all grown up now, does he? How dare he say he won't come back home with me!” She kicked the door again, and it collapsed into pieces, whereupon she stormed into her immortal's cave.

The four attendants outside were shivering in shock. They had never seen the grand elder this angry; she had actually destroyed the door to her own immortal's cave.

Soon, more bangs and crashes could be heard from inside as Song Junwan threw things to the ground and smashed them into the walls. However, she was only partially done venting her anger. She sat down where she was, her face flickering with a certain hidden bitterness that even she didn't realize was there.

“Nightcrypt, you ignoramus! I had you sweep the paths on Middle Peak and repair the immortal's caves so that people wouldn't hate you so much! When someone makes a big scene like you did, people are bound to get jealous. Okay, so maybe asking you to scrub the garbage receptacles was a bit excessive, but all you

had to do was come ask me, come beg me, and I would have let you off the hook!” Song Junwan was only getting more and more mad.

“But then you decided to collude with outsiders! I can’t believe you ran away! You say you’re not gonna come back? Fine! Don’t come back for the rest of your life!” She grabbed a nearby jug of alcohol and smashed it on the ground.

The attendants outside exchanged embarrassed looks, then simply looked down at their toes and pretended they hadn’t heard anything.

Meanwhile, in Corpse Peak’s Blood Master Temple, Bai Xiaochun was sitting there stewing in fury. In his opinion, Song Junwan was being far too overbearing. What right did she have to ask him to do all those things? Was she in charge of whether or not he concocted pills for people?

“That shrew’s temper is ridiculous!” he grumbled.

Blood Master Windcliff was sitting there in front of him, a strange half-smile on his face. The grand elder was also nearby, an equally odd expression on his face. The two of them exchanged a glance; by now, both of them were convinced that something was going on between Nightcrypt and Song Junwan.

“Take a deep breath, Junior Brother Nightcrypt,” said Blood Master Windcliff, smiling. “Why don’t we talk about the medicine concocting situation?”

Bai Xiaochun looked up. This was his first time actually getting a look at Windcliff. After examining him for a moment, he nodded.

Recently, he had realized that, considering how famous he was, he should act a bit more arrogantly.

“First things first,” he said, sticking his chin up. “If anything bad happens while I’m concocting the pill, you people have to take responsibility!”

“Don’t worry about anything!” Windcliff said. Smiling, he handed a bag of holding to Bai Xiaochun. Not only was he not put off by Bai Xiaochun’s show of arrogance, he actually approved of it. What he cared about was the tier-4 spirit medicine. As long as Nightcrypt could concoct it, then it meant his own refined corpses could become more powerful.

The grand elder laughed heartily. “Come, come, Nightcrypt, old boy,” he said. “Let me show you to the immortal’s cave we’ve prepared for you. If it’s missing anything, just say the word.”

With that, the grand elder gave a look to the blood master and then led Bai Xiaochun out of Blood Master Temple.

Corpse Peak viewed Nightcrypt as someone very important, and had arranged a special location just for him on the border between the lower and upper fingers. It was in a wide-open area that had already been cleared of other cultivators.

Of course, news that Nightcrypt had come to concoct medicine had already begun to spread through Corpse Peak. Upon hearing the news, many of the Corpse Peak cultivators blanched in response. After thinking about the tragic fate of Middle Peak, they decided to be more vigilant than ever.

“I heard that the blood master and the grand elder personally invited Nightcrypt over to concoct medicine. We definitely need to watch out.”

“Nightcrypt is also called Plaguedevil. The terrifying way he concocts medicine is the talk of Middle Peak....”

There were some cultivators who didn't take the matter too seriously, assuming that the stories were mere exaggerations.

“Who cares about medicine concocting? Could it really affect us that much? That whole diarrhea thing only happened because they got careless. As long as we're on guard, nothing bad could possibly happen.”

“Hmph! Let's see what heaven-shaking, earth-shattering things happen when this Nightcrypt concocts medicine!”

Regardless of the various reactions on Corpse Peak, the blood master and the grand elder issued orders that the area around Bai Xiaochun's concoction cave was forbidden. No one was allowed to get close.

Bai Xiaochun was very pleased with all the preparations, especially the immortal's cave they had prepared just for him. After the grand elder left, he sat down cross-legged in front of another hulking cross-legged figure, a green-haired corpse. Surprisingly, its hair wasn't incredibly long anymore. However, its fangs were just as razor-sharp as before, and it also had bone spurs sticking out of its skin. It had long, wicked-looking claws, and radiated a murderous aura that was completely shocking.

This was Bai Xiaochun's emerald zombie!

Clearly, the zombie was much stronger than it had been when he had first created it. Its skin looked tougher, and overall, it seemed more brawny and powerful.

It had green eyes, and emanated an aura that made it seem strangely intelligent.

Just looking at it caused Bai Xiaochun's hair to stand on end. Although he had personally created the emerald zombie, he still found it terrifying.

"Not cute at all...." he said, glaring. "Put those fangs and claws away, and shorten that hair a bit." As soon as the words left his mouth, the emerald zombie shivered. Its fangs and claws, as well as the bone spurs, all vanished. As for its hair, it shrank down until it was almost invisible.

Its murderous aura also faded a bit. It was still green, but now it looked a lot more normal. After a moment, it looked over at Bai

Xiaochun, seemingly a bit sluggish.

“That’s better,” Bai Xiaochun said, pleased. With one last glance at the area outside of the immortal’s cave, he opened the bag of holding the blood master had given him, which was filled with a large amount of medicinal plants. Although there weren’t as many as the Song Clan patriarch had given him, they were equally valuable. There were even some plants which were more valuable than the ones the Song Clan patriarch had provided, and of higher quality.

“It seems that Corpse Peak’s blood master has quite a bit of resources on his hands!” There were also plenty of bloodflame stones and pill furnaces in the bag of holding, as well as a jade slip that had the medicine formula for the Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill.

Bai Xiaochun took the medicine formula and began to study it. Soon his eyes widened. The medicine formula was actually not very easy to understand, and there were many areas where the explanations were quite vague. Without true knowledge of how to concoct tier-4 spirit medicine, it would be impossible to understand.

In fact, even with such skill, the formula was still difficult. Thankfully, Bai Xiaochun’s skill in the Dao of medicine had already reached the point where he could concoct tier-5 spirit medicine. Therefore, after studying the formula in detail, he started to understand it. Eventually, he took a deep breath.

“This Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill uses corpses as furnaces

to brew corpse pills. Forty-nine corpses have to be withered into the form of corpse pills. Then, the forty-nine corpse pills are combined together to make the Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill!

“This is not a pill designed to be consumed by the living. It’s meant to be fed to a refined corpse. With this pill, a shadow zombie could be upgraded to a Core Formation-level flying ghoul!!” Strange light gleamed in his eyes as he looked at the medicine formula.

“This isn’t a tier-4 spirit medicine, this is more like tier-6 medicine which has been simplified to some extent by some almighty practitioner of the Dao of medicine. Only by splitting it up into forty-nine smaller processes can it be successfully concocted by someone at the tier-4 level!

“A simplified spirit medicine like this would be much weaker than the original, and would have a limited success rate. However, in combination with certain other techniques, the success rate could be pushed a bit higher.

“So, spirit medicines can be concocted in this way too, huh?” Bai Xiaochun almost couldn’t believe it, so he decided to continue to study the formula. Muttering to himself, he would occasionally look up at the emerald zombie.

After years of refinement performed by the grand elder of Corpse Peak, the emerald zombie had reached a battle prowess equivalent to the great circle of Qi Condensation. If it could make a breakthrough, it would be like a shadow zombie, equal to the Foundation Establishment stage.

“It would be a big waste to give a spirit medicine like this to the blood master. It would be way better to concoct it and use it on my own zombie..... But in that case, how would I explain things to Corpse Peak? I can only imagine what bad things might happen then....” Rubbing his chin, he looked at the medicine formula. Eyes shining, he continued to do more research.

Time passed. Half a month later, Bai Xiaochun suddenly looked up, panting. Eyes shining, he began to cackle maniacally.

“If I keep the first steps the same, but make some alterations to the final steps, I should be able to make a synchronization Blood Corpse Refining Pill!

“After refining the forty-nine corpses into pills, I can use my emerald zombie to serve as an enormous pill cauldron, and in the end reverse its blood flow. After the pill is finished, it will produce a secondary pill, a synchronization pill. I could give the synchronization pill to the blood master, and if he used it to successfully refine his corpse and break through, then my emerald zombie would be able to control it!”

Bai Xiaochun slapped his thigh, then threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Hair in disarray, expression one of excitement, he simply couldn't wait to try out this concoction method. After looking around, he began to chuckle derisively.

“So, this part was just a test, huh? You can't even create Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pills with a pill furnace.” After some

thought, he decided that the medicine formula really was a test. If he couldn't understand it, then naturally, he wouldn't be able to concoct it.

Only after truly understanding the formula would he be able to truly concoct the medicine.

With that, he rose to his feet and called over Corpse Peak's grand elder. When he arrived, he said that he needed forty-nine corpses, as well as more bloodflame stones. The grand elder didn't seem surprised at all, but rather, began to laugh excitedly. He quickly performed an incantation gesture, and then waved his finger at the immortal's cave. Rumbling sounds echoed out as a passageway appeared.

Shockingly, the passageway led to an underground necropolis!

Inside the necropolis was a lake of blood, surrounded by forty-nine zombies, all of which radiated murderous auras.

Bai Xiaochun looked around. Hands clasped behind his back, he stuck his chin up and tried to look displeased.

The grand elder clasped hands respectfully and said, "Nightcrypt, old boy, this is the true place to concoct the medicine!"

By this point, he was completely convinced of Bai Xiaochun's skill in the Dao of medicine. The truth was that the blood master had given that very same medicine formula to many other

apothecaries, and yet none of them had truly understood it. It was only because he and the grand elder had access to certain ancient records that they were aware of the true concocting method.

And yet, Nightcrypt had only used half a month to see through to the critical aspects. The grand elder was very excited. Seeing that Bai Xiaochun didn't look very happy, he politely clasped hands again. After offering an explanation, he handed over a large collection of medicinal plants, whereupon Bai Xiaochun's expression softened.

“Please leave,” he said coolly. “Without my permission, no one is to enter!”

Chapter 227: Mysterious Black Smoke....

Corpse Peak's grand elder clasped hands and then hurried away, more confident than before that Nightcrypt might be able to concoct the Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill. However, after leaving, he hesitated for a moment, and then sat down cross-legged nearby.

"I should stand guard myself to make sure there are no accidents!" Having made up his mind, he even summoned Corpse Peak's ten bloodstreak elders over to stand guard with him.

This was treatment that normally only a blood master would receive....

Bai Xiaochun ignored what was happening on the outside. Deep in the necropolis, he paced about excitedly. In all his years concocting medicine, he had never concocted a major pill like this before!

"Anything tier-6 and higher is a high-level medicine!" Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. Ignoring the murderous auras emanating from the forty-nine corpses, he took some time to examine the lake of blood.

The blood-water in the lake contained a mixture of Heavenspan River water and with powerful blood qi.

As for the forty-nine corpses, all of them had been specially selected, and even though they were only pallid zombies, they

were all at the peak of Qi Condensation. Not a wound could be seen on any of them, and they possessed powerful corpse auras.

After some observation, Bai Xiaochun was very pleased. He sat down cross-legged, and then used an entire day to meditate and get himself in the optimal mental state. When his eyes opened, he waved his right hand, sending medicinal plants flying out of his bag of holding. As they floated in front of them, he made grasping gestures, causing the plants to break apart and turn into liquid.

More and more plants were added to the liquid, and as Bai Xiaochun observed the process, he called upon the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation techniques to analyze and adjust matters. Then he sent the liquid into the corpses around him.

The medicinal liquid almost seemed to possess intelligence as it poured into the bodies of the zombies.

“The corpse pills created by each of the forty-nine zombies might seem identical, but actually, they all have minute variations. Generally speaking, the pills all need to be intentionally incomplete, with a tiny gap left.

“The most difficult part of the concocting process is using the gaps in all of the forty-nine corpse pills to bind them together. Then, their complementary aspects will merge together to form the final major pill.” Sweat began to drip down Bai Xiaochun’s forehead, but he didn’t notice, as he was completely immersed in the concocting process.

Time passed. Before long, half a month had gone by. Things were quiet on Corpse Peak, and soon, the cultivators there started to relax. Many of them were starting to think that the cultivators of Middle Peak had really made a mountain out of a molehill when it came to Nightcrypt's pill concocting. There didn't seem to be anything terrifying about it at all....

An entire month went by, and nothing at all happened on Corpse Peak. By this point, the cultivators there were all very relaxed. As for the cultivators from Middle Peak, they were all shocked.

After hearing that Nightcrypt had gone to Corpse Peak, they had been prepared for a great spectacle. However, after two months passed, and Corpse Peak seemed the same as ever, the Middle Peak cultivators were starting to feel a bit resentful.

“How come we're the unlucky ones? I can't believe it! Nothing has happened at all now that Plaguedevil is on Corpse Peak!!”

“Why are there no exploding furnaces? Why is there no diarrhea outbreak? This isn't fair!”

“Don't tell me that Plaguedevil has had a change of character?”

Another half month passed. The cultivators of Corpse Peak were completely at ease, and some of them had even forgotten about the fact that Nightcrypt was there concocting pills. But not the Middle Peak cultivators. They continued to stare at Corpse Peak, as if they refused to rest until they saw the place descend into misfortune.

It was around that time that Bai Xiaochun finally finished with the first step of the Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill. The forty-nine corpses had been sufficiently imbued with the proper medicinal plants, and now he began to use the bloodflame stones to increase the temperature of the blood lake. Soon the medicinal liquid inside of the forty-nine corpses began to seethe.

Another month passed, and the Middle Peak cultivators felt dead inside. They were furious at the unfairness of the situation, and were starting to think that Nightcrypt didn't deserve to be called Plaguedevil.

But then, something happened!

The forty-nine corpses began to slowly wither. As they did, Bai Xiaochun's expression brightened, and he performed constant incantation gestures, which, in turn, caused one gray corpse pill after another to rise up out of the lake of blood.

"The critical moment has arrived!" Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath, then sent out a stream of thought, which caused the emerald zombie to open its eyes. Suddenly, forty-nine green hairs emerged from the emerald zombie, which spread out and pierced into the forty-nine corpse pills, then began to absorb them.

The corpse pills rapidly withered, and soon transformed into nothing more than ash. All of their essence had been absorbed by the emerald zombie, and was transformed into forty-nine streams of flowing energy.

Bai Xiaochun's expression turned very serious as he hurried over to the emerald zombie, where he waved his right hand back and forth through the air. Almost immediately, the emerald zombie became like a pill furnace, and the forty-nine streams of energy inside it began to form together into the Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill.

As he waved his hand, the emerald zombie trembled, and its expression twisted and distorted as violent bursts of energy began to pulse out of it. Bai Xiaochun's hair was in disarray, and he looked very nervous. He waved his right hand, and the emerald zombie suddenly flew into the air and then descended into the lake of blood.

The blood lake almost immediately began to bubble and boil. Bai Xiaochun also flew up into the air, where he settled down cross-legged and began to perform double-handed incantation gestures. With every movement of his fingers, the lake of blood would erupt with blood qi, which poured into the emerald zombie.

Three days passed by in a flash. During that time, the forty-nine streams of energy inside of the emerald zombie seemed incapable of fusing together. Every time they were about to, they would spontaneously separate. The emerald zombie's body was beginning to shrivel, and some parts of it even seemed to be hovering on the verge of collapse. As it struggled, its fangs, claws, bone spurs, and green hair all appeared in full, and began to distort. However, it seemed impossible to restore them to their original condition.

"How could this be happening?!" Bai Xiaochun was starting to get very nervous. It seemed that if he kept going, the emerald

zombie might be destroyed. However, he wasn't willing to allow this concoction to fail. He suddenly reached up with his hand and pushed down onto his forehead, causing his forehead to split open, and his Heavenspan Dharma Eye to appear. As soon as it did, he could clearly see the forty-nine streams of energy inside the emerald zombie, and how they were completely mixed and jumbled.

The jumbled energy streams were apparently a result of the blood-water in the lake of blood. Although the blood-water was a precious material on Corpse Peak, Bai Xiaochun could now see how mixed and impure it was.

At this critical juncture, the jumbled energy streams were polluting the emerald zombie and making it impossible for the corpse auras to merge together.

“Dammit! How come the blood-water medicinal liquid is so impure!?” Bai Xiaochun was getting very nervous. He knew that, to most other people, the medicinal liquid in the blood lake could be considered unusually pure. Actually, the type of liquid most cultivators used in corpse refining was much less pure.

But Bai Xiaochun cultivated the Undying Live Forever Technique, and his Undying Blood qi was the most authentic. That was why the blood lake seemed so impure to him.

“I need to figure out a way to purify it as quickly as possible. There's no time to waste here. I'm going to have to use drastic methods!” Seeing that the emerald zombie wouldn't be able to hold on for much longer, he gritted his teeth and waved his right hand.

Instantly, a hundred different types of medicinal plants appeared. Bai Xiaochun's eyes glittered as he made various mental calculations, and then began to fuse the medicinal plants together. By calling upon the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation techniques, he fused the plants, ignited them, and then sent them flying into the lake of blood.

As they flew through the air, they transformed into a medicinal liquid. When that entered the blood lake, a powerful expulsion force erupted out, and the burning caused a black smoke to rise up and fill the area.

The fire wasn't on the surface of the lake, but down inside. As it burned, vast quantities of black smoke roiled up, which merged into the walls. At the same time, the blood-water in the lake was significantly reduced.

It was a dangerous, crude method, and the black smoke was not only difficult to get rid of, but also extremely filthy.

However, Bai Xiaochun didn't have any time for other considerations. It didn't take long for the burning fire to release more and more black smoke, which fused into the walls and spread out through all of Corpse Peak.

As it did, the flame inside of the lake transformed from black to violet, and finally, red. More than ninety percent of the blood-water was gone, and yet, the bit that remained had absolutely no impurities whatsoever. Bai Xiaochun performed an incantation gesture and pointed out, and the remaining blood-water flowed toward the emerald zombie. As it merged into it, Bai Xiaochun

howled. The forty-nine streams of energy finally fused together, and the corpse auras began to combine.

As they did, they formed a vortex in the emerald zombie's dantian region, whereupon the shape of a major pill could be seen!

Bai Xiaochun was starting to get excited, and he was staring directly at the pill. He had resolved all of the issues that seemed like they might lead to a failure. It was at that point that he suddenly remembered the black smoke....

“Ah, probably shouldn't be a big deal....” he thought, looking over at the walls. The smoke had contained many impurities, and he felt a bit bad about that. He actually wasn't sure what might happen as a result....

However, after reminding himself that he had repeatedly warned the blood master and the grand elder, who had subsequently guaranteed that there would be no problems, he felt a bit more at ease.

He even rubbed his bag of holding, which contained the Song Clan patriarch's command medallion, and felt even better. “I haven't betrayed the sect,” he thought.

With that, he continued to focus on the concocting process.

And that was when the strange things started happening on Corpse Peak....

The first odd event to play out occurred with a young cultivator who was currently intently focused on his work refining a corpse. At the moment, the corpse was floating in a blood cistern in front of the young man....

He didn't notice it, but a strange aura suddenly emerged from the wall and began to fill the area. Before long, the young cultivator began to tremble, and he ceased with his incantation gestures. Rising to his feet with a look of unprecedented seriousness on his face, he rushed out of his immortal's cave and then blasted a hole in the ground.

After leaping into the hole, he began to bury himself with mud, all the way up to his waist. Raising both hands up above his head, he began to slowly sway back and forth....

Chapter 228: Excuse Me... Are You Immortal Grass?

Strange incidents like this soon began to occur in other locations on Corpse Peak. Cultivators emerged from their immortal's caves, some of them with serious expressions, some of them howling out loud, some of them seemingly enraptured. A few even waved their arms around and laughed uproariously.

One cultivator stood in front of a large tree, expression twisted with rage as he gesticulated wildly and howled, "Halt! If you make a move, I'll kill you instantly!"

Off in the distance, another cultivator with disheveled hair threw his head back and laughed uproariously. "Hahaha! I've finally reached Core Formation. From now on, call me prime elder!"

There was another cultivator who stood stiffly in front of one of his own refined corpse, howling. Apparently, he thought that he was the refined corpse, and that his refined corpse was the master.

Strange scenes like these played out everywhere. As for the cultivators who weren't affected, they looked around, expressions of shock and terror filling their faces.

"What's going on!?!?"

"Heavens! What's happening!?!?"

“Dammit! What happened!?” The unaffected cultivators almost felt like they themselves were going crazy. The shocking scenes playing out around them soon caused blank expressions to appear on their faces.

Xu Xiaoshan was in the crowd, flying along in terror until he happened to reach a large boulder. Looking around fearfully, he turned to the boulder and said, “Did you see? Something big is happening! All of the disciples are hallucinating! This is bad, we have to go tell the grand elder!” After a moment of silence, Xu Xiaoshan glared at the boulder. “Eee? Why aren’t you talking?”

Another moment passed. “Y-y-you’re a hallucination?!” Looking terrified, Xu Xiaoshan flew off in a different direction until he found a refined corpse.

A tremor ran through him and he said, “Patriarch!! Sir, you have to hurry. Something big is happening. Everyone is hallucinating!”

Even as Xu Xiaoshan cried out in alarm, another Corpse Peak cultivator off in the distance suddenly threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Looking around with contempt and arrogance, he said, “Trifling Blood Stream Sect! How dare you challenge me, Bai Xiaochun! Listen up everyone. I am Bai Xiaochun, Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment expert. Yes. Bai Xiaochun!” He then proceeded to strut along arrogantly through the crowd, telling everyone he saw that he was Bai Xiaochun....

All of Corpse Peak was descending into complete chaos. The grand elder and the bloodstreak elders all rushed outside in shock, and when they saw what was happening, they gasped.

“What’s going on!?!?”

Even as the grand elder began to rotate his cultivation base, the Corpse Peak blood master appeared up above, staring around in complete confusion.

“They’re all hallucinating!!” the blood master murmured incredulously. As for the bloodstreak elders, they strode out to take control, but then their expressions turned blank.

One of them clutched the sides of his head and began to weep loudly. Another squatted down, put his hands on either side of his head, and stuck his index fingers up like rabbit ears. After looking around quizzically, he began hopping around like a rabbit....

Another of them ran off at top speed toward a certain immortal’s cave where a young cultivator had buried himself up to the waist. The bloodstreak elder quickly squatted down next to the young cultivator and stared at him with a serious expression.

The blood master and the grand elder felt their scalps tingling in fear. Then they looked over in the direction where Bai Xiaochun was concocting medicine, expressions of shock on their faces.

“Could all this be caused by Nightcrypt’s concocting!?!?”

“Even concocting medicine shouldn’t cause something as terrifying as this to occur!!” The grand elder gasped, and just when

he was about to say something, his expression suddenly went blank. Letting out a piercing cry, he stretched his arms out like wings and flew up into the air. Occasionally, he would swoop down and grab a cultivator, let out an odd cry, and then toss them back to the ground.

Apparently, he thought he was an eagle. As he soared through the air, he would use his sharp eyes to spot cultivators down below, and then swoop down and grab them.

The blood master's scalp was tingling so hard it felt like it might explode. He immediately flew high up into the air, unwilling to be anywhere near Corpse Peak, his eyes shining with terror.

“How could this be happening!?!?!”

The people paying the closest attention to Corpse Peak were the cultivators of Middle Peak. As soon as things started to unravel, they flew over to take a look. When they saw the bizarre spectacle playing out, they began to gasp and back up, not daring to get too close.

“Plaguedevil finally unleashed the whirlwind!”

“This is horrifying! What's wrong with them? Don't tell me they're hallucinating?!?!”

“Hallucinations like that must draw upon their deepest desires....”

“Heavens! I can’t believe one of them keeps saying he’s Bai Xiaochun! What does he want, deep down inside? To become Bai Xiaochun?”

Song Que flew up into the air and looked over at Corpse Peak, gasping. The first person he saw was Xu Xiaoshan, who was prostrating himself in front of a refined corpse, calling it patriarch. Shortly afterward, Xu Xiaoshan flew off in a different direction, reaching a relatively wide-open section of Corpse Peak, where he suddenly flopped to the ground and stopped moving.

The Middle Peak cultivators weren’t the only ones to notice that something strange was going on. Soon, people from Nameless Peak and Lesser Marsh Peak realized that something odd was happening, and flew over to check out the situation. When they saw what was playing out, they all gasped.

“Who is that one lunatic over there? He’s actually making a pass at his own refined corpse!!”

“Isn’t that the grand elder of Corpse Peak? Why is he screeching like a bird? Does he really think he’s an eagle? Heavens! He’s swooping down toward one of the bloodstreak elders! Eee? He missed him!”

“Does that bloodstreak elder think he’s a rabbit or something?”

“And look at that guy who buried himself up to the waist. What is he doing? And what is that bloodstreak elder doing next to him?”

He's not even moving at all!"

The cultivators from the three other mountain peaks were flabbergasted. Eventually Song Junwan appeared, and when she looked over at Corpse Peak, she gasped.

As of this moment, the cultivators of Middle Peak felt mixed emotions regarding Nightcrypt. For some reason, they got the feeling that he had actually treated them quite well. The worst they had dealt with was some exploding furnaces and a bit of diarrhea. The situation with Corpse Peak was simply terrifying....

The Corpse Peak blood master felt like crying, but no tears would come. He looked around blankly at everything that was happening, and felt like he might go crazy at any moment too.

Even as everyone was shaking in terror, Ancestor Peak finally took note of the situation. Meanwhile, the young cultivator who had first been affected, the one who had stuck his hands into the air and started swaying back and forth, suddenly looked at the bloodstreak elder who was squatting next to him, unmoving.

The young cultivator was actually very curious about this. He had noticed the bloodstreak elder arrive earlier, but after much thought, couldn't identify him. Finally, he decided to ask directly, to dispel his confusion. After a moment of hesitation, the young cultivator asked, "Excuse me, are you immortal grass?"

"No, of course not," the bloodstreak elder replied solemnly. "I'm an immortal chicken egg!"

Even as Corpse Peak was filled with pandemonium, Bai Xiaochun was down in the necropolis, howling at the top of his lungs. At the same time, his emerald zombie shivered as two medicinal pills appeared in its dantian region.

One of them was the Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill, and the other was a smaller synchronization version.

An excited expression appeared on Bai Xiaochun's face. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and the synchronization pill flew out. Capturing it in a medicinal pill bottle, Bai Xiaochun examined it closely, and then got even more excited than before.

"It worked!" Feeling very proud of his work, he collected up his emerald zombie and then pushed open the door of the necropolis.

As soon as he walked out of the immortal's cave, he heard the clamor off in the distance. However, considering that nobody had gathered near his immortal's cave, he felt very much at ease.

"Seems the black smoke wasn't a big deal after all, huh?" Sighing, he began to walk along the path, but then suddenly stopped in place. Some distance off was a bloodstreak elder hopping along in his direction.

Bai Xiaochun stared in shock, and even wondered if he was seeing things. Heart pounding, he rubbed his eyes and looked over to see a Foundation Establishment cultivator laughing maniacally as he attacked a nearby tree. Then he saw a younger cultivator

walking along on his hands....

There was even one cultivator who he had never seen before, laughing proudly as he declared that he was Bai Xiaochun. Strolling over with hands clasped behind his back, the man glared at Bai Xiaochun and said, “Recognize me? I’m Bai Xiaochun!”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went wide, and his scalp began to tingle. As he looked around, he realized that almost all of the cultivators on Corpse Peak were behaving very strangely.

“Why are they all acting so crazy?” Fear rising up inside of him, he was just about to flee when suddenly, he saw Xu Xiaoshan lying off in the distance, still and unmoving.

As far as Bai Xiaochun was concerned, Xu Xiaoshan was a friend, so he hurried over to see if he could help. Just as he reached him, and was preparing to investigate, Xu Xiaoshan’s eyes snapped open.

“Don’t move!” he whispered. “Everyone on Corpse Peak is crazy. They’re hallucinating! I almost can’t believe it, but I was just talking to a boulder a few minutes ago. I even thought a refined corpse was one of the patriarchs!

“Thankfully, I, Xu Xiaoshan, have exceptional latent talent, as well as tons of magical items. That’s how I recovered so quickly.”

“You’re not crazy?!” Bai Xiaochun asked jubilantly.

“Get out of here!” Xu Xiaoshan replied immediately. “Forget about me. I’m pretty sure all of this is happening because of that eagle up there. I’m trying to lure it down here, and then I’ll kill it. Everything will be fine after that.” With that, he peered up into the sky.

Bai Xiaochun subconsciously looked up into the sky, his mind spinning. Soon, he saw the grand elder, arms spread wide as he soared to and fro, occasionally letting out a piercing cry.

Bai Xiaochun looked around blankly. Meanwhile, everyone outside of Corpse Peak saw Bai Xiaochun, and their eyes began to widen.

That was especially true of Corpse Peak’s blood master. He began to seethe with killing intent as he roared, “Nightcrypt!!”

As the blood master’s cry echoed out, blood-colored light surged out around him, and he shot toward Bai Xiaochun like a beam of light. Within the blink of an eye, he was only about 150 meters away.

Bai Xiaochun’s heart began to pound, and just when he was about to run away at top speed, Xu Xiaoshan threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Eyes shining, he leapt up into the air.

“The eagle didn’t come, but a blood chicken did! It was all worth it!”

Chapter 229: Plaguedevil's Name Spreads Far And Wide

Howling, Xu Xiaoshan flew up into the air and slammed into Blood Master Windcliff. Bai Xiaochun used that opportunity to flee, although by this point he was getting a bit angry.

“Windcliff,” he shouted, “before I started concocting, I told you that there could be problems. You personally said not to worry at all! What do you think you’re doing? You might be a blood master, but don’t think that Nightcrypt is afraid of you!”

He was actually very nervous, but he pretended to be simply furious, and even intentionally erupted with a murderous aura. At the same time, he raised his right hand up into the air, within which was a medicinal pill bottle.

“This is the tier-4 Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill you wanted me to make!” In the middle of grappling with Xu Xiaoshan, Blood Master Windcliff looked over at Bai Xiaochun, and was forced to suppress the rage he felt.

The truth was that he really had uttered such words. Although he had never imagined that the current situation would have resulted, he was a blood master, and was capable of being cold and callous. A moment later, his anger faded, and he smiled so broadly his eyes narrowed.

“I was being a bit rash,” he said. “Junior Brother Nightcrypt, none of this is a big deal. As long as the spirit medicine came out

alright, then I'll keep my promise.”

Ignoring the implied threat in his words, Bai Xiaochun threw the medicinal pill bottle toward Windcliff. Windcliff grabbed it and opened it, and was immediately moved. A look of joy even appeared on his face. Although Corpse Peak was in chaos, which was a bit annoying, the fact that the medicinal pill had been successfully concocted negated all other minor problems.

“Many thanks!” he said with a smile. Then, his eyes flashed with cold light as he shot toward Ancestor Peak, where he conferred with the prime elders about a solution to the problem on Corpse Peak.

Bai Xiaochun watched the blood master leave, and laughed coldly in his heart at how unreasonable the man was. Despite how Bai Xiaochun had been helping him with his medicinal pill, the coldness in his eyes had been more than clear moments ago.

“Hmph!” he thought. “It’s a good thing that despite being so honest, I’m very intelligent. If he doesn’t use that Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill, then it won’t matter. But if he does use it, then I’ll be able to take command of his refined corpse!” Bai Xiaochun was very proud of himself. With the snap of a finger, he had reduced the Corpse Peak blood master to ashes. Sticking his chin up, he looked around at the crowds. The cultivators from the other three mountain peaks trembled as his gaze passed over them, and they quickly backed up and clasped their hands respectfully toward him.

By now, everyone was terrified of Nightcrypt. His medicine

concocting techniques had long since exceeded the realm of divine abilities; he could cut down his enemies without even touching them....

“Aiya. Outstanding people are always the center of attention no matter where they go. What a headache.” Even as he was feeling very proud of himself, and sighing inwardly, he suddenly found himself looking into the eyes of Song Junwan. The cold smile he saw on her face sent chills up his spine.

“Um... hey, Big Sis Song....”

Her eyes went wide. “Oh, back to calling me Big Sis, huh?”

Snorting coldly, she spun around and headed back to Middle Peak. Everyone else in the area exchanged awkward glances and then began to leave.

Soon, Bai Xiaochun was left alone, hovering there in midair. He was starting to get worried. Song Junwan had clearly intended for him to see the look in her eyes, and all of a sudden, he was wondering what new tactics she might resort to in her desire to torment him. He sighed.

However, he now had no choice but to go back to Middle Peak. He did his best to sneak back into his immortal’s cave, where he sat down quietly, stewing in his anxiety.

“What am I supposed to do...? This Song Junwan really knows

how to harbor a grudge! All I did was leave the mountain for a little bit, right...?” Rubbing his forehead, he continued to try to think of ways to smooth things out with her. Over the following days, he continued to ponder the issue.

The situation with the hallucinations struck Corpse Peak quickly, but ended just as quickly. As the cultivators there recovered, they looked around blankly. Then they began to think back to everything that had occurred, and soon, angry shouts rang up.

“Nightcrypt! Our enmity is irreconcilable!!”

“ARRGGHH! Nightcrypt! I’m gonna kill you!!”

The fury of the bloodstreak elders burned especially hot, and all of them went directly into secluded meditation. As for the grand elder, as soon as he recovered, he threw his head back and let out an anguished howl. From that day forward, no one would ever dare to mention the word ‘eagle’ in front of him ever again. He also chose to go into secluded meditation....

However, there were even more extreme cases which had cropped up. For example, one young man had been under the belief that he was a corpse, and had tried to refine himself. Upon awakening, he let out miserable screams that echoed out near and far.

Many of them wanted to kill Nightcrypt, and yet nobody dared to step onto Middle Peak. All they could do was angrily gnash their teeth. Of course, at the same time, Nightcrypt’s nickname

‘Plaguedevil’ filled the entire sect.

Eventually, word of Plaguedevil spread far and wide....

When Bai Xiaochun caught wind of it all, he was actually moved. Although his impression of the Blood Stream Sect cultivators as being violent and short-tempered only deepened, he was also deeply grateful for how well the leadership treated him. Whenever he caused huge problems, he never had to deal with any consequences.

As far as Song Junwan was concerned, he had finally come up with an idea of how to handle her.

“The only option is to give her a gift....” he thought, sighing. After much thought, he began to concoct some medicine. A few days later, he had produced a single green medicinal pill, which he placed in a pink medicinal pill bottle. Then he left his immortal’s cave and began to nervously make his way toward the upper finger.

Along the way, any Middle Peak cultivators who he encountered would respectfully clasp hands in greeting. However, he completely ignored them as he made his way along.

Of course, the more coldly he treated them, the more it seemed to them that things were back to normal. Had he turned and smiled at them, their hair would have stood on end from fear.

Before long, Bai Xiaochun was at Song Junwan's blood lake. After making his way across the path to the area behind the blood waterfalls, he clasped hands and bowed.

“Nightcrypt requests an audience with Big Sis Song.”

The four attendants standing guard outside the door exchanged glances, and then one of them went inside to report the situation. Another hurried forward to attend to Bai Xiaochun. By now, there were all sorts of rumors in the sect about the exact nature of Nightcrypt's relationship with Song Junwan. However, no one wanted to offend Nightcrypt and get on his bad side.

Bai Xiaochun waited for two hours, during which time the anger and anxiety in his heart built. It was evening before Song Junwan finally agreed to let him in. The door slowly opened, and Bai Xiaochun strode inside, trying look ice cold and filled with veins of steel.

As soon as he entered, he looked over at the huge hot spring, and yet, Song Junwan was not inside. Instead, she was sitting behind a table in an adjacent hall, staring at Bai Xiaochun with an expressionless face. Apparently, she was still angry.

“Didn't you say you would never come back?” she asked coolly. “And yet, here you are, back again. What are you doing in my immortal's cave?” She wore a long, violet gown, with her long hair coiled on top of her head and bound with a phoenix hairpin. Her garment was embroidered with black designs that made her seem particularly dignified. However, tiny droplets of water could be seen on her pearly neck, indicating that she had just bathed.

Overall, anyone who looked at her would be hard pressed to not want to ravish her on the spot.

Bai Xiaochun blinked for a moment, then stuck his chest out and waved his sleeve. Expression cold, he frowned and said, “Enough!”

Song Junwan’s eyes widened. Never could she have imagined that Nightcrypt would speak to her in such a tone. She slapped the arm of her chair, trembling in rage. However, that only made her seem more entrancing....

She seemed on the verge of exploding. Her eyes were icy, and just as she was about to start cursing him, Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly and waved his right arm, sending a medicinal pill bottle flying toward her.

Her rage did not lessen. With a cold laugh, she waved her hand, causing the pill bottle to shatter, and sending the medicinal pill flying out into the air.

Bai Xiaochun looked her calmly in the eye as the pill landed on the ground and rolled off to the side. Slowly, his eyes seemed to fade self-deprecatingly.

“I, Nightcrypt, returned for one reason only, and that was to give you this pill bottle. I am completely destitute. All of the medicinal plants given to me by the patriarch went into the pills I concocted for the sect. Because of that, I had no choice but to go to Corpse Peak to concoct medicine for Windcliff. Only then was I able to build up enough medicinal plants to make this single medicinal

pill. It is a special spirit medicine that I concocted for the sole purpose of giving it to a special person!

“The medicine has been given, so I shall take my leave. Henceforth, you are the grand elder, and I am Nightcrypt!” His voice seemed bitter and filled with pain, as if the shattered medicinal pill bottle was a reflection of the state of his heart, and the fallen medicinal pill had transformed his kind feelings into nothing more than ashes.

Clasping hands, he bowed deeply, then turned and strode toward the door, looking completely and utterly lonesome.

Song Junwan looked on in shock. She had assumed that Nightcrypt would come to fawn ingratiatingly. In fact, the reason she had made him wait outside for so long, other than to give her time to bathe and dress, was to make sure he realized that it didn't matter if the patriarchs liked him. On Middle Peak, she was the grand elder, and was not someone to be brazenly defied.

To her surprise, however, he had started out by chiding her. Considering her pride and lofty position, it was impossible for her not to have been angered. When he tossed her the medicinal pill bottle, that anger erupted, and she destroyed the bottle. Of course she had noticed the medicinal pill rolling off to the side. But how could she ever have predicted the next set of words that would come out of his mouth?

Song Junwan looked down at the pill, and then looked at Bai Xiaochun bleakly walking out the door. For some reason, her heart suddenly seemed empty, which was a feeling that she had never

experienced before.

“Wait!” she blurted.

Bai Xiaochun stopped in place, then turned and calmly clasped his hands in formal fashion.

“You have orders for me, Grand Elder?” His wording was very polite, without the slightest hint of passion or emotion. His expression was cold and grim, almost as if he had severed away his memories and buried them deep in his heart. Even more telling was that he had addressed her as ‘Grand Elder’ instead of ‘Big Sis Song’.

“You....” Her face was ashen, and for some reason, her heart felt like it was in complete shambles.

“If you have no pressing matter, then I shall take my leave.” Expression the same as ever, Bai Xiaochun turned and left the immortal’s cave. It was only after he was some distance away, and off the upper finger, that he let out a long sigh. His heart was still pounding.

“This move should work....” he thought. “If not, then I don’t know what else to do.” He hurried nervously back to his immortal’s cave, sighing to himself about how annoying women were, especially powerful women, who were far more domineering than the regular type.

Chapter 230: What If... She Uses Force?

After Bai Xiaochun left, Song Junwan was left alone in the immortal's cave, somehow feeling irritated and depressed, all at the same time. And yet somehow, she didn't know how to give vent to her feelings. All she could think about was the image of him walking away, then turning and looking at her with that cold expression.

"Nightcrypt, you ignoramus!" she growled through gritted teeth. Then she looked down at the medicinal pill on the ground and made a grasping motion, causing it to fly through the air into her palm.

Upon closer examination of it, she was moved. It was a tier-4 spirit medicine, not designed to improve the cultivation base or heal injuries. Instead, it contained a delicate, sweet odor that was quite pleasing to the senses.

"A tier-4 Spirit Perfume Pill...." she muttered, shocked. Although she couldn't concoct medicine herself, she was an experienced and knowledgeable person, and could instantly tell that this spirit medicine was a Spirit Perfume Pill, designed for use by female cultivators.

Upon consuming the pill, one's entire body would emit a wonderful fragrance. It also caused one's skin to become more fair, and would remove old scars. As for versions which were tier-4 and higher, they would even purify the bones. Although the end results were common in nature, and could not lead to immortal transformations, it was enough to make any woman even more

beautiful than she already was.

A tier-4 spirit medicine like this, even one that was relatively useless to male cultivators, would fetch an exorbitant price if it went up for auction. Despite the fact that she was from the Song Clan, even Song Junwan wouldn't be able to get her hands on one easily.

As she looked down at the medicinal pill, her face softened, and she thought back to what Nightcrypt had just said. As she stood there quietly, she realized that her heart was trembling. After a while, the sensation passed, and an enigmatic smile appeared on her face.

“You little rascal. You're just making a complicated pass at me, aren't you? That's what you've been doing from the beginning! Hmph. I've seen everything there is to see, you impudent little child. You really think I can't see through your plan?!” With a cold snort, she examined the medicinal pill again to ensure that it was pure. After confirming that it was safe, she consumed it.

Over the course of the following days, Bai Xiaochun waited nervously in his immortal's cave, unsure of whether his manly show had been effective. One day, Song Junwan arrived outside. He immediately rose to his feet to go out and receive her. He was just getting ready to put on a cold, manly front, and step out of the door, when she said, “That pill of yours got dirty, so I threw it away. I'm giving you a task. Concoct me something with sex appeal.”

Without another word, she turned and left.

Bai Xiaochun was a bit taken aback. From the time she had arrived until the moment she left, it seemed like barely a moment had passed. Apparently, she'd only come to say one sentence.

“What is that vixen up to? What's the meaning of this latest move?” After a moment, his eyes widened with shock. Then he sniffed the air, and his brows rose in amusement.

“That's obviously the fragrance of my Spirit Perfume Pill! I put extra jasmine oil in it. Anyone who ate it would naturally smell that way.” He immediately felt relieved. The fact that she had consumed the medicinal pill and then come asking for him to concoct more pills indicated that their previous conflict had been resolved.

“Man, this vixen really has a lot of demands. What does she want a sex appeal pill for, isn't she sexy enough as it is? I guess she wants more sexiness.” Even as he shook his head, his heart suddenly flip-flopped, and his eyes went wide with a look of terror.

“Hold on. What does she plan to do with a sex appeal spirit medicine? Is she planning to consume it and then try to make another pass at me? Heavens! This vixen is terrifying....” At first he got even more nervous, but after thinking about it for a while he realized that this way, he might not have to actually become the grand elder to get access to the relic of eternal indestructibility. If he had free access to Song Junwan's immortal's cave, he would surely get a chance to secretly find the relic.

Although the thought excited him, it also caused his heart to pound....

“What a sacrifice, though,” he thought. “She’s a deadly vixen. I have to be very careful not to cause her to flip out. If I really mess up, then what would I do? I can’t beat her in a fight, and if she tried to force herself on me, it would be absolutely terrifying.” He blinked a few times, then put the matter to some more thought. Finally, he stuck his chin up. Expression one of pure righteousness, he flicked his sleeve.

“Fine. It’s all for the chance to live forever. I’ll just have to endure. If Song Junwan turns out to be a true predator, I’ll... I’ll just have to endure!” Grieving at how he was willing to sacrifice everything for the chance to live forever, he settled down to concoct medicine for Song Junwan.

He put a lot of effort into this batch. A few days later, a new Spirit Perfume Pill came out of the pill furnace. This one was actually a mid-grade medicinal pill.

It was specifically designed for female cultivators. Not only would it make the skin more fair and purify the bones, it would make the woman more attractive. Furthermore, she would emit a fragrant aroma that males would find fatally attractive.

Holding the spirit medicine in hand, Bai Xiaochun sniffed it, and a fragrant aroma buffeted his face. Instantly, he could tell that it was an aroma a man might lose himself in, never to awaken.

“It worked!” he said, seemingly drunk with passion. It took him a bit of time to recover, after which he took another whiff of the pill’s aroma. By doing so repeatedly, he got used to the fragrance, and even managed to create another spirit medicine specifically designed to counteract the effects. After confirming that he had a powerful resistance built up, he looked at the pill in satisfaction, and he stared up into the sky. Looking profoundly melancholy, he said, “It’s all for the chance to live forever!”

He emerged from his immortal’s cave to find that the sky was already turning dark. As he began to make his way toward the upper finger of the peak, he continued to ponder whether or not he would submit if Song Junwan went truly crazy. He was really torn about what to do.

After he had been walking along for a while, teeth gritted as he agonized over what decision to make, his expression suddenly flickered as he saw a bald-headed figure on another nearby mountain path.

It was none other than Song Que. He had absolutely no hair visible on him, not even eyebrows, and was somewhat gaunt. He was just now coming back from a visit to his aunt. Although he had gone to her with some questions about cultivation, he had been criticized and taught a lesson. As such, he was in a foul mood. Almost as soon as Bai Xiaochun caught sight of him, he also noticed Bai Xiaochun.

Their gazes locked, and Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went wide. He hadn’t seen Song Que for quite a few days, and almost did a double take.

He couldn't help but curiously blurt, "Eee? What's with the new look? You're skinnier and hairless too?"

Only then did he suddenly realize why Song Que looked like this, and then he saw the murderous look rising up in his eyes. Without any hesitation, he said, "You look great, by the way. Much better than before. Really...."

Song Que's eyes widened, and he subconsciously ran his head along his bald scalp as the hatred in his heart surged. All of the hair on his body had been scorched clean off during the recent incident with the exploding furnaces. Apparently because of the medicines that were part of the explosion, his hair still hadn't returned despite the passage of several months.

Because of that, every time he examined himself in his copper mirror, his mood would sink dangerously. If that were the only thing he had to worry about, he might have been able to endure it. But then there was the half month of diarrhea. On one occasion, he had visited the restroom more than a hundred times in a single day, so the words Bai Xiaochun had just spoken seemed like naked provocation!

In the Blood Stream Sect, Song Que had always been the type of person no one dared to provoke. Considering that he had met disaster three times because of Nightcrypt, he suddenly snapped.

"That's it, Nightcrypt!!" he shouted, stepping forward to block Bai Xiaochun's path. "Ever since you came to Middle Peak, not even the animals can sleep easy. Everybody hates you! I'm gonna--"

Song Que's rage actually sparked Bai Xiaochun's anger. He had just spoken quite conciliatory words. Besides, everything that occurred had been an accident. Therefore, he was forced to interrupt Song Que.

“Quiet down, boy! Get out of my way and go play or something.”

Song Que almost exploded. Nightcrypt was talking to him the way someone of the Senior generation might talk to a child. Throwing his head back, he howled and unleashed the power of his cultivation base. Eyes bloodshot, he reached out toward Bai Xiaochun with his right hand.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes flashed with cold light. If he were dealing with anyone else, he might have been a bit nervous. However, he had already become familiar with Song Que in the Fallen Sword Abyss, and even more so after having come to the Blood Stream Sect. The instant that Song Que's hand began to move, Bai Xiaochun took a step forward, reached out, and grabbed his forearm, then threw him headlong down path leading to the foot of the mountain.

When the explosive fleshly body power of the Undying Heavenly King exploded out, Song Que felt like he couldn't even control his own body. The air screamed past in his ears, and his mind reeled as he slammed into the ground and then tumbled head over heels down the mountain.

“Nightcrypt!!” he screamed. He wanted to stop moving and right

himself, but the force which had been unleashed was something he couldn't fight against.

Bai Xiaochun straightened up his garments, then ignored Song Que and once again began to ponder what to do if Song Junwan tried to force herself on him. Such thoughts preoccupied him all the way to her immortal's cave.

It didn't take too long for Song Que to finally grind to a halt. Without a moment's pause, he shot madly back up the mountain, face ashen with rage and heart bursting with the desire to do murder. Although the terrifying force Bai Xiaochun had unleashed filled him with a sensation of deadly crisis, there was no way he would let someone of his own generation treat him that way inside the Blood Stream Sect!

"This Nightcrypt is wily and cunning. He's brought disaster to the sect, and is the subject of universal complaint on Middle Peak. He dares to curse people, but doesn't dare to talk reason? I don't care if the patriarchs favor him or if my aunt likes him. He's nothing more than an outsider, with no connections in the sect. I'm the firstborn son of this generation of the Song Clan! I don't care what happens, I'm going to find my aunt and make an appeal to justice! She'll definitely drive this guy off. And even if she doesn't, she'll at least make him kowtow to me. Then he'll know who's boss!!" Gritting his teeth and fuming with anger, Song Que raced at top speed toward the upper finger.

Chapter 231: The Senior Generation Isn't Perfect....

Song Que sped along at top speed, radiating killing intent, completely confident that his aunt would take the lead in presiding over justice. She would either kill Nightcrypt or force him to submit to Song Que.

“I’m the firstborn of the Song Clan! If it weren’t for Bai Xiaochun from the Spirit Stream Sect, I would have definitely reached Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment. Then I wouldn’t have to help Aunt Junwan become blood master; I would have been able to take the spot myself!” He was like a streak of light speeding toward the upper finger.

“Well, I can’t do anything about that now. Besides, Aunt Junwan only wants to become the blood master for strategic purposes, to make sure that Xuemei doesn’t take the spot. Just wait until I’m in late Foundation Establishment, then I can fight for the position of blood master on my own. This piddling Nightcrypt! If I can make use of him in the future, I will, but if he refuses to accept my good graces, I’ll kill him and make sure he never gets a proper burial!” More confident than ever, he rumbled along through the upper finger toward Grand Elder Song Junwan’s immortal’s cave behind the blood lake.

Once he was behind the waterfalls, he saw the four young guards. Instantly, their eyes snapped open, glowing brightly as they observed him approaching.

Song Que didn’t even pause. Just as he was about to enter the

immortal's cave itself, the four young attendants threw themselves in his path.

One of those young guards was very well aware of the high position Song Que occupied. Even still, he didn't dare do anything other than try to block his path. Bracing himself, he said, "Elder Song, please wait a moment for--"

The fact that the young attendants were blocking his path caused Song Que to frown. Then his rage and killing intent soared, and he roared, "Get the hell out of my way! I have something to talk about with the grand elder!"

Usually, he never had any problems entering Song Junwan's immortal's cave. Considering his status, he didn't technically have free reign to come and go as he pleased, but for all intents and purposes, could. After all, Song Junwan was quite fond of her nephew.

But now the young attendants actually dared to stand in his way. Song Que snorted coldly, then pushed them aside and proceeded forward.

The four young attendants' faces flickered, and they were of a mind to try to stop him. After all, they were fairly certain that it was important to keep the identity of the other person inside the cave a secret. However, they were not really capable of stopping Song Que.

Before they could even react, Song Que was inside the door.

Usually, Song Que wouldn't act so impulsively. However, this was his aunt, and he was also consumed by rage. Because of that, he had completely lost his usual cool. Besides, as far as he was concerned, he wasn't asking for anything outrageous.

In the instant that he set foot inside the immortal's cave, and before he could even get into the main hall, he heard his aunt laughing, a strange laughter that seemed both cheerful and chiding at the same time.

Looking surprised, Song Que hurried forward. When he brushed the door curtain aside, a sight met his eyes that left him completely and utterly thunderstruck. As his mind spun, his jaw dropped. He almost couldn't believe the incredulous scene which was playing out right in front of him.

There was his aunt, Song Junwan, sitting on a chair, laughing lightly, her left hand covering her mouth the way a woman would in front of her lover. Nightcrypt sat next to her, clasping her right hand, studying it closely. He even seemed to be sniffing it delicately as he leaned over.

Song Que was virtually struck mute. He felt like he might fall over from the shock, and even wondered if he was hallucinating....

However, the scandalous image which was now burned into his mind couldn't be mistaken for anything else, and left Song Que stunned.

The moment Song Que entered the room, Song Junwan pulled her hand out of Bai Xiaochun's. Her smile vanished, and she coughed dryly. Expression somber, and looking very much like someone from the Senior generation, she turned her gaze toward Song Que.

“How rude of you to barge in like that,” she said. “What’s the matter?” Although she was trying to look like someone from the Senior generation, her cheeks were still flushed. That combination of flirtatiousness and somberness made her unbelievably attractive.

At the same time, she felt somewhat humiliated and angry. If any other person had burst in the way Song Que had, she would have punished that person severely. But Song Que was her nephew, so there was little she could do.

Startled by Song Que's sudden entrance, Bai Xiaochun quickly sat up straight and proper. He actually felt a bit guilty for having been caught in the act. After giving Song Junwan the spirit medicine he'd concocted, he had taken advantage of the moment to offer to read her palm.

Song Junwan had never forgotten his amazing performance in the Spirit Stream Sect, and had immediately allowed him to take hold of her hand. Then he had showered her with praise and complements, causing her to laugh in delight.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath and sat in place, looking at Song Que just as somberly as Song Junwan was.

Song Que stood there panting for a long moment before he pulled himself together. Even still, he almost couldn't believe what he was seeing. In his eyes, his aunt was a lofty and magnificent figure, and yet here she was allowing a virtual stranger to grab her hand. Then she even laughed flirtatiously.

Although all of that was completely beyond anything Song Que could ever have anticipated, he might have been able to accept it if the person who had just been holding his aunt's hand was someone other than the infuriating Nightcrypt.

Song Que's anger began to rise to explosive levels, until he could hardly breathe. His eyes burned bright red as he glared at Bai Xiaochun and madly howled, "Nightcrypt!!"

Taking a step forward, he looked over at his aunt, Grand Elder Song Junwan.

Mind spinning with rage, he cried, "Aunt Junwan, ever since Nightcrypt came to Middle Peak, he's caused one disaster after another. All the disciples here hate his guts because of how he's screwed them over. I actually suspect that he's a spy, sent to sow chaos in the Blood Stream Sect! Aunt Junwan, please make an example of him and expel him from the sect!!"

As his cries echoed about in the immortal's cave, Bai Xiaochun's expression flickered, and anger began to rise in his heart as he realized that Song Que had come here to complain about him. Unfortunately, Song Que was actually right about some of his

accusations, which caused Bai Xiaochun's heart to leap in fright. Just when he was about to speak up to defend himself, Song Junwan's face turned grim, and she slapped her hand down onto the table.

The resounding smacking sound that rang out instantly drowned out Song Que's voice.

"Shut up!" she said, her expression grim and murderous. As her voice echoed out, the immortal's cave suddenly turned, very, very cold, causing Song Que to shiver. From a very young age, he had always feared this aunt of his, and to see her so mad caused him to subconsciously look down at his toes.

Seeing Song Que react in such a way sated a bit of Song Junwan's anger. He was her nephew, whom she loved dearly. Looking both sincere and also profoundly disappointed, she slowly said, "Que'er, you're the firstborn of the Song Clan. There are no limits to what you could do in the future. How could you be so muddle-headed and short-sighted? Nightcrypt has a clean background, and has performed great services for the sect. It's true he's annoyed some of the other members of the sect, but none of that was intentional! Neither you nor I know the full extent of the humiliation he endured on the path of pursuing the Dao of medicine for the sect!" From the tone of her voice, she seemed to truly lament her nephew's unreasonable behavior.

As he sat there off to the side, Bai Xiaochun felt deeply moved. He gazed softly over at Song Junwan, and mused that everything she said was correct. He never intentionally did things to annoy or harm others.

He suddenly felt as if Song Junwan understood him on a deep and even intimate level. In fact, he really had nothing bad to say about how the Blood Stream Sect had treated him.

Even as Bai Xiaochun sighed inwardly, Song Que stood there trembling. From the time he was young, he had often been rebuked by his aunt, and he had rarely ever talked back to her. But the situation right now was something he just couldn't accept. That was especially true considering the emotional look on Bai Xiaochun's face. Song Que couldn't help but think about how Nightcrypt had been holding his aunt's hand, and how the two of them clearly seemed to be involved in some illicit affair. Song Que's breath came in ragged pants as he looked up and said, "Nightcrypt, you—"

When Song Junwan saw that Song Que was refusing to acknowledge his mistakes, her expression turned even grimmer, and she angrily yelled, "Que'er! Back down!" Then she looked at Bai Xiaochun and said, "Junior Brother Nightcrypt, please don't take offense. Que'er just doesn't understand adult matters, the little brat."

Bai Xiaochun sighed. Looking like the picture of someone from the Senior generation, he nodded and smiled bitterly.

"There's no harm in it," he said. "Que'er is young and full of energy, which is normal at his age. Members of the Senior generation like us can only do our best to educate him a bit more."

When Song Que heard Bai Xiaochun call him Que'er, he felt like he was about to go insane. His cultivation base immediately surged with power, and a murderous aura spread out from him.

“Nightcrypt, I’m gonna kill you!” he howled, and then charged toward Bai Xiaochun. Because he was so close, there was no time for Song Junwan to interfere.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Song Que performed an incantation gesture, summoning a huge blood-colored hand almost directly in front of Bai Xiaochun’s face. The hand surged with energy, destroying the chair and table. Bai Xiaochun’s eyes flashed up in thought for the briefest of moments, and he decided not to dodge or evade. The hand slammed into him, causing his face to go pale. Coughing up a mouthful of blood, he staggered backward.

Seeing that, Song Junwan was both worried and angry. She waved her hand, causing a wave of power to surge out and suppress Song Que. Incapable of moving forward, Song Que stood there, eyes bloodshot, trembling physically. He knew that Nightcrypt had intentionally spit out some blood; even if he had been injured somehow, there was no way he should have coughed up any blood.

“Song Que, what gall you have!” Song Junwan yelled at the top of her lungs. Just when she was about to start reprimanding Song Que, Bai Xiaochun raised his right hand to stop her.

Wiping the blood off of his chin, he looked over at Song Junwan and said, “Que'er did nothing wrong. I might be of the Senior generation, but I’m not perfect. I make mistakes too. It’s my fault

that Que'er is now hairless. Therefore, I will immediately go into seclusion to concoct some spirit medicine to help him grow some more hair."

He even reached out and squeezed her hand to show how sincere he was.

Song Junwan's cheeks immediately flushed bright red. To have her hand squeezed right in front of her own nephew was something that instantly caused her heart to start racing. It was a very odd sensation.

Pulling her hand back, she looked over at Song Que and angrily said, "Que'er, apologize immediately to your Sect Uncle!"

Song Que stood there trembling, blue veins bulging out on his neck and face. Laughing shrilly, he said, "You two fornica—"

Before he could finish speaking, Song Junwan's eyes flashed with cold light, and she waved her hand. A huge wind swept over Song Que, carrying him out of the immortal's cave.

"Song Que, your impertinence has earned you three months in secluded meditation! Don't step a foot outside of your immortal's cave during that time!"

Chapter 232: The Power of Four Ghosts

Bai Xiaochun didn't feel that it was appropriate to stay in the immortal's cave any longer. Looking over at the grim-faced Song Junwan, he gave a soft sigh, then bid her farewell. Song Junwan hesitated for a moment, and then nodded. After offering some more apologies for Song Que's behavior, she said, "We have a few more months before the war. Middle Peak is going to have its trial by fire for the position of blood master. When the time comes, I hope you'll be able to help me."

Her eyes shone with keen anticipation.

Bai Xiaochun looked back at her, his own eyes flashing. After a moment passed, he nodded, then left.

Once outside of the immortal's cave, his heart swelled with pride. Taking a deep breath, he reveled in his satisfaction at having mopped the floor with Song Que.

"Hmmmphh! From now on, Que'er, I'm your Clan Uncle!" Feeling wonderful, but expression pale and grim, he returned thoughtfully to his immortal's cave on the lower finger.

Once inside, he stretched lazily, thinking about how he now outranked Song Que. Then he waved his wide sleeve.

"Ah, whatever. As a member of the Senior generation, it's my job to help educate the youngsters." Sitting down cross-legged, he put aside the matters of the day and began to practice cultivation.

At the same time, he was continuously analyzing the methods of concocting tier-4 spirit medicines. Although his recent concocting efforts had been a success, he still didn't feel completely content with the results.

"Must have been problems with the pill furnaces...." he thought with a sigh. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that his ideas regarding concocting medicine would cause virtually any pill furnace to explode.

The only thing he could do to prevent that from happening was to try to make the medicine less powerful. However, that would limit him to making the medicine about half as strong as he could, which left him feeling somewhat apathetic.

"What a pity," he thought with a sigh. "I guess my medicine concocting will be limited in this way for now." Considering there was nothing to be done about the matter, he decided that he would just have to wait until he got back to the Spirit Stream Sect. Then he could ask Li Qinghou about the situation.

When it came to cultivation, he didn't waste any time. During the following days, he spent all day absorbing blood qi and working on the second volume of the Undying Live Forever Technique, the Undying Heavenly King.

The first level of the Undying Heavenly King was the ten mammoths Berserk Ghost Body, which he had already completed perfectly. The second level was the ten ghosts Heavenly Demon

Body. Because of his diligent hard work, and also the fact that the Blood Stream Sect was a Holy Land for the Undying Live Forever Technique, his continuous absorption of blood qi soon helped him break through to the power level of four ghosts!

Although he had no way to test out how strong he actually was, based on some basic calculations, Bai Xiaochun was convinced that he was terrifyingly powerful.

In fact, he was sure that he was strong enough to beat almost anything that might cross his path. He was so strong in terms of his flesh and blood that he was nearly invincible. Not only were his offensive capabilities enough to rock mountains and rivers, he had colossal defenses as well.

Song Que's all-out attack earlier had felt like nothing more than a scratch to Bai Xiaochun, and the blood he had coughed up had been forcibly pushed out by drawing upon the power of his own spiritual seas.

And then there was the divine ability which came with the Undying Heavenly King, the Mountain Shaking Bash. Although he hadn't come across many chances to practice it, on the few occasions when he had, he could sense how shockingly powerful it was.

In fact, he was convinced that if he unleashed it to full effect, he really could bash a hole into a gigantic mountain! When it came to bashing into people, well, it was obvious what fate they would meet.

“At this point, I think I’m actually more powerful than one of those heavenly demons!” He suddenly scooped his hand down into the stone floor, and it felt like he was scooping up some tofu. There was almost no sensation at all as he pulled out a chunk of rock and then crushed it into ash.

When he thought about how much more powerful he was than before, his excitement rose. Every time he absorbed blood qi, he felt indescribably wonderful. He also worked on his Blood Annihilation World, and although he didn’t actually notice, he was getting much quicker at forming blood swords. The blood swords he formed were also more powerful.

When he absorbed blood qi, he almost felt like he was at one with Middle Peak, as if he himself could shake the mountain itself.

Of course, he didn’t dare an actual attempt, for fear that things could quickly get out of control.

As for his Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, his fundamental technique, and the only truly hidden Daoist magic in the Spirit Stream Sect, it was as the saying went: everything is difficult at the beginning, but gets easier as time progresses. Originally, he had needed help with the Heavenspan River water, but after passing into the middle level of the technique, and having successfully absorbed a drop into his spiritual seas, he now had some measure of control over the Heavenspan River water. Directly absorbing water from the Heavenspan River was something completely and utterly domineering, a trait which was now showing through in Bai Xiaochun’s cultivation.

Now that he was in mid Foundation Establishment, he could actually absorb a full cup of Heavenspan River water. It was there above his fourth spiritual sea, rapidly being absorbed. With the help of some medicinal pills, Bai Xiaochun helped the process along, and could sense that his aura was becoming more and more like the Heavenspan River's.

Bai Xiaochun had the strange feeling that his current level of power didn't quite make him invincible within Foundation Establishment, but would surely allow him to crush almost any opponents who came his way.

After coming to the Blood Stream Sect, he had not unleashed his Heavenspan Dharma Eye on many occasions. However, he continued to cultivate it, making it grow more and more itchy, and at the same time, more powerful. Bai Xiaochun had the feeling that once he opened that eye and revealed its power, it would shake heaven and earth.

The only things Bai Xiaochun wasn't very satisfied with were his Human Controlling Grand Magic and protomagnetic power. After beginning to cultivate the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, his strength in control power had grown, but was still relatively limited.

He had spent a lot of time studying protomagnetic power, and had never given up on his plans to develop it. However, he seemed to have reached a barrier that he couldn't pass.

It was very frustrating, but there was nothing he could do about it other than spend some time every day on study and contemplation regarding how to progress.

There was one other thing that he spent time thinking about, and that was the Middle Peak blood master trial by fire that Song Junwan had mentioned, and how she wanted his help.

“If Song Junwan becomes blood master, then it stands to reason that the grand elder position will open up. Usually, someone would be promoted from among the bloodstreak elders. However, I bet that if someone was famous enough, they might be considered even if they weren’t a bloodstreak elder already!”

By this point in time, Bai Xiaochun had suffered enough at the hands of the talking rabbit that he only delivered internal monologues. However, his eyes still shone brightly at the thought of the grand elder position opening up.

That would be his greatest chance to successfully acquire the relic of eternal indestructibility, and then finally be able to leave the Blood Stream Sect.

“I’m already just as famous in the Blood Stream Sect as Song Que is, which means I’m already above the bloodstreak elders. I’m probably not famous enough to directly become grand elder, though. In the next few months, I need to do something to make myself even more famous. Whether it’s good or bad, I need to convince people that, despite only being in Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, I’m still a shocking and incredible expert!” His eyes began to shine even more brightly than before.

And that was how the days passed. The war between the Profound Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect had already reached the point where both sects had mobilized all of their forces.

Rumors about the war swirled. Some stories were true, some were false, but they all left the Blood Stream Sect disciples in shock. At the same time, the war preparations in the Blood Stream Sect were nearing completion, and disciples were already being dispatched from the sect to parts unknown.

Bai Xiaochun could see the blood clouds which hovered over the sect growing larger, and building up pressure to a terrifying degree. Even the blood qi within the sect seemed to be growing stronger.

Despite the fact that Bai Xiaochun was in secluded meditation and rarely emerged, stories about Nightcrypt continued to spread, and they only grew more fantastic as time went on.

For some reason, a lot of people knew why Song Que had been punished by being sent into secluded meditation. There even seemed to be some hidden force trying to get people riled up against Nightcrypt. As time progressed, the cultivators of Middle Peak continued to grow both more hateful of him, and more fearful.

People even began to talk about how Nightcrypt and Young Lady Xuemei didn't get along, and many people hoped that she would eventually put him in his place.

“Young Lady Xuemei, please come out and teach Nightcrypt a lesson!”

“Nightcrypt is so terrifying! Everyone on Middle Peak and Corpse Peak is miserable because of him....”

“Middle Peak’s grand elder always takes Nightcrypt’s side. Young Lady Xuemei, please come out and cut him down!”

Xuemei got requests like that just about every day. At the same time, stories about Nightcrypt continued to spread. Eventually, it reached the point where many people viewed him as something on the level of a devil king.

However, there wasn’t much Xuemei could do. Nightcrypt was favored by the patriarchs, skilled in the Dao of medicine, extremely famous, and had a reputation that put him on the same level as Song Que.

A person like that wasn’t somebody that Xuemei could openly make a move against. Furthermore, she could sense that he possessed extraordinary battle prowess, and knew that if she fought him, she wouldn’t be able to beat him quickly.

So she sat down cross-legged in her immortal’s cave, eyes flashing coldly as she contemplated the matter. It wasn’t lost on her that someone was trying to provoke her into killing Nightcrypt.

In the end, she didn't care who it was that was doing such a thing. After all, she already wanted to kill Nightcrypt.

“It won't be long now before the blood master trial by fire begins, and that slut Song Junwan and I will finally face off. Song Junwan is probably counting on Nightcrypt to help her, so getting rid of him would be a boon for me.” Xuemei chuckled coldly, the killing intent in her eyes growing more intense.

“Nightcrypt never made much of a name for himself before. But after he came back from the Fallen Sword Abyss, he suddenly rose to the top. It's almost like he's a different person. So very strange!

“There's definitely something fishy going on with him. Definitely! I just need to find out what it is!” Since she knew she wasn't a match for him openly, it was time to start plotting. At a point when the sect was just on the verge of going to war, the potential for destructive consequences was even greater.

Chapter 233: Eee? Why Did You Stop Talking?

As Xuemei investigated Nightcrypt's background, a rumor began to spread through the Blood Stream Sect. Supposedly, after getting medicinal pills from Nightcrypt, the blood master of Corpse Peak had immediately gone into secluded meditation, and still hadn't emerged. However, powerful ripples had begun to emanate from Corpse Peak's Blood Master Temple.

Quite a few people noticed those fluctuations, especially the blood masters from Lesser Marsh Peak and Nameless Peak. All three of the current blood masters were relatively evenly matched, but now it seemed as if the Corpse Peak blood master was experiencing a breakthrough.

It wasn't likely that he would reach Gold Core, but to Corpse Peak, a breakthrough in corpse refining techniques would lead to a rapid and significant increase in battle prowess.

Because of that, the blood masters of Lesser Marsh Peak and Nameless Peak started to get nervous. A few days later, the grand elder of Lesser Marsh Peak shot through the air in a beam of light to appear outside of Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave.

He was a tall and well-built man, with a mighty look and a powerful aura of qi and blood. As a body refinement cultivator, he almost seemed like a mountain standing there, emanating powerful pressure. Even his voice was deep and resounding as he said, "It's me, Grand Elder Han Chundong of Lesser Marsh Peak. Junior Brother Nightcrypt, are you home?"

The blood trees outside Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave were trembling, but didn't dare to flee. No matter how scared they were of outsiders, Nightcrypt was far more terrifying. All they could do was grit their teeth and remain in place, glaring at the Lesser Marsh Peak grand elder.

Bai Xiaochun was currently meditating in his immortal's cave. He had been a bit surprised when he sensed the grand elder's arrival moments ago. However, he could already guess why he might be here. After a moment of silence, he waved his right hand, causing the cave door to open. Then he ordered the blood trees to clear a path.

The Lesser Marsh Peak grand elder strode into the courtyard outside Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave, even as Bai Xiaochun emerged. As soon as they saw each other, the grand elder laughed heartily and clasped hands in formal greeting.

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt, the moment you stepped off of the Blood Precipice back then, I knew that you were destined for extraordinary things. It's too bad you chose to go to Middle Peak. I would have loved for you to have come to Lesser Marsh Peak.”

Bai Xiaochun smiled, although considering that he was wearing the mask, it was a very sinister and cold smile. Clasping hands, he said, “Grand elder, your presence brings honor to my humble dwelling. Please, come in!”

Abandoning any other formalities, the grand elder followed as

Bai Xiaochun led the way into the immortal's cave. Once inside, they sat down across from each other, and the grand elder said, "Junior Brother Nighcrypt, you have an extraordinary cultivation base, and shocking latent talent. You prepared long and hard, and then made an incredible rise to the top. Middle Peak is truly blessed to have you, Junior Brother Nighcrypt!"

Although Bai Xiaochun was very pleased to hear such words, he maintained a somber expression, and didn't even respond to the grand elder's words.

"Even more amazing is that the patriarchs have taken a liking to you. There are virtually no limits to what you can accomplish in the future, Junior Brother Nighcrypt...." The grand elder sighed, and then went on to talk about the war between the Profound and Pill Stream Sects, as well as various other Blood Stream Sect matters, both big and small. He also used a variety of different methods to heap praise upon Bai Xiaochun.

From his facial expression, Bai Xiaochun didn't seem to be very impressed, but he was actually savoring the moment. He felt very proud to be the subject of such flattery. Occasionally he nodded, occasionally he shook his head, and occasionally he laughed heartily.

After about an hour passed, the grand elder apparently felt Bai Xiaochun had been sufficiently warmed up. He was just about to launch into the true reason for his visit, when he suddenly realized that Bai Xiaochun was looking at him with an encouraging gleam in his eyes. He hesitated for a moment, then launched into another round of praise.

“Junior Brother Nighcrypt, you are a man of striking appearance and talent, like a mighty dragon among men....

“In fact, you can count on one hand the number of people in the Blood Stream Sect who can compare to you in terms of reputation....” After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, the grand elder’s mouth was starting to dry up. At this point, he figured it was probably time to move on to more important matters. However, a quick look at Bai Xiaochun confirmed that he seemed to be completely immersed in the sensation of being praised.

The grand elder hesitated for a moment. However, he had come here to ask for help, and therefore, he gritted his teeth and wracked his brain to come up with new methods of offering praise. Another hour passed, and the grand elder finally ran out of words. However, Bai Xiaochun seemed more caught up in the moment than ever.

“Eee? Why did you stop talking?” He looked over curiously at the grand elder.

Lesser Marsh Peak’s grand elder was taken aback, but he gritted his teeth and forced out a few more sentences. In the end, he sighed at the realization that Nighcrypt was profoundly enigmatic, and definitely could never be viewed as an ordinary cultivator. Finally, he clasped hands and bowed.

“Junior Brother Nighcrypt, you are truly brilliant and

stupendous. I deeply admire you. Truly. Since that's the case, I won't beat around the bush anymore. The reason I've come here today is because I'm simply incapable of allowing injustice in the world. Junior Brother Nighcrypt, your Dao of medicine is shocking. However, despite the fact that you concocted medicine for Corpse Peak, the conscienceless Corpse Peak cultivators not only refused to be thankful, they actually chose to hate you!"

When Bai Xiaochun thought back to the things that had happened in the past, his expression turned grim, and he let out a cold harrumph.

"The grand elder and blood master of Corpse Peak are the worst of them all," the grand elder continued, eyes smoldering with righteous indignation. "You actually went to concoct medicine for them personally, but they repaid you by venting their anger on you. Completely preposterous! However, you can rest at ease about the matter, Junior Brother Nighcrypt. The blood master of Lesser Marsh Peak has already petitioned to the sect to publically clear your name!"

Bai Xiaochun shook his head and sighed. "I offer you profound thanks, grand elder. And the same goes to the blood master. However, the matter has ended. Besides, I actually learned quite a bit from that event."

"Junior Brother Nighcrypt, there's no need to be so polite. You reached Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening, and are exceptionally talented in body refinement. You have a berserk ghost defense! You're like family to us on Lesser Marsh Peak!" The grand elder laughed loudly. "Corpse Peak doesn't know the difference between

good and bad, so we might as well just ignore them. However, considering that we're basically family, how about this: Junior Brother Nightcrypt, why don't you concoct some spirit medicine for Lesser Marsh Peak? I guarantee that even if you destroy the mountain, the blood master and I won't even frown in response!" The grand elder even slapped his chest to emphasize his honesty.

"Um...." Bai Xiaochun said, feeling a bit hesitant.

"Don't worry, Junior Brother Nightcrypt, I know the protocol." He pulled a bag of holding out from his robe and placed it down in front of Bai Xiaochun.

After picking it up and looking inside, Bai Xiaochun found a large quantity of medicinal plants and a sizeable collection of spirit stones. Feeling very pleased, he was about to agree, when suddenly his expression flickered. The grand elder of Lesser Marsh Peak also frowned, and the two of them looked out of the immortal's cave.

"Junior Brother Nightcrypt, are you home? It's me, Grand Elder Geng Qiankun of Nameless Peak." The grand elder of Nameless Peak, the dwarf, was right outside. His expression was the same as ever, but inwardly he was very nervous. For quite some time, both he and the blood master of Nameless Peak had wavered back and forth about Bai Xiaochun's pill concocting.

However, after hearing that the grand elder of Lesser Marsh Peak had shown up on Middle Peak, they knew that they couldn't just sit around and do nothing. That was especially true of the Nameless Peak blood master. Therefore, he sent the grand elder hurrying over, worried the whole time about whether or not he

could convince Nighcrypt to concoct medicine for Nameless Peak.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times, then rose to his feet and went out to receive the grand elder from Nameless Peak and lead him inside.

As soon as the grand elder from Nameless Peak entered, he saw Han Chundong. When their eyes met, they blazed with a competitive flare.

“Junior Brother Nighcrypt,” the dwarf said, “I’m not the kind of person to waste words. If you concoct a special tier-4 spirit medicine for Nameless Peak, then we will double whatever Lesser Marsh Peak has offered you. Our only condition is that you concoct medicine for us first!” The dwarf spoke in a very domineering fashion. However, before Bai Xiaochun could respond, Han Chundong snorted and shot to his feet, radiating a murderous aura.

“Junior Brother Nighcrypt, that bag of holding only contains the initial deposit! If you concoct medicine for us first, then we’ll give you full access to our secret body refinement techniques. You can even cultivate the secret magic of Lesser Marsh Peak!” The grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak gritted his teeth. He wasn’t sure how much free time Bai Xiaochun had, but he knew that it often took many days for him to concoct medicine. Considering that war was looming, he was desperate to get this medicine concocted.

Because of that, he would do everything he could to make sure the blood master from his mountain peak was first in line.

Bai Xiaochun was moved. The truth was that he did want to do some research into Lesser Marsh Peak's body refinement techniques. After all, they seemed connected to the Undying Codex.

Off to the side, the dwarf seemed shocked by the other grand elder's words. However, as soon as he saw the expression on Bai Xiaochun's face, he gritted his teeth and said, "Junior Brother Nighcrypt, Nameless Peak has prepared a gargoyle just for you! We can teach you Nameless Peak's gargoyle refining magics!" In response to his words, Han Chundong glared at him angrily.

Bai Xiaochun was quivering in eagerness. The gargoyle magics of Nameless Peak were top secret, and cultivators from outside of that mountain peak had to spend a huge amount of merit points to study them.

Their incredible value was difficult to put into words.

Han Chundong looked at Bai Xiaochun and said, "Junior Brother Nighcrypt, the best rule to follow is first come first served. Lesser Marsh Peak was the first to come here to request medicine concocting, so please take that into careful consideration!"

The dwarf looked over and said, "Junior Brother Nighcrypt, Nameless Peak is willing to double their offer!"

Bai Xiaochun rubbed his forehead, then looked back and forth between the two. Chuckling, he said, "It's true. First come first

served is the most fair. I'll start at Lesser Marsh Peak. I hope that grand elder and blood master from Nameless Peak won't take offense. Also, there's no need to offer double. I understand that both of you are here to represent your respective blood masters. How about this: I'll promise that no matter who I concoct medicine for, I'll get it done before the war starts. For both of you! I guarantee it!"

The two grand elders were visibly moved. The truth was that neither of them wanted to get into a bidding war. Seeing how smoothly Bai Xiaochun had handled the situation, they felt even better about him than before. Nodding, they proceeded to chat a bit longer before clasping hands and leaving.

After seeing them off, Bai Xiaochun returned to his immortal's cave and sat down cross-legged. After a moment of thought, he chuckled to himself.

"I have the emerald zombie from Corpse Peak, and I've gotten the grand elder from Middle Peak to fall for me. If I get a gargoyle from Nameless Peak and cultivate body refinement on Lesser Marsh Peak, then I'll be more important in the Blood Stream Sect than ever. I'll be similar to a bloodstreak elder. By the time Song Junwan becomes blood master, I'll be far more likely to snag the spot of grand elder for myself!"

Chapter 234: It Really Won't Explode?

Bai Xiaochun had made up his mind, and there was no time to waste. The next morning at the crack of dawn, he left Middle Peak for Lesser Marsh Peak.

Lesser Marsh Peak was the pinky finger on the enormous hand that housed the Blood Stream Sect. Although it was smaller than the other fingers, the cultivators there all practiced body refinement, and were far more powerful and ferocious than their contemporaries in the sect.

Almost as soon as Bai Xiaochun arrived on the mountain, he could see how much taller and burlier the cultivators there were. They exuded an aura of qi and blood that filled all of Lesser Marsh Peak.

Bai Xiaochun was a bit shocked to be surrounded by so many mighty individuals. All of the cultivators were like that, regardless of whether they were male or female. Although he was a bit nervous, he refused to be intimidated.

“You people think you’re as strong as me? Hmph! What good is there in being big and burly? I have the power of four berserk ghosts!” Blinking a few times, he hurried up one of the mountain paths. All of the cultivators he passed had wary expressions on their faces, as well as cold gleams in their eyes.

Obviously, the reputation of Plaguedevil had reached all ears on Lesser Marsh Peak, and the people there recognized him

immediately.

Before long, Bai Xiaochun was on the upper finger of Lesser Marsh Peak, where Grand Elder Han Chundong was waiting for him. After some pleasantries were exchanged, Han Chundong led him to Lesser Marsh Peak's Blood Master Temple.

Inside the temple, Lesser Marsh Peak's blood master was sitting cross-legged. As soon as Bai Xiaochun stepped inside, he rose to his feet and smiled broadly.

“Junior Brother Nighcrypt!”

The blood master was a powerfully built middle-aged man who radiated a power and energy that seemed to surpass Han Chundong. Bai Xiaochun felt almost like he was looking at a giant whose aura caused all of the blood qi in the area to surge into motion.

The sudden pressure that Bai Xiaochun felt caused him to pause in mid stride and look in shock at the blood master, who was currently hurrying over to meet him.

Bai Xiaochun paid close attention, and immediately picked up on some clues regarding his body refinement technique.

“It's similar to the second level of the Undying Heavenly King?” Despite being shaken inwardly, his expression remained the same as ever. Smiling broadly, he clasped hands and bowed in greeting.

“Nightcrypt offers greetings, Blood Master.”

The blood master looked at Bai Xiaochun with shining eyes, and then spoke in a booming voice. “There’s no need for such formality, Junior Brother Nightcrypt. I’m a straightforward person, and hate beating around the bush. I need you to concoct me a batch of tier-4 Blood Body Pills!

“Such pills only serve one function: to rapidly propel you to the next level in Lesser Marsh Peak’s secret body refinement technique!

“War is upon us, and everyone is working hard to prepare. Unfortunately, this pill won’t be hugely effective unless it’s tier-5, and tier-4 versions are unavailable for purchase inside the sect. Therefore, what I need is not a single pill; I need at least a hundred tier-4 Blood Body Pills!

“Nightcrypt, are you confident enough to concoct me a hundred tier-4 Blood Body Pills?!” The blood master’s eyes glittered as he looked at Bai Xiaochun, his words echoing back and forth in Blood Master Temple.

Bai Xiaochun’s ears hurt a bit from the blood master’s booming voice. Not willing to accept that, he raised his own voice into a virtual roar and replied, “If I have enough medicinal plants and pill furnaces, then a hundred pills should be no problem!”

At first, the blood master was surprised by Bai Xiaochun’s

roaring voice. He was used to using a booming voice when talking with others, but wasn't used to the opposite happening. After looking Bai Xiaochun up and down for a moment, he started laughing.

“Oh I have plenty of medicinal plants,” he said. “As far as pill furnaces are concerned, come, Junior Brother Nighcrypt. I want to show you the one-of-a-kind pill furnace we've prepared for you!” The blood master's subsequent laughter shook the entire mountain peak. Waving his sleeve, he swept up both Bai Xiaochun and the grand elder, who had been standing respectfully off to the side. All three of them then flew through the air toward a wide-open space which had been set aside on the upper finger.

It was protected by a powerful spell formation, the fluctuations and aura of which were so intense that even the hallucinatory mist that had appeared on Corpse Peak would not be able to escape it.

Clearly, Lesser Marsh Peak had taken many precautions before inviting him over to concoct pills. Seeing all of that, Bai Xiaochun coughed dryly, but didn't say anything. Following the blood master, he entered an immortal's cave inside of the spell formation.

It was a newly built immortal's cave, in the depths of which was a vast hall set aside for a single object!

Almost as soon as Bai Xiaochun laid eyes on it, he gasped, and his eyes glittered with bright light. He immediately began to circle around the object, and was unable to hold back his gasps as he did.

It was a pill furnace of enormous size. It was fully 90 meters in diameter, green in color, and engraved with countless magical symbols. There was something majestic about it that made it seem profoundly and shockingly sturdy.

“This pill furnace....” Bai Xiaochun reached out and touched it, and the awe-inspiring feeling he got left him even more excited than before. One of his main problems had always been exploding pill furnaces, leaving him no option other than to reduce the medicinal strength of his concoctions, and preventing him from unleashing his full skill in the Dao of medicine.

The moment he saw this pill furnace, however, he was deeply shaken.

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt, many generations ago, a blood master of Lesser Marsh Peak robbed this precious treasure from the Pill Stream Sect. The truth is that it isn’t the original precious treasure, only a replica. However it’s a replica of none other than the Heaven-Earth Furnace Cauldron!

“I personally arranged for you to be able to use it today. With this furnace, you can be as bold as you wish in your medicine concocting. Don’t worry, a precious treasure like this won’t explode under any circumstances!” The blood master threw his head back and laughed proudly. He was a body refinement cultivator, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t a cautious person. He was very familiar with the moniker Plaguedevil, and had prepared a pill furnace that couldn’t explode, placed inside of a spell formation so impenetrable that not even the slightest scrap of an

aura could escape from it. Only after having made these preparations was he confident that no mishaps would occur.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath as he walked around the pill furnace a few more times, examining it. He was already itching with the desire to go all out, to experiment with medicinal strength that, up to this point, had been impossible for him.

And yet, he was still a bit nervous. Looking over at the blood master, he said, “Are you sure that this pill furnace will never explode!?”

“Of course I’m sure!” the blood master replied, smiling proudly.

Patting the pill furnace gently, Bai Xiaochun laughed and said, “Fine. If you’re absolutely sure, then Nightcrypt will concoct your medicine for you!”

The blood master joined him in his laughter, then gazed at him deeply for a moment before throwing over a bag of holding.

Then he turned and left. The grand elder clasped hands formally, then also left.

Bai Xiaochun was now alone in the immortal’s cave, looking at the enormous pill furnace, his excitement building. After a moment passed, he examined the bag of holding, which was full of medicinal plants and bloodflame stones. It also contained a jade slip.

In addition to the pill formula for the Blood Body Pill, the jade slip also contained Lesser Marsh Peak's secret body refinement technique!

"Way of the Blood Fiend Body!" Bai Xiaochun immediately set about studying it. By the time he finished, it was nighttime, whereupon he closed his eyes to think.

After a long moment passed, his eyes opened, and they shone with enlightenment.

The Way of the Blood Fiend Body had been studied by generation after generation of cultivators on Lesser Marsh Peak, and was derived from the huge hand that the sect rested on. It was essentially an inferior version of the Undying Codex, an imitation.

It derived power based on totem tattoos, and was divided into power levels of the ancient mammoth, the berserk ghost, the heavenly demon, and the blood fiend!

By absorbing blood qi into one's own flesh and blood, then catalyzing it with the secret technique, the body's basic structure would transform, and eventually be capable of unleashing powerful fleshly body power.

Although it seemed to have a lot in common with the Undying Codex that Bai Xiaochun cultivated, the truth was that it was extremely counterproductive. The Undying Codex didn't change one's basic body structure, it directly unleashed inner power to

create a powerful combination of offense and defense!

“However, the Way of the Blood Fiend Body does have some redeeming qualities. Maybe I can even use them to make an early breakthrough in the second level of the Undying Heavenly King!” After a bit of further examination, Bai Xiaochun’s spirits rose, and he even tested out some of the cultivation practices. When he did, rumbling sounds could be heard as blood qi rushed toward him. By using the secret techniques of the Way of the Blood Fiend Body, he stimulated his flesh and blood, but instead of allowing his basic body structure to be changed, he used the power to drive the Undying Heavenly King.

The night passed. The next morning at dawn, Bai Xiaochun’s eyes snapped open, and they shone with delight.

“That one night of cultivation was like three days of ordinary cultivation!

“So it does work! Hahaha!” Excited, Bai Xiaochun mused that the Blood Stream Sect truly was his personal Holy Land. Looking over at the enormous pill furnace, his eyes shone with a strange light, and he suddenly smacked his hand down onto the furnace. A bang could be heard as the furnace’s lid opened up. Without any hesitation, he flew up to stand on the edge of the furnace and looked down inside, which left him even more shocked than before.

“If this furnace really can’t explode, then I think I need to test the limits of the medicinal strength I’m capable of producing!” Just when he was about to start, he suddenly paused for a moment.

“It really won’t explode?” he thought, hesitating.

“Ah whatever. The blood master guaranteed that it wouldn’t explode. It probably won’t.” Taking a deep breath, he tossed caution to the wind. A look of madness appeared in his eyes as prepared to concoct a huge batch of pills.

Chapter 235: Plaguedevil's Here

“The last time I used dragonchimp grass, I could only use one blade, but this time I’m gonna put in ten!

“Firecloud pears, huh? Let’s put in twenty of them!

“So, it calls for starlight leaf? It says half a leaf should do, but with an incredible pill furnace like this, that’s definitely not enough. I’m putting in ten.” Murmuring to himself, he continued to circle the edge of the pill furnace, tossing in one type of medicinal plant after another. After making minor adjustments here and there, he would add more plants.

Bloodflame stones poured out of his bag of holding to land underneath the pill furnace, providing intense heat. However, this was no ordinary pill furnace. Other pill furnaces would have turned bright red from the heat, but this one hardly seemed to be getting hot at all.

Seeing that, Bai Xiaochun got even more excited than before. He was slowly immersing himself in his medicine concocting, tossing more and more medicinal plants into the mix, doing nothing to prevent the medicinal strength from growing rapidly. At the same time, he was completely engrossed in making calculations regarding the medicine formula.

He felt completely and utterly satisfied. He didn’t have to worry about the cost of the materials he was using, didn’t have to worry about the medicinal strength increasing to unsafe levels, and

didn't need to worry about losing control of the pill furnace. The only thing he worried about was how to concoct the pill.

His hair was disheveled and his eyes were bloodshot, but he felt wonderful, and more excited than he ever had been before. For seven days, he continued to add more medicinal plants to the mix. Eventually, more than half of the bag of holding had been emptied. By using the principles of mutual augmentation and suppression, Bai Xiaochun had pushed the medicinal strength to an explosive level.

Rumbling sounds began to emanate from the pill furnace, which by this point was changing from green to bright red. By now, it seemed that the furnace really wouldn't explode.

Seeing that, Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

"A precious furnace!" he exclaimed. With that, he descended back into the medicine concocting. Based on his calculations regarding the medicine formula, he continued to add medicinal plants. As inspiration hit him, and as his train of thought proceeded, he made changes as he saw fit. Combined with the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation technique, he was gradually reaching the medicinal strength he sought.

Another five days passed, and the rumbling sounds inside of the pill furnace grew more intense. By now, the furnace was bright red, and Bai Xiaochun had added all of the medicinal plants he wanted to. He was sitting off to the side looking very content when he suddenly thought of something. Hurrying forward, he produced

a drop of his own Undying Blood and added it into the furnace.

With that, he put the lid back on the furnace and locked it tight.

In that instant, any outlet for the medicinal strength was cut off, causing intense rumbling sounds to echo out. The pill furnace began to shake, and the temperature inside began to rise rapidly.

Bai Xiaochun was so impressed with the miraculous pill furnace that he didn't even think about any potential problems. As far as he was concerned, it wouldn't explode. Therefore, he decided to practice some cultivation off to the side. Occasionally, he would look over and make a few adjustments as the medicinal strength inside the pill furnace changed.

A few days later, he started to get worried. The pill furnace was now bright red, and radiating such intense heat that the area for three meters around the furnace was rippling and distorting. Cracks were even visible on the ground, snaking out from the furnace.

Bai Xiaochun swallowed, and edged away. The waves of heat battering his face caused his heart to begin to pound with fear.

“If a pill furnace this big exploded, I would lose my poor little life for sure....” Blinking, he thought back to what the Lesser Marsh Peak blood master had said. This furnace won't explode under any circumstances. Only then did he calm down a bit.

“There shouldn’t be any problems, right...?” He was already starting to regret putting in so many medicinal plants. Lack of control was definitely one of his downsides. However, the pill furnace currently didn’t seem to be in danger of exploding.

He waited for four more days. The furnace was still trembling, and the area of distortion had increased from three meters to thirty. The intense heat was even causing some of the nearby rock walls to slowly melt. The heat seemed to be building up with every passing moment. Bai Xiaochun was sweating up a storm, and his eyes were already wide with terror.

He thought about trying to stop the concoction process, but wasn’t able to interfere. The spirit medicine inside the pill furnace was already beginning to take shape. He could only imagine how the temperature might increase now that the medicine was actually forming.

Bai Xiaochun took a long, nervous breath. He felt like he was sitting on top of a volcano that might erupt at any moment. He nervously edged backward until he was outside of the immortal’s cave. Finally, he put on a lofty, enigmatic expression and walked out of the spell formation as he prepared to leave Lesser Marsh Peak.

In his opinion, Lesser Marsh Peak was now far too dangerous of a place to remain in....

On his way out, the grand elder detected him and flew over to stop him from leaving.

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt,” he said politely, “where might you be headed now? Are you finished concocting our medicine?”

Bai Xiaochun was very nervous, but his expression didn't show it at all. Claspng his hands behind his back, he coolly said, “Don't worry. The concocting process is done. However, the hundred Blood Body Pills need more time to develop. In three months I'll come back personally to extract the pills from the furnace.

“In the meantime, I'll head to Nameless Peak. After all, I promised to concoct medicine for them too.” Despite having been forced to scramble to come up with an excuse, Bai Xiaochun's expression was the same as ever. Lesser Marsh Peak's grand elder was still a bit suspicious, but couldn't find any fault with Bai Xiaochun's reasoning.

“Well in that case, Junior Brother Nightcrypt,” he said, “I'll personally escort you all the way to Nameless Peak!” He still felt that something was off, but nevertheless, gestured for Bai Xiaochun to follow him to Nameless Peak.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times, then nodded and followed along. Soon he had reached the border of Nameless Peak, where the dwarf grand elder came out to meet him. Only then did Bai Xiaochun finally breathe a sigh of relief. Even as he proceeded on to Nameless Peak, he turned to look back at the grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak.

“By the way,” he said, “during the next three months, no one is

permitted to enter that immortal's cave. And definitely do not let anyone touch the pill furnace. The pill furnace might burst open, and if it does, you'll be responsible!" With that, he looked away and followed the dwarf onto Nameless Peak. He also made a decision to never, ever go back to Lesser Marsh Peak....

"If what the blood master of Lesser Marsh Peak said is true, then the pill furnace won't explode. The medicinal pills will eventually be completed. If that pill furnace explodes, it's not my fault!" The more he thought about it, the more he believed himself to be in the right. Feeling much better, he followed the Nameless Peak grand elder to meet the local blood master.

In accordance with the previous agreement, the blood master gave Bai Xiaochun a gargoyle. Furthermore, they had set aside an immortal's cave on the lower finger where he could concoct medicine.

By the time he went in to begin his work, word was already spreading through Nameless Peak about his arrival, leading to gasps among the cultivators there. They already felt like they were going to go mad in the coming days.

They knew about Bai Xiaochun's nickname, Plaguedevil, and had heard that the terrors which came along with his pill concocting were like tribulations wrought by patriarchs. All of them felt as though they were heading into a life or death crisis....

The Nameless Peak cultivators began to think about everything that had occurred on Middle Peak and Corpse Peak. They weren't as confident as the cultivators from Lesser Marsh Peak, and were

thus soon shaking in their boots.

“Plaguedevil’s here!! The terror he causes with his medicine concocting is unimaginable. Remember Zhao Shuimu from Corpse Peak? He hallucinated that he was a tuft of spirit grass! Even down to this day, he sometimes goes into a daze if he sees spirit grass....”

“That’s nothing. You know Zhou Yibiao? When he sleeps at night, he sometimes yells out that he is Bai Xiaochun....”

“Actually, there are quite a few cultivators from Middle Peak who have recovered, but still haven’t grown back hair, and still have occasional bouts of diarrhea. In fact, it’s been on more than one occasion that I saw someone from Middle Peak get the upper hand in a fight, only to suddenly look very uncomfortable. You know what I mean, right...?”

Discussions such as these spread like wildfire. As for the cultivators who actually resided near the location where Bai Xiaochun was doing his concocting work, their scalps tingled like mad, and many of them simply left. Before long, more than half of the cultivators who normally occupied Nameless Peak had abandoned their immortal’s caves and gone to stay with people they knew in the Inner Sect.

Bai Xiaochun was a bit shocked at how quiet Nameless Peak became. Not a trace of a living person could be seen anywhere near his immortal’s cave. Clearing his throat, he thought to himself, “I haven’t even done anything yet! What are these people being so jumpy for?”

“I concocted medicine on Lesser Marsh Peak and nothing happened!” A bit annoyed, he sat down cross-legged and looked around the immortal’s cave for a moment until his gaze came to rest on something in the far corner.

A black shadow floated there, emanating a cold and sinister aura.

It was one of the Nameless Peak gargoyles, which were somewhat akin to the evil ghosts that could be found on Ghostfang Peak in the Spirit Stream Sect. The main difference was that the evil ghosts weren’t intelligent, and didn’t grow very large either.

In contrast, gargoyles became more intelligent as they grew, and could also practice their own form of cultivation. In terms of power and strength, they were no weaker than evil ghosts, and yet, were vastly more cunning and sly.

After they reached a certain level of power, they would develop a bizarre divine ability that allowed them to possess humans and even control them. By becoming something like an inner devil, they could kill people without leaving a single mark, whereupon they would viciously drain them of their blood.

Different methods could be used to raise different types of gargoyles. One of the reasons why the Blood Stream Sect was known as a devilish sect was because of the devilish gargoyles that they raised.

Bai Xiaochun wasn’t too sure about the origins of the gargoyles.

That was one of the big secrets of the Blood Stream Sect. As for the gargoyle in the immortal's cave with him, it was completely ordinary, with low intelligence. It was even frightened of Bai Xiaochun's murderous aura, and didn't dare to approach him. Instead, it cowered in the corner, trembling.

Chapter 236: You Handle It, Shadow!

Bai Xiaochun looked at the trembling black shadow, and then pulled out a violet jade pendant and said, “Get over here!”

The shadow trembled again, then slowly floated over to Bai Xiaochun. Now that it was in front of him, he could just make out a face inside the black mist.

With that, he reached out to grab it, only to find that his hand passed through the mist. Apparently, the gargoyle didn’t actually have a physical body. Bai Xiaochun was now more intrigued than ever.

“The Blood Stream Sect’s gargoyles and the Spirit Stream Sect’s evil ghosts are similar in some ways. Ghost come from the souls of people who have died, but what about gargoyles? Where do they come from?” After pondering the issue for some time, he couldn’t come up with any theories. However, there seemed to be some connection between him and the gargoyle, something other than the jade plaque of control that had been given to him by Nameless Peak.

Eventually, he came to the conclusion that the gargoyle must have something to do with the giant hand and the Undying Live Forever Technique....

Even as Bai Xiaochun sat there in thought, the face in the mist suddenly twisted into a ferocious expression, and the mist pounced on Bai Xiaochun.

Icy coldness spread out, a coldness filled with intense ferocity. It was almost as if it wanted to consume Bai Xiaochun's soul. The gargoyle's sudden outburst startled him so much that he unleashed the power of his cultivation base and flicked the thing.

The gargoyle let out a miserable shriek, and the mist faded a bit. Having no other options, it hastily retreated to the corner where it remained, trembling.

“What gall you have!” Bai Xiaochun said angrily. Stomping forward, he aimed a kick at the shadow, which promptly dodged out of the way. Bai Xiaochun gave a cold harrumph and looked down at the jade pendant. Not only could the pendant be used to control the gargoyle, it also contained descriptions of the various punishments and rewards that were usually used to train them.

The most common method was to feed the gargoyle one's own blood, which would strengthen the connection and also improve the gargoyle's ability to understand orders.

As the gargoyle grew, and its own cultivation base improved, it was also common to allow it to kill other things and drink their blood, which also would help the gargoyle grow stronger.

The description also mentioned that if the gargoyle showed any signs of misbehaving, it was important to crush such behavior as quickly as possible. Attempts at rebellion would only grow more intense until the gargoyle became impossible to control.

“You trifling, newborn gargoyle!” he said angrily. “How dare you try to bite the hand that feeds you!” With that, he used the jade pendant to lock the gargoyle in place, then walked over and kicked him a few times. The gargoyle’s mist faded even more, until only a bit was left, whereupon he began letting out plaintive shrieks.

“You remember this,” Bai Xiaochun said sternly. “I’m the top dog here. If you dare to provoke me, I won’t hesitate to put you in your place. Hmph. Now, what should we call you? How about Shadow?” After giving him a name, he ignored him, and focused on the medicine formula that the blood master of Nameless Peak had given him.

“Undying Blood Pill....” he murmured thoughtfully. He had heard of this pill before. It had been created years ago by a patriarch who had gained enlightenment of the Holy Pill Wall Fragment. It had come to be one of the most useful spirit medicines in the entire Blood Stream Sect.

Not only could it lead to spectacular results when raising gargoyles, it could help with refining corpses, as well as with the body refinement techniques of Lesser Marsh Peak. Because it had so many varied uses, the Undying Blood Pill had been in high demand in the sect from the moment it was first invented.

Unfortunately, it was very difficult to concoct. The tier-3 version was relatively easy, but the tier-4 version wasn’t easy at all. When it came to tier-5 Undying Blood Pills, they were far beyond the ordinary, and could be used to summon some of the deepest reserve powers available in the Blood Stream Sect. Even tier-4 versions could be used to try to awaken some of the most ancient

gargoyles.

The more Bai Xiaochun studied the medicine formula, the more shocked he was. It required 97 types of medicinal plants, each one of which contained numerous transformations that had to be suppressed with Heavenspan River water. It even needed spirit blood from the enormous hand. Only after all of that could the Undying Blood Pill be produced.

“Even the slightest mistake in the ratios of the medicinal plants will result in a failure. Furthermore, when it comes to combining the plants, some aspects of the connections need to be neutralized, whereas some aspects need to be fused together. The result is that nine different streams of blood qi will be created!

“One stream of blood qi is a tier-1 version, and so on. The Nameless Peak blood master wants me to concoct a tier-4 Undying Blood Pill, which would contain four streams of blood qi!” Bai Xiaochun’s eyes glittered as he continued to study the formula. As he did, his admiration for the person who had created it grew and grew.

“No wonder this pill is so difficult to concoct. One stream of blood qi is a simple matter, but even just two requires vast amounts of augury and other calculations, along with incredible skill in the Dao of medicine. Working with three streams of blood qi is even more complicated, about ten times more so than two streams. And then four streams. That’s almost ridiculous. Clearly, the only way to succeed is to use the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation technique to simplify matters!” Bai Xiaochun eyes shone with a strange light. Obviously, concocting the Undying

Blood Pill in the usual fashion was far too difficult. The only option was to do things backwards!

Having reached this point in his train of thought, Bai Xiaochun pulled out a pill furnace and some medicinal plants, and started to familiarize himself with the concoction process. Instead of trying to succeed the first time around, he decided to do a bit of testing first.

Time passed. Before long, half a month had gone by. Bai Xiaochun never stepped out of the immortal's cave even once. He was completely immersed in his medicine concocting. He would concoct multiple batches per day, and whenever he ran out of bloodflame stones, he would simply ask for more. It was the same with medicinal plants.

It got to the point where medicinal plants were being sent over every day. Thankfully, the mountain peak had deep reserves. Bai Xiaochun became more and more familiar with the Undying Blood Pill, and yet, as he did, he ruined one batch of spirit medicine after another.

In the past, he would have simply discarded such ruined spirit medicine, but this time, he hesitated, and looked over at the cowering gargoyle over in the corner.

“I wonder if gargoyles eat spirit medicine? They're ruined, but they still have some power left in them.” After some thought, he tossed one of the pills over to the gargoyle.

“Eat it,” he said, looking on in anticipation. The gargoyle’s intelligence was only starting to develop, but he understood what was being said, and pounced on the medicinal pill. Within a moment, the pill had turned into black smoke which the gargoyle quickly absorbed.

“Wow, he does eat them!” Bai Xiaochun was quite pleased. From then on, he tossed all of the ruined pills over to the gargoyle. After absorbing the smoke from each pill, the gargoyle would burp loudly, and then laze off to the side with an intoxicated look on his face. Eventually, he would fall asleep.

“Hahaha! So smart of me! These ruined pills have a use after all.” After ensuring that the gargoyle wasn’t suffering any ill side-effects, he felt more than ever that he’d done something great. With that, he continued to concoct pills, looking over at the gargoyle every once in awhile and tossing him a ruined pill. He wasn’t stingy at all.

Time passed. Gradually, another half a month went by.

During that time, Bai Xiaochun concocted many batches of pills, but every single one was a failure. Although he had gained enlightenment of the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation technique, he wasn’t familiar enough with it to use it consistently. Problems continued to crop up. However, Bai Xiaochun always came up with ways to overcome such problems. Furthermore, he didn’t waste any of the ruined pills, but instead, fed them all to the gargoyle.

“I don’t have anything else to give you, just these ruined pills.”

Bai Xiaochun was actually quite pleased with the situation. Cultivators couldn't consume ruined pills, but they seemed harmless to gargoyles. In fact, the gargoyle had grown quite a bit in the last month. Instead of looking like a tiny imp, he was now about as large as a seven-or eight-year-old child. Of course, he was pitch black, and surrounded by pulsing black mist.

Most noteworthy of all was that the gargoyle seemed a lot more intelligent already. Instead of being completely useless, he was now able to assist Bai Xiaochun a bit when given simple orders.

There were a few times when he seemed reluctant to consume the ruined pills, and yet he didn't dare to defy Bai Xiaochun's orders....

On one occasion, Bai Xiaochun made a mistake, and could tell that the pill furnace was about to explode. He immediately backed up and called out, "You handle it, Shadow!"

Shadow raced over and passed through the outside of the pill furnace. Once inside, he took a deep breath, absorbing all of the spirit medicine. Afterward, he lay down on the ground off to the side, twitching, a glazed look in his eyes.

Bai Xiaochun made a clicking sound with his tongue, very impressed by the gargoyle's behavior.

"Not bad, Shadow, not bad." Excited, he continued with his concocting. At one point, the pill furnace began to emit pulsing black smoke, which Bai Xiaochun knew would cause some sort of

disaster, either acid raid, diarrhea, hallucinations, or something else.

Yet again, he called upon Shadow.

“You handle it, Shadow!”

Shadow pounced, breathing in deeply and sucking away all of the smoke. Then he lay off to the side while the smoke wreaked havoc on his insides. If he had saliva, he would definitely have been frothing at the mouth.

Bai Xiaochun was moved.

“Great job, Shadow. You’re awesome!” Bai Xiaochun was very excited, and had already determined that he needed to bring Shadow with him whenever he concocted medicine. Shadow was truly outstanding. Whether it was ruined pills, noxious smoke, or exploding pill furnaces, he could solve all of the problems that cropped up when dealing with the impurities in the pills....

Bai Xiaochun was so immersed in his medicine concocting that he didn’t notice the rising spark of intelligence in little Shadow’s eyes, that was apparently a result of consuming all of the impurities. Normally, he kept it well-hidden, and always tried to seem dazed and foolish in front of Bai Xiaochun.

At one point, Bai Xiaochun eyed a failed batch that had resulted in a strange pill. He had no idea what the pill did, and was just

about to put it into his bag of holding, when he looked over at Shadow.

Blinking, he said, “You handle it, Shadow.”

A tremor ran through Shadow, but then he flew over and took the pill. After consuming it, he flopped over onto his side.

Chapter 237: A Boom From Lesser Marsh Peak

Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide. Just when he was going to go over to examine Shadow closer, Shadow suddenly leapt to his feet, howling as he transformed into a mist. Screaming, he burst out of the immortal's cave. Bai Xiaochun hurried out after him to find that the gargoyle had seemingly gone mad. He was running around, jumping up and down, sometimes collapsing into a shapeless mist, other times coalescing back into form. After a bit of time, he once again collapsed on the ground.

From that moment on, whenever he looked at Bai Xiaochun, profound fear could be seen mixed in with the intelligence in his eyes....

Things progressed like that for about half a month. Bai Xiaochun worked hard, and the tier-4 Undying Blood Pill slowly began to take form. He was already able to make pills with three streams of blood qi, and was on the very cusp of being able to produce four.

During that time, Shadow continued to consume medicinal pills. Although the quality of the pills improved, they were still ruined pills, and occasionally even toxic, but Shadow generally enjoyed them all.

Shadow also enjoyed leaving the immortal's cave occasionally and flying around above Nameless Peak. When he encountered other gargoyles belonging to other cultivators, it was clear that Shadow's murderous aura was much less pronounced than theirs.

The law of the jungle prevailed in the Blood Stream Sect, and it was even more brutal when it came to life among the gargoyles. The cultivators had to strictly control the gargoyles under their control, lest major issues crop up. However, there was something strange about Shadow. He got along with all of the other gargoyles on Nameless Peak, and never got into fights with them....

Bai Xiaochun was quite surprised about that, but didn't put too much thought into it. He focused on concocting medicine. Another half a month passed, and he finally made a breakthrough and concocted a tier-4 Undying Blood Pill.

When the four streams of blood qi finally combined, Bai Xiaochun began to laugh at the top of his lungs. Of course, his excitement came not from the fact that he had concocted the tier-4 Undying Blood Pill, but rather, because nobody had been affected during the concocting process.

There had been no acid rain, no exploding furnaces, no toxic smoke, no diarrhea, nothing. Most exciting of all was that Bai Xiaochun finally felt as if he understood what it was like to be a grandmaster apothecary.

“Hahaha! Now people definitely can't call me Plaguedevil! I concocted medicine for Nameless Peak, and not a single problem cropped up!” Of course, he was just as surprised as he was happy. Also surprised were all the other cultivators in the Bloodstream Sect, especially those on Nameless Peak. Although they were still a bit leery, there didn't seem to be any signs of disasters. Apparently, Nightcrypt's medicine concocting truly had proceeded in complete

safety.

“Has Plaguedevil really changed his ways?”

“I can’t believe that nothing happened during his medicine concocting!!”

There was one thing that happened which no one noticed, however. Bai Xiaochun’s gargoyle Shadow had been making the rounds on Nameless Peak, getting to know all of the gargoyles there....

The blood master and grand elder of Nameless Peak were delighted that the tier-4 Undying Blood Pill had been successfully concocted. Just as they’d promised, they provided generous compensation, along with a ceremony filled with pomp and splendor. They even decided that they would work more with Nightcrypt in the future.

Although the ceremony was held on Nameless Peak, Grand Elder Song Junwan was invited to attend. It was held in Nameless Peak’s Blood Master Temple, where Nightcrypt was lavished with endless praise. Bai Xiaochun felt that it wasn’t the time to call attention to himself, so he simply stuck his chin up and smiled coolly.

Off to the side, Song Junwan watched the proceedings with a smile, and whenever she looked at Nightcrypt, her eyes would shine. Before long, the ceremony had been going for about an hour. At that point, Nameless Peak’s blood master laughed loudly and walked over to Nightcrypt.

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt, you are a real genius in the Dao of medicine, a true rarity in the world. In the future, your name is sure to rock the entire eastern reaches of the world of cultivation. If you ever concoct a tier-5 Undying Blood Pill, you will surely shake the entire sect! I’m sure that day isn’t very far off!

Nameless Peak’s grand elder then chimed in, “Anyone who concocts a tier-5 Undying Blood Pill will receive a big reward from the sect, and will be credited as having performed a major service!”

As everyone clustered around Bai Xiaochun, chatting and laughing, he listened to their words with great pleasure. Just when he was about to do a bit of bragging, a deafening boom could be heard from outside.

It was like thunder from heaven, and came so suddenly that everyone was startled. All of Nameless Peak shook violently, and cracks even appeared in the ground. There was also a blast of heat that swept over everything. The entire crowd in Nameless Peak’s Blood Master Temple looked out the door, their faces flickering with shock.

Outside, the sky had turned gray, and everything was still shaking. It wasn’t Nameless Peak alone; Corpse Peak and Middle Peak were also physically rocking back and forth.

The Inner Sect district was thrown into complete chaos, as was the Outer Sect district. People were screaming and shouting, and almost immediately, beams of light could be seen as people flew up

into the air.

Even the Blood Stream Sect's grand spell formation activated.

“What just happened?!?!”

“Don't tell me someone is attacking the Blood Stream Sect!!”

“The war's starting!!”

Even Ancestor Peak was completely shaken. As the blast of heat passed over it, the shocked prime elders sent divine sense out to scan the entire sect.

Bai Xiaochun's face fell as he raced out of Blood Master Temple along with everyone else. The entire group was shaken, and as for Bai Xiaochun, he was panting. Moments later, he was outside. Song Junwan took her place by his side, looking around vigilantly.

Cultivators were flying up from all of the other mountain peaks, looks of shock on their faces.

Before long, all gazes shifted in the direction of Lesser Marsh Peak!

Clouds of shocking black smoke were pouring up into the air from that direction.

The source of the smoke was a location right between the lower and upper finger, where massive fissures spread out in all directions from a huge hole.

Because of the belching black smoke, everyone soon realized where that huge boom had originated.

“Lesser Marsh Peak?!”

“What happened over there...?”

Bai Xiaochun squinted his eyes as he looked over at the masses of black smoke. After a moment, his eyes went wide, and his heart began to pound.

The big boom from moments ago had somehow seemed vaguely familiar, and after taking a look at the source of the black smoke, he realized that it was where he had been concocting medicine on Lesser Marsh Peak. Clearly, the sound from moments ago had come from an exploding pill furnace.

In that moment, he suddenly recalled that he had left a batch of medicinal pills brewing on Lesser Marsh Peak....

Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead, and his heart began to pound even harder. That was when the wails of anguish began to rise up from Lesser Marsh Peak, and Bai Xiaochun’s scalp began to tingle.

“I’m finished. Kaput....”

Even as Bai Xiaochun began to tremble in fear, and the rest of the Blood Stream Sect looked on in shock, several beams of light flew out from Lesser Marsh Peak. In the lead was the Lesser Marsh Peak blood master. He was shaking visibly, and his eyes were bloodshot. As he looked down at the chaos on Lesser Marsh Peak, he seemed like he wanted to cry. After a moment, he threw his head back and let out a howl of grief.

He knew that everything that was happening was because of Nightcrypt. With that, he prepared to call out by name the person who was at fault, then, to track him down and kill him.

However, before the name ‘Nightcrypt’ could escape his lips, Bai Xiaochun took action. Forcing his eyes to instantly become bloodshot, he strode forward toward the Lesser Marsh Peak blood master and shouted out in a voice that could shake heaven and earth: “My treasured pill!!!”

Beating his chest with his fists and tugging at his hair, he howled like a lunatic as he then shot at top speed toward Lesser Marsh Peak.

“Why is this happening? Dear heavens! What happened? My treasured pill!!” He seemed to be going mad as he flew in a beam of light toward the source of the smoke on Lesser Marsh Peak, which was the center of all the chaos.

Lesser Marsh Peak was now completely scorched black, and more

than half of the buildings and immortal's caves were completely destroyed. The cultivators all seemed to be in very bad shape, and flames of rage burned in their eyes. However, as soon as they saw Bai Xiaochun, expressions of fear filled their faces.

Bai Xiaochun ignored them as he raced in the direction of where he had been concocting medicine on Lesser Marsh Peak. The entire area was a crater. There was no spell formation, no immortal's cave. The only things left behind were the shattered chunks of the pill furnace, and intense heat.

In the air above the mountain peak were the blood master, the grand elder, and the bloodstreak elders. Many of them had blood oozing out of their mouths, and all of them looked astonished. The entire lot had been aware that Nightcrypt could be annoying, but none of them could ever have imagined that he could produce tragic results like this.

“Nightcrypt!!” growled the blood master, a shocking level of killing intent burning in his eyes as he flew toward Bai Xiaochun.

In the same moment that the blood master started moving toward him, Bai Xiaochun began to tremble. Spinning around, he howled madly: “Lesser Marsh Peak blood master!!

“I spent three months on that treasured pill! I poured my own blood, sweat, and tears into it! It was almost a tier-5 medicine!!” Bai Xiaochun's face was twisted as if with grief and madness, and an increasingly murderous aura was building up around him.

“Dammit, Blood Master, didn’t you tell me that pill furnace couldn’t explode? Didn’t you tell me it was a precious treasure?!?! Why did you lie to me!?” Bai Xiaochun seemed insane, even more maddened than the Lesser Marsh Peak blood master. At first, it seemed like he was simply making wild accusations in his madness.

“You....” The Lesser Marsh Peak blood master was incensed, but after he began to speak, realized there was little that he could say.

“Why? Why did you lie to me? All of my hard work, all of my effort concocting that pill, was based on a lie! You said it was a precious treasure taken from the Pill Stream Sect, that it wouldn’t explode under any circumstances! If you had told me ahead of time that the pill furnace could blow up, then I would never have wasted so many precious medicinal plants! I could have just used ordinary concocting methods! Oh, my treasured pill!”

Chapter 238: Tier-5 Spirit Medicine!

“Do you know how much of my own blood, sweat and tears I poured into this treasured pill?!” Bai Xiaochun shouted hoarsely. “Dammit! Why didn’t you tell me the truth instead of lying to me!?!?” Crowds of Blood Stream Sect cultivators were converging on the scene to watch, and the streams of divine sense from Ancestor Peak were focused on the area.

“I told you not to get close to the pill furnace. Tell me, did you get close? Did you?!” Bai Xiaochun finally began to chuckle bitterly, his face a mask of disappointment and sadness.

There was no way for the Lesser Marsh Peak blood master and grand elder to offer a retort to Bai Xiaochun’s words. The blood master truly had told Bai Xiaochun that the pill furnace couldn’t explode, and had also promised to take responsibility for any situations which arose. Bai Xiaochun last words hit especially close to home.

The truth was that because the heat radiating from the pill furnace had continued to increase, slowly scorching everything on Lesser Marsh Peak, they actually had felt they had no other choice than to approach the furnace to take a look.

They were in the wrong, and yet, the losses sustained by Lesser Marsh Peak were so vast that they couldn’t restrain their rage. The blood master gritted his teeth and said, “You jabbering troublemaker! Lesser Marsh Peak trusted you! We asked you to concoct medicine for us, and if you had, I would have taken responsibility. But I don’t see any spirit medicine! You destroyed

Lesser Marsh Peak, Nightcrypt. I demand an explanation!”

Snorting coldly, the blood master took a step forward as if to grab Bai Xiaochun, and hopefully gain something from this disaster....

“Hold on!!!” Bai Xiaochun said. Looking very serious, he took a step forward and breathed in deeply through his nose. “Something’s off here. That smell.... Do you sense that medicinal aroma...?”

The Lesser Marsh Peak blood master frowned. Snorting coldly, he proceeded toward Bai Xiaochun, but even as he did, Bai Xiaochun flickered into motion, appearing a moment later next to a chunk that had once made up the wall of the pill furnace. Looking shaken and incredulous, he pulled the chunk off to the side, revealing a medicinal pill underneath, which glowed with five-colored light!

It also emanated a strong medicinal aroma which, combined with the five-colored light, caused the eyes of everyone who could see it to go wide. Their minds began to spin, and many people even gasped or cried out in shock!

“Is that a tier-5 spirit medicine!?”

“I’ve never even seen a tier-5 spirit medicine before. Even the Pill Stream Sect only has a few people who can concoct them. Tier-5 spirit medicines are all priceless treasures!”

“A five-colored glow is one of the signs that appears when a tier-5 spirit medicine is concocted!!”

“Heavens! I can’t believe it’s actually a tier-5 spirit medicine!”

As the crowd erupted into pandemonium, Bai Xiaochun mustered his courage, reached out, and grabbed the pill. He had never imagined that he would end up concocting a tier-5 spirit medicine, and wanted to simply take it and run. However, with so many people present, that wasn’t possible.

Bai Xiaochun wasn’t the only shocked one. The Lesser Marsh Peak blood master stood off to the side, along with the grand elder and bloodstreak elders, and all of them were gasping.

When he saw Bai Xiaochun pick up the spirit medicine, the blood master suddenly started laughing good-naturedly, and his murderous aura vanished.

“A misunderstanding, that’s all. A misunderstanding. Hahaha.... I was pulling your leg just now, Grandmaster Nightcrypt.” The blood master hurried forward, his face filled with a sincere smile.

Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly. However, he couldn’t think of anything to say in response, and was already wracking his brains as he tried to figure out what to do next.

“How about this, Grandmaster Nightcrypt: Lesser Marsh Peak would like to triple our previous offer of compensation!” The blood

master, the grand elder, and the bloodstreak elders all hurried forward to cluster around Bai Xiaochun.

That was when Song Junwan, who had been standing off to the side the entire time, stepped forward and coolly said, “How dare you threaten one of my Middle Peak cultivators right in front of me.”

The hearts of the elders began to pound, and an extremely unsightly expression appeared on the blood master’s face.

As the two parties faced off, an ancient voice suddenly rumbled out from Ancestor Peak.

“Nightcrypt has concocted a tier-5 spirit medicine, and is a true Chosen of the Blood Stream Sect. Let him be appointed as a bloodstreak elder of Middle Peak!

At the same time, a blurry figure appeared in midair, an old man wearing a blood-colored robe. The incredible pressure radiating off of him caused everyone in the area to feel shaken, and they spontaneously bowed their heads and clasped hands in formal greetings.

“Regarding the pill, it belongs to Lesser Marsh Peak. However, Lesser Marsh Peak shall prepare the materials necessary, and personally craft the bloodstreak battlerobe for Nightcrypt!!”

That old man was none other than the Song Clan patriarch. As

soon as Bai Xiaochun realized who he was, he took a deep breath, then clasped hands and bowed.

No one would dare to defy the orders of the Song Clan patriarch.

However, the Song Clan patriarch wasn't finished speaking. His placid voice continued to echo out through the sect. "It's good that everyone is gathered here, as I have three important announcements to make!

"First. In eight days, the cultivators of the four mountain peaks will all sacrifice some of their blood qi to summon the Blood Stream Sect's grand lich!

"Second. In a month, the trial by fire for the position of Middle Peak blood master will begin!

"Third. We will be going to war soon!"

As the Song Clan patriarch looked around at the gathered cultivators, gasps could be heard, and murderous auras began to build up.

"War!!"

"War!!!" Everyone began howling at the tops of their lungs, causing the entire Blood Stream Sect to shake. Although Bai Xiaochun was yelling just like everyone else in the crowd, he was actually feeling very anxious inside.

“Very well, you’re all dismissed!” The Song Clan patriarch looked at Nightcrypt, smiled, and then turned and vanished.

Excited at the prospect of the coming war, everyone returned to their various mountain peaks. Although Bai Xiaochun was reluctant to give up the tier-5 spirit medicine, he had no choice but to hand it over to the Lesser Marsh Peak blood master. Then, he left with Song Junwan to go back to Middle Peak.

Song Junwan didn’t say much on the way back to Middle Peak, but her eyes flashed with cold light. As for Bai Xiaochun, he was wrapped up in his own thoughts, and didn’t feel like saying anything either. When they finally arrived, Song Junwan looked over at him and said, “Nightcrypt, in the trial by fire for the position of Middle Peak blood master, I want you to stand as Dharma protector for me, to help me win the title!

“The trial by fire will be dangerous, so you don’t need to give me an answer right now. I’ll be going into secluded meditation to prepare. You can inform me of your decision after I come out.” She gave him a deep look and then headed toward the upper finger.

Bai Xiaochun watched her leave, complex feelings twisting his heart. Eventually, he found himself back in his immortal’s cave, sitting there cross-legged, more worried than ever.

Based on what the Song Clan patriarch had just said, Bai Xiaochun realized that all of the discussion amongst the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs had led to a decision. The war with the

Spirit Stream Sect would happen, and in only a few months.

The next seven days passed relatively uneventfully.

Early in the morning of the eighth day, the sound of tolling bells filled the Blood Stream Sect. Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath and strode out of his immortal's cave to find that virtually all of the Foundation Establishment cultivators from the four mountain peaks were flying through the air toward the upper fingers of each of their respective mountains.

Then, eight figures appeared, flying out from Ancestor Peak. They were like giants that caused rumbling sounds to fill the area, and shone with dazzling light that made it impossible to see anything more than their outlines.

As soon as those eight figures appeared, the cultivators all dropped to their knees to kowtow.

“Greetings, patriarchs!”

Bai Xiaochun was immediately shaken. Those eight figures were none other than the eight patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect!

Patriarch Limitless and the Song Clan patriarch were among them. There was another among the group who wore a violet robe. He seemed to surpass all of the other patriarchs as he hovered there in midair like a brilliantly shining sun.

Intense pressure immediately weighed down on the entire area.

“Everyone, release your blood qi, open the blood portal!” The voice rang out to fill the entire land that the Blood Stream Sect rested on, shaking everything as a huge spell formation appeared.

Blood qi exploded out, starting from Lesser Marsh Peak. As the blood qi streamed from the tip of the finger, it formed a blood-colored pillar of light that shot up into the sky. Next, the same thing happened on Nameless Peak, Middle Peak, Corpse Peak, and finally, Ancestor Peak!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Five beams of blood-colored light shot up, staining the entire sky the color of blood, and creating an enormous vortex. The cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect were shaken, and could feel their blood qi seething as they unleashed the power of their cultivation bases.

At that point, one of the patriarchs stepped forward, a middle-aged man who was strikingly handsome. There was something entrancing about him that made anyone who looked at him want to admire and trust him.

“I am Droughtflame, and I will take the lead in summoning the reserve powers of the Blood Stream Sect. I need the help of nine disciples to help refine the qi and blood!

“Xu Xiaoshan, Song Que, Xuemei, Han Dong, Zhou Zhengfeng....” Although he was speaking in a calm tone, he was a patriarch, which caused even ordinary words spoken by him to carry vast pressure. Every time he called out a name, that person would fly up into the air to stand in front of him.

Soon, eight individuals had been called forth, and the sight of the assembled group caused the other Blood Stream Sect disciples to gasp. Every single one of the group of eight were Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivators with the power of multiple Tideflows! All of them were top Chosen in the Blood Stream Sect!

Then, Patriarch Droughtflame’s eyes came to rest on Middle Peak, and he uttered the last of the nine names.

“Nightcrypt!”

Chapter 239: Should I Help Myself To A Bit....?

Although Bai Xiaochun was a bit taken aback, he quickly put a somber expression on his face and made sure his murderous aura was on full display. Then he shot up into the air to appear in front of Patriarch Droughtflame along with the other eight.

Not a single Blood Stream Sect disciple was shocked that Nightcrypt would be part of the group. In fact, for Patriarch Droughtflame to call him out was exactly what many people had expected would happen.

Not a single person even felt like commenting on the matter. Obviously, Plaguedevil was one of the most famous people in the Blood Stream Sect, and everyone recognized that he was a powerful Chosen!

Not only did the crowds of disciples on the mountain peaks feel that way, Song Que and the other Chosen didn't dispute his qualifications at all, although brutal gleams did appear in their eyes.

Bai Xiaochun had already been in the Blood Stream Sect for a few years now. To mortals, that might be considered quite a while, but for cultivators, that amount of time would flash by very quickly. Even still, it couldn't be considered a very short period of time. Bai Xiaochun had worked hard, and step by step, reached this day in which he was the focus of all attention, and had secured the approval of the entire sect.

Bai Xiaochun could sense that fact, and although he had been prepared for this day to come, even he couldn't help but gasp inwardly at the status he had attained. It filled his heart with contentment and pride.

“Hmmpmphhh! Wherever Lord Bai goes, he ends up shining as brightly as the sun or moon. Ai... who made me this outstanding...?” Although he felt wonderful inside, not a trace of those feelings showed on the outside. He looked as cold and dangerous as ever, with a powerful murderous aura that rivaled all of the other eight Chosen.

The eight patriarchs were all blurry and difficult to make out clearly, but when they looked at Nightcrypt, it was clear that they were nodding in approval. Some of the patriarchs even studied him more closely than the other Chosen.

The fact that a Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivator could rise up in the fashion Nightcrypt had was so strange that some of the patriarchs had grown suspicious, and had secretly investigated him. However, because the mask he wore was a true precious treasure, throughout the years, not a single clue had ever slipped out that might reveal his secret.

Furthermore, his skill in the Dao of medicine was so important to the Blood Stream Sect that none of the patriarchs took their own suspicions too seriously.

“The nine of you will sit in meditation in front of these blood

altars,” Patriarch Droughtflame said. He waved his hand, sending nine beams of blood-colored light flying out, which transformed into nine blood-colored altars. “Transform qi into blood to help me open the portal and summon the grand lich!”

Bai Xiaochun and the others all settled down in front of their respective blood altars.

In truth, there was no need for special help from these nine cultivators to summon the grand lich. However, after some discussion, the patriarchs had decided that because of the upcoming war, they should get a first-hand look at the power at the sect’s disposal.

Among the eight patriarchs, Patriarch Droughtflame was the one most insistent on going to war, and therefore, he took charge of summoning the reserve powers of the sect, as well as looking over the nine cultivators who were being tested in the process.

His gaze seemed to contain intense pressure that left Bai Xiaochun shaken inwardly. It was almost as if he could see the secrets of everyone he looked at; even the other eight cultivators surrounding Bai Xiaochun averted their gazes humbly.

Eventually, Patriarch Droughtflame looked away from them, turning his gaze up into the sky. He then lifted his right hand and waved it through the air. In response, the blood-colored beams of light shooting up from the five mountain peaks all rumbled and began to grow larger. Simultaneously, the blood-colored vortex grew larger, and in the very center of it, a huge blood-colored eye became visible!

As the eye opened, the sky dimmed, and a massive wind kicked up. Intense pressure filled the world, and a blood mist spread out in all directions. All of the Blood Stream Sect disciples down below were shaken, and prostrated themselves toward the eye.

“Look up, and see the power which lets the Blood Stream Sect dominate the other three sects!” Patriarch Droughtflame’s voice seemed to contain a bizarre power that forced everyone who heard it to look up into the blood eye in the sky.

Bai Xiaochun was deeply shaken. However, it was at that point that his Undying Live Forever Technique stirred, and gradually seemed to form a resonance with the blood eye.

Song Que, Xuemei and the others were all mentally shaken, and yet none of them dared to look down. They forced their heads up to look at the blood eye in the vortex above.

Many people cried out in shock. Even Song Que and the other Chosen, despite their high position and deeper understanding of the secrets of the sect, couldn’t help but gasp in astonishment.

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went wide, and his mind felt like it was filled with crashing lightning.

Within that blood-colored eye, just outside of the very pupil, were four shadowy figures, one of them being an enormous, violet-colored skeleton!

The skeleton was covered with crackling lightning, as well as a swirling aura of death. Although it wasn't moving at all, it emanated a powerful pressure that left anyone who could see it completely shaken.

Bai Xiaochun knew a bit about Corpse Peak, and based on that, he quickly came to the conclusion that this was a grand lich! On Corpse Peak, there was nothing more powerful than grand liches, which surpassed even flying ghouls!

“Flying ghouls are comparable to Core Formation cultivators, but grand liches are like Nascent Soul patriarchs!”

The second blurry figure within the eye was a black mist that seemed to be filled with tens of millions of faces. All of those faces seemed to belong to old men, and radiated a powerful sensation of Time. Within that mist was a gargoyle, and from the powerful pressure it radiated, it didn't seem to be any less powerful than the grand lich!

The third shadowy figure was nothing more than a pile of dried-up skin that was so old it was impossible to determine its age. It radiated a terrifying aura that was even stronger than that of the grand lich or the gargoyle. Just looking at it filled one with a sense of wonderment. Many of the Blood Stream Sect cultivators who saw it were left gasping.

Shaken, Bai Xiaochun looked over at the fourth shadowy figure, which was actually a sword!

It was a blood-colored sword, upon which sat a crimson imp. The imp had no hair on its head, and although it was only about as big as person's hand, it radiated an intense murderous aura that surpassed the other three shadowy figures!

“Corpse Peak's grand lich, Nameless Peak's million-faced gargoyle, Lesser Marsh Peak's totem canvas, Middle Peak's ancestral sword! These are the signature relics of the Blood Stream Sect, and they are actually defending what exists in the pupil of the blood eye, another of the Blood Ancestor's powerful reserve forces!

“Behold the complete Sacrificial Blood Dao Formation!” Patriarch Droughtflame waved his right hand, and the pupil in the blood eye began to expand to slowly reveal a fifth shadowy figure!

Clearly, it was being protected by the four figures outside of the pupil. The sight of the precious fifth resource of the sect caused Bai Xiaochun to begin panting, and his eyes to widen as he slowly came to see...

A scarecrow!

It was bizarre in appearance, with a patch of human skin held in one hand, and a [steelyard balance](#) in the other. A monstrous smile covered its face that made it seem as if it were sneering at the world.... When Bai Xiaochun looked into the scarecrow's eyes, that smile seemed to fill his entire heart and mind.

Within moments, though, the Heaven-Dao aura within Bai

Xiaochun spread out, driving the image of the scarecrow out from inside of him. As he sat there panting in recovery, he noticed that Patriarch Droughtflame seemed to be looking at him with approval.

The other eight Chosen around him were in all still in a daze. Xuemei was the next to recover, followed by Song Que. One by one, they drove out the image from within their minds.

“These are the reserve powers of the Blood Stream Sect,” Patriarch Droughtflame said, speaking to the sect as a whole. “Unleash your blood qi. As for the nine of you Chosen, begin the refinement process. Help me summon the grand lich!

“After summoning the grand lich, the other spirits will eventually awaken of their own volition. After they have all woken, the Sacrificial Blood Dao Formation can emerge from within the world of the blood eye!” Immediately, the innumerable cultivators in the Blood Stream Sect who were below the Core Formation stage all began to rotate their cultivation bases.

Foundation Establishment cultivators, Inner Sect disciples, Outer Sect disciples. Tens of thousands of cultivators all called upon the power of their cultivation bases to send blood qi streaming out. A blood mist formed, rising up into the air toward the nine blood altars, into which it merged.

Bai Xiaochun was seated in front of the fifth of the blood altars, and a tremor ran through him as the powerful blood qi began to merge into the altar, and through it, into him.

Before he even had time to think about what was happening, his Undying Live Forever Technique sprang into operation, absorbing the blood qi. He looked around, and saw that Xuemei, Song Que, and the others were all absorbing the blood qi. Apparently, they were using their own bodies as vessels; combined with a Blood Stream Sect secret magic, they were transforming the qi into blood.

Xuemei was the first to succeed. A drop of blood emerged from the top of her head and floated up to rest above her. Song Que was next.... Bai Xiaochun quickly followed suit, using his special Undying Blood refinement technique to transform the blood qi inside of him into a drop of blood, which then floated up out of the top of his head.

Soon, blood had emerged from all nine of the Chosen. Time passed, and the drops of blood grew larger. After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, Xuemei's eyes snapped open. The blood above her head, which was already the size of a fist, flew over toward Patriarch Droughtflame.

Patriarch Droughtflame's eyes flickered, and then he nodded his head slightly. The blood then transformed into a red beam of light that shot up toward the grand lich in the blood eye. A moment later, it touched the bones of the lich, which caused it to shake slightly, and a faint aura of life force began to emanate out from it.

“Eight more drops of blood!” Patriarch Droughtflame said coolly.

As massive amounts of blood qi continued to pour into the blood altars, Bai Xiaochun looked on with a somber expression. However, inwardly, he was shaken.

“So much blood qi,” he thought. “Should I help myself to a bit of it?”

Chapter 240: I'm Just Too Honest

At first, Bai Xiaochun was a bit hesitant. He looked around at the other Chosen in front of their blood altars and saw that, other than Xuemei, who had already succeeded, everyone else was still working with the blood qi.

After confirming the situation, Bai Xiaochun was actually starting to get a bit angry at the excessive actions of the others. Take Song Que, for example. He had a foundation of eight Tideflows, and although it seemed reasonable that he would be slower than Xuemei, he shouldn't be that much slower! However, he was clearly only about seventy percent finished.

Everyone else was in a similar situation, with the slowest of the group being only thirty percent complete.

“Apparently I'm just too honest!” he thought. “I can't believe I'm still trying to figure out what to do, while those other jerks are already helping themselves to the blood qi to further their own cultivation!” Feeling more righteous than ever, he looked over at Xuemei and mused that she really was a fool. Apparently, her honesty was almost at the same level as his own.

“Ah whatever. I guess I'll just give in to the peer pressure. Since I'm undercover here, I don't want to do anything to stand out too much. I need to fit in, that's for sure.... Ai, I really don't want to do this.” Sighing inwardly, he took a deep breath, and then began to siphon away about ninety percent of the blood qi....

Because of the suddenness of his action, the blood sphere above his head, which was already about half formed, suddenly withered. Although nobody down below noticed, Song Que and the others did, and their eyes burned with rage as they cursed him inwardly.

Patriarch Droughtflame hesitated for a moment, and gave Bai Xiaochun a closer look. Strange expressions could be seen on the faces of the other patriarchs. Actually, in addition to calling upon these nine Chosen to help summon the grand lich, the patriarchs had also intended for them to take advantage of the opportunity to increase their cultivation bases.

As for exactly how much they could improve their cultivation bases while simultaneously not drawing too much attention, that would be up to each individual.

Because Xuemei was focused on becoming blood master, she disdained such actions, and the patriarchs ignored that. But then Nightcrypt, despite being half finished, suddenly began to siphon away most of the blood qi for himself.

If Nightcrypt were the only one to do such a thing, it might not have mattered. However, a few moments later, Song Que, Xu Xiaoshan, and the others all followed suit. The patriarchs couldn't allow such a thing to go on.

After all, an underworldly fire had begun to burn around the grand lich in the blood eye....

“Whoever delays the summoning of the grand lich by not

completing their blood sphere in the time it takes an incense stick to burn will be personally transformed into a lich by me!” The Song Clan patriarch snorted coldly and then spoke out in a voice that could only be heard by Bai Xiaochun and the others.

Bai Xiaochun’s heart trembled. The blood qi he had just absorbed had already helped him significantly. His Undying Heavenly King had already climbed up to the power of five ghosts.

“So stingy!” he muttered to himself. However, he didn’t dare to defy the patriarchs, and immediately restrained himself. Everyone else bowed their heads, and soon, the allotted deadline approached.

By this point, Bai Xiaochun and the others all had blood spheres that were about ninety percent complete. The final ten percent would require full concentration all the way down to the last second. After all, no one wanted to complete their spheres early. The best thing to do was wait until the last possible moment, and thus take advantage of the unbelievable opportunity that had been presented to further their cultivation with the help of the entire Blood Stream Sect.

In the short amount of time it takes an incense stick to burn, Bai Xiaochun’s Undying Heavenly King made another breakthrough. His fleshly body power now was equivalent to six berserk ghosts. He was tingling all over, and had to resist the urge to look up and howl at the top of his lungs.

“Can’t keep this up, unfortunately. Time’s almost up....” Although he was reluctant to stop, there was nothing else to do.

Sighing inwardly, he was just about to take advantage of the final few dozen breaths of time to complete the blood sphere, when suddenly his heart thumped....

“I wonder... if I put a bit of my own Undying Blood into the mix, would I be able to control the grand lich?”

The thought excited him, and if it actually worked, could be considered an incredible service for the Spirit Stream Sect. But then he thought about how well the Blood Stream Sect had treated him, and was torn.

“Song Junwan, the Song Clan patriarch, as well as the other grand elders, have all treated me pretty well. Although they’re a bit brutal, overall, they’re not bad.” Sighing, he also considered the fact that with his current cultivation base, it didn’t seem very likely that he would be able to control a grand lich. And yet, he still couldn’t make a decision.

“Well, I might as well try. Whether I succeed or not will be up to the will of the heavens.” Bai Xiaochun’s eyes flickered, and he looked down. As everyone continued to transform the qi into blood, he did the same. And yet, he also extracted a bit of blood qi from his Undying Blood, and mixed it into the blood qi being provided by everyone else.

A few dozen breaths of time passed, and Patriarch Droughtflame’s eyes flickered as he announced that the process was now ending. At that point, a blood sphere flew over from Song Que, Xu Xiaoshan, and everyone else. Bai Xiaochun nervously opened his eyes as his blood sphere also flew over.

His blood sphere looked exactly like everyone else's, but also contained some authentic Undying Blood within it.

"They shouldn't notice," he thought. "After all, my Undying Blood is true and authentic. Any other kind of Undying Blood is only a replica. Even if they do notice, they'll just think it's because I'm stronger than everyone else. After all, I did perform an Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening..." As the eight blood spheres flew over, Patriarch Droughtflame studied them briefly, then waved his hand, sending them flying up to the grand lich in the blood eye.

Bai Xiaochun breathed a sigh of relief as the blood spheres merged into the grand lich. Moments later, a powerful life force erupted out, and the underworldly fire in the grand lich's eyes began to burn even more brightly than before.

Then, the grand lich slowly rose to its feet, threw his head back and roared. That roar shook heaven and earth, and caused all light to dim as a shocking energy radiated out.

A gale force wind sprang up, sweeping across everything, casting everything into murky darkness.

As the grand lich awoke, the million-faced gargoyle, the withered patch of skin, and the blood sword all trembled. Apparently, they were now heading toward the point of awakening....

Cracking sounds echoed out in all directions as fissures began to fill the pupil of the blood eye, as if a magical seal were being

broken!

Before Bai Xiaochun had time to assess whether or not his idea had worked, Patriarch Droughtflame waved his sleeve, as did all of the other patriarchs. Eyes glittering, they all flew toward the blood eye. The last to reach it was the Song Clan patriarch. Turning to look at everyone down below, he said, “In a month, the trial by fire for the position of Middle Peak blood master will begin!”

Even as his thunderous voice continued to echo back and forth through the sect, he stepped into the blood eye. In that instant, the million-faced gargoyle awoke. The patch of withered skin suddenly began to radiate life force, and the imp on the blood sword opened its eyes.

At the same time, more and more fissures spread out over the pupil, and it began to collapse. It was as if a door were being opened, that the eight patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect were now entering.

RUMBLE!

The sky suddenly seemed to fade, and the blood eye vanished. Down below, the cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect looked up from their meditation. The sect leader and the grand elders then dismissed the crowds. However, many questions remained in the minds of all present.

They had all seen the reserve powers, and yet, were unsure why the patriarchs had entered the blood eye. For some reason, no

matter how they considered the matter, they couldn't help but assume it had something to do with the war.

Bai Xiaochun was more nervous than ever. In the end, he'd been unable to determine whether or not his idea had worked. He pondered the matter as he headed back to his immortal's cave, where he stabilized the increase in power of his fleshly body. In the blink of an eye, nearly an entire month passed. Soon, it was only three days before the appointed day mentioned by the Song Clan patriarch, the trial by fire for the position of Middle Peak blood master.

By that point, everyone in the Blood Stream Sect was talking about the trial by fire. Every generation of the Blood Stream Sect always had four blood masters, who would eventually become blood rippers, a position higher than the prime elder.

In this generation, the Middle Peak blood master was the last spot that needed to be filled. Now that war was looming on the horizon, the trial by fire would finally be held to select the individual to become blood master. After the blood master was selected, the battle prowess of Middle Peak as a whole would be increased.

It was an important matter for the entire Blood Stream Sect, and even more so for the cultivators from Middle Peak. After all, in theory, any Foundation Establishment cultivator from Middle Peak could eventually become blood master.

Of course, it was common knowledge that this generation's blood master would be one of two people. Either it would be Xuemei, or

it would be Grand Elder Song Junwan!

Discussions raged as the trial by fire neared.

“It will definitely be Young Lady Xuemei. She’s at the peak of Earthstring Foundation Establishment with nine Tideflows. If she doesn’t become blood master, that would be a big loss for us here on Middle Peak!”

“I think the grand elder also has a good chance of succeeding. After all, she’s in the great circle of Foundation Establishment. Xuemei might be at the peak of Earthstring Foundation Establishment, but that’s still only mid Foundation Establishment. She’s not quite on the same level as the grand elder!”

“The blood master trial by fire doesn’t just come down to cultivation base power. There are other factors, such as the strength of the Dharma protectors they bring along.”

The night before the trial by fire was to begin, Bai Xiaochun was meditating in his immortal’s cave, when suddenly, Grand Elder Song Junwan appeared outside. She was cloaked in moonlight as she came to stand outside the door, and when she smiled, she looked more beautiful than ever.

“Junior Brother Nightcrypt, are you well-rested?” she asked softly.

Chapter 241: The Blood Devil is the Blood Lord!

In the days preceding Song Junwan's arrival outside his immortal's cave, Bai Xiaochun had pondered what to do regarding her request. He knew that after she emerged from seclusion, she would come looking for him, to ask for his help during the trial by fire for the position of blood master. For many days, she hadn't come.

Just when he was trying to decide whether or not to take the initiative to go see her, he heard her voice. At that point, his eyes glittered, and he cleared his throat. Instead of immediately opening the door of the immortal's cave, he decided to take advantage of the situation to make her wait outside, thus increasing his own perceived value.

In truth, he wasn't sure which decision was correct. After all, if he didn't join her, he could take advantage of her absence to attempt to sneak into her immortal's cave and acquire the relic of eternal indestructibility. If he succeeded, then it would definitely be unnecessary for him to participate in the trial by fire.

However, that option was also inherently dangerous, so dangerous that it was hard to decide if it was a better choice than the trial by fire.

Even as he sat there thinking, the door of his immortal's cave swished open quietly, and Song Junwan stepped inside.

“You!!” Bai Xiaochun was so startled he jumped up and walked backward a few steps. His immortal’s cave was protected by a defensive spell formation, and yet Song Junwan had somehow entered despite it.

She smiled enigmatically as she looked Bai Xiaochun up and down, almost as if her gaze could pierce into his heart. “I’m the grand elder of Middle Peak, and I currently stand in for the blood master here. I control every blade of grass and every rock. If I want to go into an immortal’s cave, nobody can do a thing to stop me.

“Besides, why would Junior Brother Nightcrypt refuse to let me into his immortal’s cave? Instead of making you say the words, I just decided to take the initiative.” With that, she sat down in a stone chair and rested her chin on her palm.

Although her gaze wasn’t seductive, there was something enticing about it, something that tugged at Bai Xiaochun’s heart in shocking fashion. His expression turned somber, and he growled, “Is becoming the blood master really that important to you?”

Song Junwan looked back at him quietly for a moment, then nodded.

“For many years, the Song Clan has administered Middle Peak, and generations of blood masters have all been Chosen from our clan. But this time around, things changed.

“Our patriarch made a deal with Patriarch Limitless, and one of the conditions was that the slut Xuemei would have a chance to

compete for the position of blood master. In exchange, we got information about Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment.

“Unfortunately, Song Que failed to live up to expectations, and didn’t reach Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment. Even worse was that the slut Xuemei unexpectedly reached nine Tideflows. As of this point, Que’er is no match for her. Therefore, I am the only person left who has a chance at becoming blood master!

“And that is why I need your help. With you as one of my Dharma protectors, I think I have a hope of actually succeeding!” With that, Song Junwan waited for Bai Xiaochun’s response.

Bai Xiaochun didn’t say anything at first. After hearing about the details of Xuemei’s involvement, everything made a lot more sense. However, he still felt that the competition for the position would be very dangerous. A long moment passed, and Song Junwan continued, “I wouldn’t ask you to help me if it wouldn’t benefit you as well. Considering that you’re already a bloodstreak elder, if I succeed, I will strongly recommend you to be the next grand elder!”

For some reason, she blushed slightly, and the charming seductiveness in her eyes seemed to intensify. It was almost like she were casting her vixen-like claws into Bai Xiaochun in an attempt to drag him in.

Bai Xiaochun coughed lightly and averted his gaze. Inside, he was still trying to decide what would be best. If he didn’t participate in the trial by fire, there was always the chance that he could secretly acquire the relic of eternal indestructibility. Although making that

attempt would be a big risk, participating in the trial by fire would be equally risky.

In one situation, he would have almost no control over how things played out. In the other, he would have a bit of control. In one scenario, here was a high chance of success despite the danger. In the other, the chances of success weren't as high, but were still good.

It took some time, but he made his choice. Gritting his teeth inwardly, he looked at Song Junwan and said, "If you want to become blood master, then of course I'll help you. However, I'd like to know a bit about the trial by fire. How exactly does the process work? How do you become a blood master?"

He had already decided that, even though he would attempt to help Song Junwan, his own safety was paramount. Perhaps by being careful, he could reduce the dangerous elements.

Song Junwan was already glowing with excitement. Eyes shining, she looked at Bai Xiaochun, a smile growing on her face that she covered with her hand. Expression softening, she said, "To many people, the details of this trial by fire are a big secret. But I won't hide anything from you. To begin with, I have to be clear: in every trial by fire, death is a common thing." Although Bai Xiaochun had been prepared for news like this, it didn't stop his heart from suddenly beginning to pound. Every time he heard the word 'death,' he would get anxious.

"One reason for that is that the trial by fire isn't held in the outside world, but rather, in the world beneath our feet...."

Although she was speaking quietly, her words struck Bai Xiaochun like lightning.

“Beneath our feet?” Stunned, Bai Xiaochun looked down at the ground. It only took a moment for it to dawn on him what she meant, whereupon his eyes widened, and he gasped.

Song Junwan smiled at his reaction. “Back when you first arrived at the Blood Stream Sect, you noticed how the sect itself resembles an enormous hand, right?”

“The Blood Stream Sect really is built on top of a huge hand. That hand belongs to a giant that is submerged beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River. Over the years, the various techniques of the Blood Stream Sect were all created after studying the hand.

“We also came to call the giant our Blood Ancestor!” A passionate, worshipful gleam appeared in Song Junwan’s eyes, as if the matter she was discussing was the most important thing in the world. She wasn’t the only person who would view the subject in this way; virtually everyone in the Blood Stream Sect did.

Bai Xiaochun blinked, but didn’t say anything in response.

“The Blood Ancestor was a giant, but just like us, possessed flesh and blood, a skeleton, as well as the five yin organs and six yang organs....

“Anyone who wants to become a blood master must gain the

approval of the Blood Ancestor. That approval comes in the form of crystals, which grow in the organs of the Blood Ancestor. On Middle Peak's Blood Master Temple, there is an entrance that leads to the interior of Middle Peak itself. By following the blood vessels inside the finger, we can enter the body of the Blood Ancestor.

“Each of the mountain peaks corresponds with one of the five yin organs, with Middle Peak connecting to the heart. The blood crystals there are the goal. The first person to get the blood crystal wins the approval of Middle Peak, and can call upon the power of the blood qi of the entire peak. They will gain the ability to suppress the cultivation bases of all cultivators there, and even more impressive, raise all cultivators' battle prowess! That is a blood master!”

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. He was more shocked than ever by what he was learning. Although he had understood a bit about blood masters, as of now, he realized how truly high of a position they occupied.

The difference between a mountain peak with a blood master and a mountain peak without one was so vast that it couldn't be put into words!

“I heard a story once....” Bai Xiaochun said.

“You mean the legend of the Blood Devil?” Song Junwan replied immediately, smiling. Bai Xiaochun nodded.

“That legend stems from conclusions reached over generations of

research by the patriarchs. They all believe that somewhere in the Blood Ancestor's body is a legacy blood crystal!

“Whoever gets that legacy won't become a blood master, but rather, the Blood Devil, a position far higher than the blood masters. In fact, that position is even above the patriarchs. Because the Blood Stream Sect practices spirit blood cultivation, if the Blood Devil appears, speculation states that a single thought on his part could reduce the cultivation bases of the entire sect by fifty percent, from the Outer Sect all the way to the patriarchs!

“At the same time, a single thought on his part could increase the battle prowess of the entire sect by thirty percent! Simply describing a person like that as the Blood Devil isn't quite sufficient, so another term exists, a term known only to a select few in the sect. In fact, only the patriarchs of the top clans in the sect are aware of it....

“Blood Lord!” She spoke the words softly, but they seemed to contain great power.

“But legends are just that. Legends. Throughout the years, generations of patriarchs have searched through the body of the Blood Ancestor. Despite having searched most of the locations, they haven't found any legacy.

“I hope that one day while I'm still alive, I'll be able to see the Blood Lord rise up. Even the patriarchs are well aware that once the Blood Lord comes, he will either lead the Blood Stream Sect to unheard-of glory, or drag it down into ruin.... Because of that, some of the patriarchs hope the Blood Lord never comes. As for my

Song Clan patriarch, he is not among that group.”

Song Junwan smiled. “But enough about legends. Let’s talk about the trial by fire itself.

“Your main purpose in coming along is to help me get the blood crystal. The most important factors leading up to that point are battle prowess and speed. Along with the other Dharma protectors, you must protect me, and help me beat Xuemei to the heart cavity!

“As long as I can get to the heart cavity first, that blood crystal will be mine!” Song Junwan’s eyes gleamed with self-confidence.

“How many Dharma protectors will there be?” Bai Xiaochun asked.

“Both Xuemei and I can bring up to twenty Dharma protectors.” Song Junwan replied placidly.

“That many!?” Bai Xiaochun said, a bit shocked. “What if one of the Dharma protectors gets to the heart cavity before you?”

“Theoretically speaking, any of the Dharma protectors could become a blood master. All they would have to do would be to get to the heart cavity first, take the blood crystal, and absorb it.”

Bai Xiaochun blinked. If what Song Junwan said was true, then how could she prevent that very scenario from playing out? Presumably, she would have some method of retaining control

other than being very particular about which Dharma protectors she selected.

Song Junwan chuckled lightly, but didn't offer any further detailed explanation. Much as Bai Xiaochun had suspected, both she and Xuemei both had methods of retaining control, special command medallions given them by their respective patriarchs.

Only someone with the command medallion would actually be able to enter the heart cavity.

After a moment of contemplation, Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth and looked down at the ground. He wasn't interested in fighting to get the blood master title. After all, he wasn't even a real disciple of the Blood Stream Sect.

He just wanted to get into the grand elder's immortal's cave. Therefore, he needed to help Song Junwan become blood master, so that he could become grand elder. That would solve all the problems perfectly.

Bai Xiaochun had already been in the Blood Stream Sect for years now, and at long last, his goal was in sight!

With that, he looked up and said, "I'll be there tomorrow morning at Blood Master Temple!"

Song Junwan took a deep breath and looked at Bai Xiaochun, her eyes glittering. Covering a smile with her hand, she took a step

forward, then leaned forward and spoke into his ear, her lips nearly touching him, her warm breath caressing the side of his face.

“If you become grand elder, there are many things that could happen between us....”

Suddenly, her face flushed, as if she weren't sure why she had suddenly spoken those words. With a final piercing look at Bai Xiaochun, she glided away.

Chapter 242: Trial By Fire for Blood Master!

“The vixen makes another move!” A fragrant, silky aroma entered Bai Xiaochun’s nose, causing a mysterious sensation to pulse through him. Anxious and more on guard than ever, he watched Song Junwan leave.

“This isn’t gonna work,” he thought, sighing. “One of these days, that vixen is going to go in for the kill. I might have incredible willpower, I might be an amazing fighter, I might have numerous, uncountable outstanding qualities, but this vixen is just too dangerous.” After taking some time to calm down, he sighed again.

“Ah whatever. Once I get the relic of eternal indestructibility, I’ll go back to the Spirit Stream Sect, and then things will be fine. Besides, I’ve been missing [Xiaomei](#) lately.” Settling down cross-legged, he meditated until the following morning. Then, his eyes snapped open. His cultivation base was at its peak, and he was full of energy as he emerged from his immortal’s cave.

“Everything comes down to this!” Chin stuck up, he proceeded along proudly. As he did, many cultivators saw him, and bowed their heads deferentially. This was his first time appearing in public with his bloodstreak battlerobe, which had been sent over a few days earlier from Lesser Marsh Peak.

Only bloodstreak elders could wear bloodstreak battlerobes, which had built-in magical devices that could defend against an attack from a Core Formation expert. Such robes could only be produced at significant cost.

Nightcrypt's handsome face combined with the bloodstreak battlerobe created quite an eye-catching scene. Many people looked over with awe and reverence on their faces.

Bai Xiaochun enjoyed being treated in such a way, and even slowed down a bit as he flew through the air toward the upper finger. Eventually, he landed in front of Blood Master Temple, where a large group of people had already gathered.

Song Junwan and Xuemei's groups were clearly separated, and the two women were staring at each other coldly. Xuemei had twenty cultivators backing her, all of whom were awe-inspiring late Foundation Establishment experts. Their expressions were placid, but they radiated intense, murderous auras.

Not every person in the group was considered Chosen, but they were all practiced killers who were famous even outside the sect. The reason why people like this would be Dharma protectors for Xuemei actually had a lot to do with the fact that her father was Patriarch Limitless.

Song Junwan also had a formidable group gathered behind her, including Song Que. Most were direct bloodline clan members of the Song Clan.

All of Middle Peak's bloodstreak elders were gathered, as were many other ordinary cultivators. Once the trial by fire began, they would all be waiting for the new blood master to come out.

Several blurry figures could be seen floating up above, and from

the pressure that weighed down from them, it was obvious that they were patriarchs of the sect.

There were four of them, two of whom Bai Xiaochun had only seen once before, during the grand lich summoning ritual. The other two were more familiar; the Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Limitless.

When Bai Xiaochun arrived, the Song Clan patriarch saw him and gave him a glare. Shivering, Bai Xiaochun ducked his head and hurried over to Song Junwan.

As he did, Song Que looked at him and chuckled coldly. “You can’t do anything right, can you? You even managed to show up late for the trial by fire. If you’re scared of dying, why don’t you just stay home!”

Yawning, Bai Xiaochun looked over, making sure to drag his eyes slowly over Song Que’s recently re-grown hair and eyebrows. “As naughty as ever, aren’t we, Que’er?”

“YOU!” Song Que growled through gritted teeth. Glaring at Bai Xiaochun, he was about to say more when Song Junwan intervened with a cold snort.

“Enough!” she said. “Both of you shut your mouths. If you want to argue, I’ll personally arrange for it to happen, after the trial by fire!”

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times. Considering the somewhat oppressive atmosphere at the moment, he decided not to say anything else.

Up in midair, the Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Limitless exchanged a bemused glance. Then, Patriarch Limitless looked over the crowd and said, “Let the trial by fire for the position of Middle Peak blood master... begin!”

Patriarch Limitless then performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and waved his finger toward Blood Master Temple.

Blood Master Temple began to rumble, and then a huge crevice opened up in the square outside the temple. Strong blood qi erupted out, along with intense, pulsing coldness and blinding blood-colored light. It almost looked like an enormous mouth ready to consume anything that came near.

However, closer inspection would reveal that the blood-colored light was anything but ordinary. It was possible to see other worlds inside of that light; apparently, if you stepped inside of it, you would be sucked into one of those blood-colored worlds.

The instant the crevice opened, one of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors stepped forward, his cold eyes radiating killing intent. After looking over derisively at the people gathered behind Song Junwan, he stepped into the crevice and vanished.

One after another, all of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors stepped forward and entered the crevice. Last to enter was Xuemei, who

cast a cold glare at Song Junwan and her group before vanishing.

As the others were stepping into the crevice, Song Junwan lowered her voice and gave her Dharma protectors more information about the Endless World of Blood.

“The first stage of the blood master trial by fire is called the Endless World of Blood!

“Xuemei and I will not be able to pass through the first stage. It is only for you Dharma protectors....

“The body of the Blood Ancestor is a place that not just anyone can enter. The first stage tests the qualifications of the Dharma protectors that the two of us have selected. It will also determine exactly how many Dharma protectors will be able to proceed to the second stage!

“In order to enter the body of the Blood Ancestor, you have to become one with him. Although he is dead, there are still parts of him which contain life force. You must convince those living systems within the Blood Ancestor that you are one of them. Only then can you avoid being expelled.

“Within that crevice are numerous worlds, each one of which can only be entered by two people at a time. Xuemei’s Dharma protectors have taken the initiative to select which worlds they will go into. As for you all, when you enter the crevice, you will automatically be dragged into one of those worlds with them!

“Once inside, you and the other Dharma protector will vie for the approval of the world. Those who succeed will be able to proceed to the second stage. Those who fail will be ejected. Not only must you be on guard against Xuemei’s Dharma protectors, you must also watch out for the bloodbeasts within the world. They aren’t intelligent, but they are completely and utterly bloodthirsty!

“I’ll be waiting for you at the entrance to the second stage!” With that, she clasped hands and bowed to the assembled group. Song Que nodded back at her, his expression somber. Then he looked at Nightcrypt, snorted coldly, and strode over to the crevice. Moments later, he was gone, and the rest of the group began to enter.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth and leapt into the crevice.

Almost instant, a beam of blood-colored light swept over him, and he felt a massive force tugging at him. He completely lost control of his own body as he was sucked into the light.

Although the light didn’t necessarily seem impressive from the outside, once it wrapped around him, he felt as if he were floating in a huge sea. As he was sucked along, he moved toward the end of that sea, where he saw an enormous, blood-colored sphere.

There were other spheres visible, all of which had people floating toward them. As the people neared the spheres, they were swallowed up.

Bai Xiaochun was frightened, and looked away from all the spheres. However, it was in that moment that something strange occurred. All of the blood spheres suddenly trembled, and then sent out even more blood-colored light, all of which shone onto Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun wasn't sure if he was mistaken or not, but it almost seemed as if the blood spheres all wanted to be able to select him in particular.

There were even some blood spheres which were empty, having not been selected by any of Xuemei's Dharma protectors, which were also quivering, as if with anticipation.

Bai Xiaochun felt his nervousness mounting, but before he could react, the first blood sphere to have reached out to him seemed to go mad. Before he could get close, it actually flew toward him, then slammed into him, seemingly delighted.

Bai Xiaochun's vision went black, and he was sucked into the body of the sphere. When things began to clear up, he found himself in a strange world.

The sky was the color of the blood, the ground was the color of blood, everything was the color of blood, even the mountains and the plants.

"So weird," he thought, looking around vigilantly. The more he considered what had occurred, the stranger it seemed. After some thought, he decided it must have had something to do with his

Undying Live Forever Technique.

“Could it be that I’m like a god in this place, and that’s why all the blood spheres seemed to go crazy?” His eyes turned up in thought, and he cleared his throat. Then he cast his senses about, and was sure that he could sense the presence of a powerful will, a will that seemed filled with desire, something that was calling out to him.

“One of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors is also in this place. I need to be careful. All of them are in late Foundation Establishment.” He looked around again, vigilance mounting as he flew up into the air.

The more he flew along, the stranger things seemed. It was almost like he didn’t need to use any cultivation base power to fly. The wind simply carried him along....

He didn’t even see any bloodbeasts, to the point where he started wondering if they even existed here.

By Xiaomei he’s referring to Hou Xiaomei

Chapter 243: Nightcrypt, I'm Jia Lie, And You're Dead!

The entire world, including the sky and the land, was the color of blood. Plants, trees, mountains; everything was crimson as far as the eye could see.

Off in the distance was a blood-colored desert, and the very end of which was an oasis which was also the color of blood, that led to an ocean.

In the middle of that ocean was a mountain, the peak of which pierced the clouds.

That mountain was where the will of the world was located, and whichever cultivator climbed it first would win the approval and blessing of the world. That person would then be able to leave, with the approval of the Blood Ancestor, and qualified to enter the second stage.

There were countless worlds inside of the Blood Ancestor, but Xuemei and Song Junwan had both brought twenty Dharma protectors. Of the total of forty Dharma protectors, in the end, only twenty would be qualified to proceed.

Obviously, the number of Dharma protectors who Xuemei and Song Junwan ended up with would determine who had the advantage in the second stage.

Xuemei's Dharma protectors had entered the crevice first, and the one who had selected this particular world was a gaunt, middle-aged man with cold eyes. His cultivation base fluctuations were those of late Foundation Establishment, and overall, he looked like a viper ready to strike at any moment. Clearly, whoever, ended up in his sights would likely end up dead.

This man was Jia Lie, and in terms of battle prowess, he could be considered among the top three in Xuemei's group of Dharma protectors. He was completely and utterly confident of being able to dominate any of Song Junwan's Dharma protectors, with the exception of one or two.

Although he appeared to be middle-aged, he was actually over a hundred years old. However, because of the unique techniques he cultivated, his fleshly body was at the ultimate peak. Furthermore, he'd been able to add a full sixty-year-cycle to his longevity during his Foundation Establishment trial by fire. He had reached five Tideflows, had an incredibly powerful cultivation base, and was an adept killer.

"This world is like a Blessed Land for me!" he thought, looking off into the distance. He was currently gripping a blood-colored sea snake by the head. No matter how it struggled, it couldn't free himself, and if Jia Lie wanted to, he could crush it to death in an instant.

Jia Lie completely ignored the snake as he looked at the towering mountain not too far off in the distance. He already felt somewhat amused by this first stage of the trial by fire for blood master. He'd only just arrived in the huge world, and yet, he was already

relatively close to the location of the world's will.

The reflection of the vast ocean and the towering mountain could be seen in his eyes, as well as the pulsing fluctuations which spread out from the mountain.

“Even if Song Junwan's Dharma protector gets lucky, there's no way he could get as close as I am. I might as well just take control of the will of this world right now. I won't even need to kill the other Dharma protector. I wonder who it is. Nightcrypt maybe...?” He chuckled coldly. Originally, he had planned to kill Song Junwan's Dharma protector and then earn the approval of the will of the world. But now it seemed that might not be necessary.

Blurring into motion, he sped out over the blood-colored ocean, quickly closing in on the cloud-wreathed mountain. He proceeded along with caution, and as such, wasn't taken by surprise when an intense roaring sound shook everything in the area. A moment later, a huge blood-colored dragon sped out from the other side of the mountain, fixed its eyes on Jia Lie, and then sped toward him rapidly.

It was more than 30 meters long, and bristled with a murderous aura.

A sense of intense crisis gripped Jia Lie, and beads of sweat popped out on his forehead. Eyes widening, he exclaimed, “Impossible! How could a bloodbeast like that be in this place? Foundation Establishment cultivators can't fight something like that!!”

Even as he gasped in shock, more roars could be heard, and the auras of more bloodbeasts exploded from the vicinity of the mountain. Something like a powerful wind blasted out, causing the blood ocean to churn and seethe. Moments later, countless murderous eyes appeared beneath the surface of the water. There were so many that anyone who saw them would be shocked.

Before Jia Lie could proceed any further, the bloodbeasts beneath the surface of the water joined the bloodbeasts from the mountain to attack him.

The sheer number of bloodbeasts Jia Lie saw caused his scalp to tingle in shock and fear. Not daring to proceed, he actually fell back. After he retreated by about 3,000 meters, the enormous dragon slowly turned around, the auras of the other bloodbeasts slowly faded, and even the creatures beneath the surface of the water disappeared.

Jia Lie's face was covered with sweat, and his breath came in ragged pants. Despite the supreme confidence he had in his cultivation base, to be stared at by so many bloodbeasts left him scared out of his mind. After a bit of time passed, he frowned anxiously.

“With so many bloodbeasts here, it won't be easy to go any further. I guess I'll just need to wait for the right opportunity to present itself before I move onward....” Gritting his teeth, he backed up a bit more, and then found a place to conceal himself and let time pass.

During the seven days which followed, he saw quite a few bloodbeasts coming and going. Finally, the killing intent in his eyes flared.

“Forget it. Things aren’t going to change here any time soon. Instead of waiting around, I might as well go find Song Junwan’s Dharma protector and kill him. Then I’ll have plenty of time to wait around. Maybe if I’m lucky, my opponent will be Nightcrypt, and I can save a bit of effort by getting rid of him now!” Looking at the ocean of blood which stretched out behind him, he chuckled coldly.

Being an adept killer, he was naturally a skilled hunter as well. He had keen senses, and although the world he was in was large, he was confident that with his cultivation base, it would be no difficult task for him to track down the other Dharma protector.

Blurring into motion, he flew off to begin the search.

Before he got very far, though, the sea down below seethed, and a huge bloodbeast burst out from the depths. It had the torso of a human and the tail of a fish, and as soon as it appeared, it attacked Jia Lie with bloodthirsty violence.

After a short battle, Jia Lie killed the bloodbeast and proceeded along. However, before he could get very far, two more bloodbeasts burst out from the water to attack him....

Meanwhile, Bai Xiaochun was flying through the air, marveling at how strange and quiet the world was. Despite having been flying

along for a few days, he hadn't seen a single bloodbeast. Everything around him seemed to be completely empty.

He didn't even need to use his cultivation base. The wind simply pushed him along. Of course, the strangeness of the situation put him more on guard than ever.

"Something really weird is going on with this place," he thought. "And where is Xuemei's Dharma protector? I wonder if he set up an ambush for me since he got here first." He continued to look around vigilantly as he proceeded. Eventually, he reached the desert.

By that time, Jia Lie was fleeing in terror across the blood ocean, chased by several thousand maddened bloodbeasts. His face was pale white, and his expression was that of terror.

"Dammit! Why are there so many bloodbeasts? I didn't provoke them, and yet they're showing up one after another! They're like a flood!!"

Before long, the tenth day passed. The more time that passed, the more Bai Xiaochun felt as if something really strange were going on. He still hadn't even seen the slightest trace of a bloodbeast, but distinctly recalled Song Junwan saying such bloodthirsty creatures existed here. At this point, he was starting to wonder what exactly was going on.

Eventually, he caught sight of the end of the desert, with the blood-colored oasis and the blood-colored ocean. His astonishment

grew, as did his caution.

By now, Jia Lie's hair was disheveled, his skin sallow, and his eyes bloodshot. At long last, he burst out of the ocean region and into the oasis. After numerous dangerous encounters, he had finally made it out alive.

When he thought back to everything that had occurred in the ocean, he was filled with a sense of awe and dread regarding the world around him.

"It's a good thing I had all those life-saving magics and items, otherwise I probably would have died. However, if things were that difficult for me, then it's probably the same with Song Junwan's Dharma protector. In fact, maybe he already got eaten by the bloodbeasts." He looked back out at the ocean, heart still thumping with fear. Just when he was about to sit down and rest, his heart trembled, and he looked off into the distance, where a beam of light could be seen flying lazily through the air.

"Hmm?" A cold light flashed through Jia Lie's eyes, and he quickly reigned in the power of his cultivation base. At the same time, he produced a pearl, which let out a soft, warm light that completely concealed his aura.

Unless he suddenly unleashed the power of his cultivation base, that pearl would make it almost impossible to detect him. It was one of the life-saving items that had enabled him to make it out of the ocean of blood alive. After activating it, he stood there unmoving, looking up into the sky.

“Nightcrypt? Hahaha! It’s really him!” Eyes flashing with killing intent, he began to chuckle. Although Nightcrypt was very famous, Jia Lie felt nothing but disdain for him. “So what if you can concoct some medicine and please the patriarchs? You really think you’re a Chosen? Even with your Inverse Blood Ancestral Awakening, you’re only in mid Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. I can kill you as easily as flipping over my hand. By cutting you down, I can accomplish the mission assigned to me by the blood master of Lesser Marsh Peak!”

Completely calm and confident, he pulled in his murderous aura and decided to wait for the right moment to attack.

Bai Xiaochun proceeded along cautiously. He didn’t move very fast, and kept his divine sense spread out in all directions. As he got close to the blood-colored oasis, he was about to fly over it, when he looked down. Although he hadn’t opened his third eye, his intuition told him that the place harbored danger. Without the slightest hesitation, he backed up.

“Hmm?” Jia Lie was surprised that Nightcrypt would have such acute senses. He gave a cold laugh. Considering how powerful his own cultivation base was, he decided that there was no need to hide any longer. He leaped up into the air, shooting directly toward Nightcrypt, his murderous aura exploding around him.

“Nightcrypt, I’m Jia Lie, and you’re dead!” Laughing loudly, he shot forth accompanied by rumbles like that of thunder. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and he waved his finger, causing a huge blood-colored hand to appear, which sped directly

toward Bai Xiaochun.

Chapter 244: Pure Malice

Bai Xiaochun's eyes widened. Jia Lie had stuck out among Xuemei's Dharma protectors earlier, so he recognized him. His attack burst with powerful energy, and it only took a moment for Bai Xiaochun to realize that this was a formidable opponent.

"Your cultivation base is higher than mine, but you were lying in wait to ambush me!?" he exclaimed loudly. "How shameless! Despicable! I hate your type! People like you should be struck by lightning!" Bai Xiaochun was very angry, and was just about to unleash an attack, when suddenly his eyes widened with disbelief. Jia Lie likewise was completely astonished by what happened next.

Almost as soon as the words left Bai Xiaochun's mouth, Jia Lie had laughed in response, and sent his blood-colored hand shooting forward.

But then, without any warning whatsoever, a deafening boom filled the sky, and a bolt of lightning appeared, as thick as a bucket. Before Jia Lie even had a chance to react, it slammed into him.

As the boom echoed out, Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped. Jia Lie cried out in alarm, and the blood-colored hand was destroyed. Before Bai Xiaochun could do anything, a second lightning bolt appeared, then a third and a fourth, all of which shot directly toward Jia Lie.

Jia Lie screamed at the top of his lungs as the lightning smashed into him, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. At the same

time, a look of utter incredulity could be seen on his face.

“What’s going on!?!?” he bellowed in rage, simultaneously backing up as fast as possible. “What divine ability is this, Nightcrypt?!?!” Then he glanced up into the sky, and his scalp almost exploded from shock when he realized that a whole string of lightning bolts had appeared, over a hundred of them, and they were all beginning to descend toward him.

“No!!” Jia Lie screamed miserably and abandoned any thoughts of tangling with Bai Xiaochun at the moment. He slapped the top of his head, causing an ancient, dilapidated buckler to pop out of his mouth, which provided a modicum of protection as he fled.

However, the more than one hundred lightning bolts continued to slam down, and although the buckler managed to block them, Jia Lie was still left coughing up blood. The last dozen or so lightning bolts were too much for the shield, which shattered. Coughing up more blood, Jia Lie withered visibly. At that point, he pulled out a paper talisman, which he ignited, increasing his speed dramatically. With that, he sped off into the distance.

Bai Xiaochun hovered there, jaw hanging open. He hadn’t even had a chance to unleash an attack. All he’d done was say something.

It was a completely shocking and unfathomable scene. In the mere moments in which Jia Lie closed in on him, he was struck by over a hundred bolts of lightning, and then fled with his tail between his legs. Despite that, Bai Xiaochun chose to do the cautious thing and just let him run.

Taking a deep breath, he looked up into the sky, and then looked at Jia Lie fleeing into the distance. Blinking, he suddenly started to get excited.

“Could it be... could it be that, without even my knowledge, my cultivation base has reached the point where I can kill someone with a mere word?!?!” The idea excited him, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized it wasn’t very likely. After some more thought, he decided that it was either a coincidence, or something to do with the Undying Live Forever Technique. In fact, he was actually hoping Jia Lie would show up again so that he could analyze the matter further.

Filled with curiosity and anticipation, he slowly flew out over the ocean of blood.

Meanwhile, some distance away from Bai Xiaochun, Jia Lie finally came to a stop in an area close to the ocean. He had blood dripping down his chin, and his eyes burned with madness. However, within that madness could be seen fear, and even terror. As of this moment, he was absolutely convinced that the lightning which had struck him was not one of Nightcrypt’s divine abilities.

“How did he do it? Dammit! How exactly did he do it? How did he get so much lightning to strike me!?”

“Wait, I know. Nightcrypt is also known as Plaguedevil. He’s vicious and merciless, as well as a profound schemer. He must have realized that I planned to ambush him, then figured out a way to

cause anyone who neared him to get struck by lightning!” Even after more thought, he decided that this was the only possible theory that made sense. Although he wasn’t absolutely convinced, he was having a hard time coming up with other ideas.

“Maybe it had something to do with that oasis. The area where it borders the desert had some unstable fluctuations. Maybe my sudden appearance and the unleashing of my cultivation base disturbed some natural law. As an apothecary, Nightcrypt knows a lot more about those kinds of things than me. Maybe he took advantage of that to cause the lightning....” Jia Lie gritted his teeth, and his killing intent began to rise even higher than before.

“I refuse to believe that if I prepare well enough, you’ll escape my next attack. I’m going to hack you to pieces! You’ll die in complete and utter torment!” Jia Lie had never suffered in such unlucky fashion, and it took him quite a bit of time to calm down.

“I’m going to sacrifice a bit of my cultivation base to completely conceal my life force and aura. With that level of concealment, nobody in the Foundation Establishment stage will be able to detect me without getting within 300 meters of me!” He gritted his teeth, and suddenly his face turned red and his body withered. Then he began to slink forward stealthily.

It took him about three days to track down Bai Xiaochun, who was currently flying around over the ocean. As he flew, his passage kicked up gentle waves, and yet, not a single bloodbeast could be seen anywhere. Bai Xiaochun was actually very interested in what the bloodbeasts looked like, and yet, still hadn’t had a chance to see one.

As he flew along, bored out of his mind, he suddenly noticed the air rippling and distorting about 300 meters to his left. Even as he turned his head, he saw Jia Lie suddenly materialize.

Jia Lie threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Eyes bloodshot, he summoned a blood mist that completely covered him and then transformed into a gigantic, vicious head that lunged toward Bai Xiaochun as if to consume him.

“Time to die, Nightcrypt!!” Considering how close he was, it only took a moment for the blood mist head to be just up ahead of Bai Xiaochun.

Before Bai Xiaochun could react, and before the blood mist head could actually reach him, brightly colored light flashed through heaven and earth, wind screamed, and rain began to pour down. Then, an indescribably powerful gale sprang up right in front of Bai Xiaochun!

The wind even caused the ocean water to rise up in shocking fashion. It smashed into the blood mist head, which shuddered for a moment before exploding to reveal the screaming Jia Lie.

“Impossible! How are you doing this, Nightcrypt...?”

He was completely helpless as the mighty wind swept him away, shredding his clothing, ripping at his skin until blood flowed. In that critical moment, Jia Lie pulled out a life-saving magical item which teleported him away just before he was torn to pieces.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. Moments ago, he had only been about 60 meters away from Jia Lie, and yet the mighty wind and the surging ocean hadn't even moved a single hair on his head.

That 60-meter distance was like the gap between heaven and earth....

Bai Xiaochun watched mutely as Jia Lie was swept away in terrifying fashion. If he didn't understand what was happening by this point, he wouldn't be Bai Xiaochun.

"This world is protecting me? We're related because of the Undying Live Forever Technique, so it's helping me?" Moved, he looked around at the world, and was more convinced than ever that this was the case. Excited, he stuck his chin up and then swished his sleeve.

"With the snap of a finger, I, Bai Xiaochun, can reduce measly Foundation Establishment cultivators to ashes!"

The pride he felt cleansed him of any nervousness. With that, he flew in grand fashion up into the air, sighing emotionally. Meanwhile, quite a distance away, Jia Lie was coughing up mouthfuls of blood. By this point, he was on the verge of going crazy.

"Dammit, dammit, DAMMIT!!" Enraged to the point of trembling, he simply couldn't accept the situation.

“First there was the lightning, and then that wind. Just how is Nightcrypt doing it all? Don’t tell me this world is actually taking care of him?! I refuse to believe it! I refuse to accept it!” Then he coughed up another mouthful of blood. Eyes completely bloodshot, he looked down at his injured and damaged body, and was relieved to see that his bag of holding was still clutched tight in his right hand.

He put on a new set of clothing, killing intent surging. His hatred for Bai Xiaochun had reached the point where he couldn’t bear to live under the same sky as him. Gritting his teeth, he pulled a small statue out of his bag of holding.

The statue depicted an evil ghost, completely vicious in appearance. After a moment of hesitation, Jia Lie bit the tip of his tongue and spit some blood onto the statue. The statue immediately melted, transforming into a black liquid that then took the shape of a magical symbol, which flew up and branded itself onto Jia Lie’s forehead.

Jia Lie shuddered, then let out a piercing cry as the magical symbol spread out from his forehead, transforming into a black suit of armor. In the blink of an eye, the armor covered his entire body, healing his wounds, and causing his gaunt figure to suddenly ripple with muscles. Closer inspection would reveal that the transformation was partly corporeal and partly illusory.

“The Lesser Marsh Peak blood master gave me this Ghost Body. It will temporarily restore my cultivation base, and even advance it a bit! Nightcrypt’s bizarre abilities won’t do any good against the

Ghost Body. I already understand his lightning, and although I don't really get that wind, I can now attack him from under the water! Plus, the Ghost Body can pass right through the wind!

“Nightcrypt, I refuse to believe that this world is taking care of you. And even if it is, I can defy the heavens and kill you!” Gritting his teeth, he reigned in his cultivation base and then dove down into the water, where he sped along at top speed.

Chapter 245: This Isn't Fair!

Three days later, Bai Xiaochun was still flying around over the blood ocean. He could sense that, off in the distance, there were strange fluctuations which were obviously coming from the location of the world's will.

"I wonder why that Jia Lie hasn't shown up over the past few days?" Bai Xiaochun actually missed him a bit. Every time he showed up, it was a chance to see how the world would protect him.

Because of his anticipation, he made sure to fly along even more slowly than usual. On the evening of the third day, when the blood-colored sky was starting to grow dark, the sea water beneath Bai Xiaochun suddenly exploded with a shocking aura. Water showered up into the air, along with raging killing intent and a powerful roar.

"Prepare to die, Nightcrypt!!" It was a voice filled with indescribable hatred, and along with it, a black-armored figure appeared. It was Jia Lie, who seemed to flicker between corporeal and illusory. As he flew out of the water, he rapidly increased his speed, shooting directly toward Bai Xiaochun.

All of the power of Jia Lie's late Foundation Establishment cultivation base exploded out. That, coupled with the boost provided by the Ghost Body armor, put him incomparably close to the great circle of Foundation Establishment, and caused intense pressure to weigh down in all directions.

Bai Xiaochun was delighted, and as Jia Lie closed in, he stuck his chin up and waved his sleeve. Pointing at Jia Lie, he said, “Back off!”

To see Bai Xiaochun posing in such a way enraged Jia Lie even more, and caused him to accelerate even more rapidly. By this point, he was already about 9 meters away from Bai Xiaochun, and not even a lightning bolt could intervene quickly enough to stop him. As far as he was concerned, Nightcrypt was going to die, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mouth twisting into a vicious smile, he cried, “Like hell I’ll—”

However, before he could even finish his sentence, a blood-colored hand suddenly shot up from the sea down below. It moved with indescribable quickness, forming a palm that slapped Jia Lie like a human would a mosquito.

A resounding smack could be heard. Jia Lie’s black armor shattered, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. The bitterness of his scream would shock to the core anyone who could have heard it.

“No!!” Despairing, Jia Lie coughed up a mouthful of blood as he tumbled away. His body was already on the verge of exploding, and his recently recovered cultivation base power was instantly damaged. He was now weaker than ever....

Bai Xiaochun gasped and blinked a few times as the enormous blood hand sank back down into the water. As Jia Lie spun away

off into the distance, Bai Xiaochun's expression turned into one of admiration.

“You're really persistent, aren't you?” Sighing, he proceeded along, looking forward to the next time Jia Lie showed up....

Off in the distance, Jia Lie hovered above the ocean water, looking confused, tears of frustration welling up in his eyes. Throughout all his years of cultivation, he had always shed blood, never tears. And yet, here he was, crying.

In his perspective, this world was completely and utterly evil. All he wanted to do was kill Nightcrypt! As a result, he had been struck by lightning, flayed by wind, and then slapped by some terrifying bloodbeast.

By this point, he was starting to think that it would take a miracle for him to get out of this place alive.

“My cultivation base is higher than his! I've been in the Blood Stream Sect for much longer! Why is this world treating me like this!?!?” Tears continued to flow down his cheeks. From the moment he had entered this world, he had felt like he was in a living nightmare.

By this point, he was completely and utterly terrified of Nightcrypt, and couldn't have been convinced by anybody to try to provoke him. Furthermore, he completely hated the blood master of Lesser Marsh Peak, as well as Xuemei. The only reason he was here was because of Xuemei. Otherwise, he would never have been

forced to tangle with Nightcrypt, nor would he have accepted the mission from the Lesser Marsh Peak blood master. He wouldn't have attempted to kill Nightcrypt so many times, and wouldn't have ended up in this state, targeted by the very world around him.

“This isn't fair!!” Jia Lie was actually quite close to the mountain peak, and the will of the world. However, there were so many bloodbeasts on the mountain that he obviously had no hope of even getting near it.

As Jia Lie despaired, Bai Xiaochun was flying casually through the air some distance away. Looking at the mountain in front of him, he felt the strong sensation that all he had to do was head up to the top of the mountain, and he would be able to pass the first stage of the trial by fire.

However, even as he closed in, the same huge dragon from before stuck its head out from behind the mountain and stared at Bai Xiaochun. At the same time, countless terrifying auras surged out from the mountain itself, locking down onto Bai Xiaochun. Apparently, if he got any closer, all of those bloodbeasts would charge into action.

Bai Xiaochun stopped in place. Earlier, he'd only caught a glimpse of that huge hand, but now that he could actually see the bloodbeasts face to face, he realized that they looked very much like the kind of wild beasts you might see in the outside world. The only difference was that they were completely the color of blood. Actually, they seemed similar to banebeasts in certain ways.

Unexpectedly, the bloodbeasts were looking at Bai Xiaochun with animosity, which caused the despairing Jia Lie to suddenly go wild with joy. Panting, his eyes widened, and hope gleamed therein.

“He can’t get onto the mountain either!!” Jia Lie exclaimed excitedly. At last, his chance had arrived. Quickly covering up his aura, he fixed his eyes on Bai Xiaochun and began to search for another opportunity to snatch victory.

Bai Xiaochun felt a headache coming on as he looked at the mountain full of bloodbeasts. After a moment of hesitation, he decided that the best thing to do would be to test out how much the world would protect him. Having made his decision, he carefully proceeded forward. If the bloodbeasts reacted too violently, then he could always retreat.

He slowly got closer and closer, until he actually stepped onto the mountain itself. That was when he really started to get nervous. However, the nervousness quickly began to fade as he realized that the bloodbeasts were just looking at him, and none of them were moving to block his path.

Joy rising, he began to stroll forward, completely unhindered. Meanwhile, Jia Lie hovered over the ocean, eyes wide with shock.

Moments later, a thoughtful expression appeared in his eyes, and then hesitation, and finally, an intense glowing light.

“I get it now! Although there are a lot of bloodbeasts here, as long as you don’t exude any killing intent, the bloodbeasts won’t

interfere. That's definitely how to do it!

“For example, here I am floating on the surface of the ocean, right next to the mountain, and yet none of the bloodbeasts under the water are attacking me. It's obviously because I have no killing intent!” Jia Lie still felt a bit hesitant and unconvinced. However, if he gave up at this point, his newfound hope would be dashed. Therefore, he clenched his jaw and flew up into the air with an expression of determination. Making sure he had no killing intent, he proceeded forward with the utmost caution.

Soon he was nearing the mountain, and the numerous bloodbeasts turned their gazes upon him. Jia Lie stopped in place, scalp tingling, limbs trembling. However, he forced a smile onto his face.

“No ill will here!” he said. “I'm just passing through....”

However, in the instant he opened his mouth, the enormous, blood-colored dragon suddenly howled, flying up into the air and then charging down toward Jia Lie. At the same time, the countless other bloodbeasts erupted with murderous auras and flew toward Jia Lie.

Eyes snapped open down in the ocean water, and countless blood-colored giants rose up from the depths, howling as they surrounded Jia Lie.

Jia Lie let out a bloodcurdling scream, and tears streamed down his face.

“This isn’t fair! You’re cheating!!” Jia Lie wept at how the world around him was toying with him. As the bloodbeasts pounced, his screams echoed out far and wide.

Bai Xiaochun’s heart was trembling. The sudden outburst among the bloodbeasts had startled him so much that he almost took to flight. But then he realized that the bloodbeasts were merely attacking Jia Lie.

He had been worried about Jia Lie in the beginning, but after realizing his own importance to the world around him, he stopped paying much attention to him. However, as of this moment, he started to feel a bit bad.

When he heard Jia Lie accusing him of cheating, he coughed dryly, but didn’t attempt to make any explanations. After all, Jia Lie was actually right.... After arriving in this world, he hadn’t done a single thing except fly around.

Even on the mountain, the bloodbeasts just let him pass by....

Bai Xiaochun really felt that the world had treated him well. Looking back down at Jia Lie amidst the bloodbeasts, he considered throwing an Aphrodisiac Pill down....

“Ah, I shouldn’t. I’m a good person, after all.” Sighing, he proceeded on toward the peak of the mountain, where he found a stone stele, which emanated pulsing light that seemed to be calling to him.

After some thought, he approached the stele and placed his hand onto its surface. Instantly, his divine sense seemed to spread out to fill the entire world....

It was as if the world had somehow become a part of him....

In that moment, the blood ocean began to seethe, the sands of the desert floated up into the air, the sky trembled, and the lands quaked. Plants, mountains, everything in the world began to shake with joy, with approval, with worship!!

The bloodbeasts kowtowed, roaring as they acknowledged allegiance to Bai Xiaochun standing there on the mountain....

His life having been spared, Jia Lie trembled and looked up at Bai Xiaochun, and knew that he would never, ever be able to forget this experience, nor the image of Nightcrypt standing there like the emperor of the entire world!

Chapter 246: Second Stage

This was Jia Lie's first time serving as a Dharma protector in a trial by fire for blood master. As such, he was completely unaware of what others who were participating in the trial might have encountered in the worlds they entered.

However, he was convinced that his experience was completely unlike the experiences of anyone else. In fact, he had the feeling that throughout all the trials by fire the Blood Stream Sect had held from ancient times until now, no one had ever done what Nightcrypt was doing.

He had no way to confirm whether his theory was correct, but when he looked around at the world trembling, and all the living things prostrating in worship to Bai Xiaochun, he impulsively followed suit.

As Bai Xiaochun stood there on the mountain top, he was suddenly struck by the strange sensation that he could actually destroy the entire world with a single thought.

As of this moment, his Undying Live Forever Technique was in full operation, and after a moment passed, he realized there was a voice whispering in his ear.

“Come... come... come....”

Snapping out of his reverie, his eyes shone, and he took a deep breath. Then he pulled his hand back from the stone stele.

Everything in the world began to shine with bright, blood-colored light, which all shot toward Bai Xiaochun, surrounding him.

The crimson light transformed into a door, which slowly opened right in front of him.

He looked at the door hesitantly for a moment, aware that if he stepped through it, he would be able to enter the second stage. Looking around at the world one more time, he stepped forward and vanished into the blood-colored light.

At some unknown location within the body of the Blood Ancestor, there was an open space that seemed to have no beginning or end, and was as quiet as death. The only thing visible were numerous cone-shaped pillars which rose up from the darkness below.

At the top of each pillar was a platform.

Two of those platforms were much taller than the others, but not very far away from each other. Xuemei was on one, and Song Junwan the other. Both of them sat cross-legged, staring at each other.

They had been sitting there for less than two hours. Because of the command medallion each of them possessed, they didn't need to acquire the approval of the Blood Ancestor the way the Dharma protectors did. They had come directly to this place to wait.

Time flowed differently in the Endless World of Blood. In the two hours that had passed for Xuemei and Song Junwan, an entire month had gone by inside.

Based on the analyses of both women, they would need to wait several more hours before any of the Dharma protectors began to emerge. In any case, the second stage of the trial by fire could not begin until both women used their command medallions to open it. Neither of them would be willing to do that until their Dharma protectors were all accounted for.

The two of them had been exchanging barbs back and forth the entire time, and after a short respite, it was Xuemei who resumed the conversation. Chuckling coldly, she said, “Song Junwan, why fight with me over the blood master position, considering how old you are? Is it really true that the Song Clan couldn’t find anyone better, and was forced to let an old woman champion their cause?”

Song Junwan frowned, and she was just about to respond in kind when suddenly, her expression flickered, and she looked up into the air. Xuemei also looked up, her pupils constricting.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the shape of a huge door slowly took form.

“Someone got the approval of the world will so quickly!?” Xuemei thought. “It’s only been two hours! That’s about a month in the Endless World of Blood!” Xuemei’s eyes widened, and her heart filled with shock. She was very familiar with how the blood master trial by fire worked. Supposedly, the most quickly a Dharma protector had ever obtained approval in the past was three

hours, which was a month and a half on the inside.

“Who is it...?” Song Junwan thought, equally shaken. “Who overcame the other Dharma protector in the Endless World of Blood, dealt with the countless bloodbeasts, and still managed to get the approval of the will of the world? The fighting must have been intense for this person to have finished so quickly!” Whoever this person was, if it ended up being one of her own Dharma protectors, she would obviously be thrilled. However, if it was one of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors, that would pose a big obstacle in her attempt to win the position of blood master.

After mentally reviewing all of her Dharma protectors, she couldn’t think of any who could pull off such a feat. As such, her expression began to darken.

And yet, Xuemei had the same reaction. As she reviewed her own list of Dharma protectors, she wasn’t confident that any of them could do something like this. Along with Song Junwan, she stared up at the illusory door.

A moment later, a blurry figure appeared within the door. It only took a few breaths of time for both women to see exactly who it was, and they both cried out in surprise.

“Nightcrypt!!”

“Nightcrypt!?”

Xuemei's eyes flickered with killing intent, and her heart trembled with shock. She couldn't imagine how Nightcrypt had possibly acquired the approval of the world will so quickly.

After her initial shock, Song Junwan's heart swelled with delight, and her beautiful eyes were glued to Bai Xiaochun.

When Bai Xiaochun first stepped out of the door, his vision was swimming, and he couldn't see clearly. It only lasted for a moment, though, and then he saw all of the countless platforms around him, as well as Xuemei and Song Junwan.

"Junior Brother Nightcrypt, come on over here," Song Junwan said, smiling. Her voice was full of both tenderness and joy.

Xuemei snorted coldly, clenching her hands into fists.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times, then headed over to Song Junwan. As soon as he touched down onto the platform, he walked over to her side.

"Um... I'm the first?" he asked quizzically.

"Of course you are," Song Junwan said, smiling sweetly. "How did you do it? Who was your opponent?"

To Bai Xiaochun, her smile only seemed to reveal her inner vixen. However, he didn't allow his true feelings to show. He stuck his chin up, clasped his hands behind his back, and tried to look as

proud and murderous as possible.

“Oh, it was simple,” he said in a calm, deep voice. “I just walked through the world. As for my opponent, I never asked his name.” From his wording and posture, he seemed completely proud and aloof. As for how he called the Endless World of Blood “simple,” both Xuemei and Song Junwan could well imagine him summoning his blood sword and slashing his way through the world....

He likely ignored the countless attacking bloodbeasts, not even deigning to look at the world around him as he slaughtered his way to gain the approval of the world will.

Song Junwan’s eyes glowed even more brightly before when she looked at Bai Xiaochun, and as for Xuemei, she couldn’t help but stare at him. Moments later, both women realized that he wasn’t wounded at all, and their expressions flickered.

Just when Song Junwan was about to ask about it, Bai Xiaochun flicked his sleeve and coolly said, “I’m tired. Please let me know when the second stage is about to begin.” With that, he walked off to the side, where he sat down cross-legged, looking as arrogant as a wizened pine tree on top of a mountain. When he closed his eyes, his cold, cruel face and murderous aura caused Song Junwan’s words to stick in her throat.

Inwardly, Bai Xiaochun was laughing, and felt very proud of himself. As far as he was concerned, he was completely outstanding and utterly superior to everyone.

“Wait, I need to do something to make it seem a bit more realistic,” he thought. With that, he slowly lifted his head and looked off into the distance, eyes filling with a look of melancholy and introspection.

That left Song Junwan and Xuemei even more shaken, although they weren’t sure exactly what it meant.

Time passed. Two hours later, the air up above once again began to ripple and distort, and the door appeared again. A burly, dangerous-looking man appeared, seemingly out of breath as he emerged into the open. As soon as Xuemei saw him, she broke out into a smile. The burly man clasped hands and bowed to her in greeting, then approached the platform and sat down next to her. When he saw Bai Xiaochun over on the other platform, his heart filled with shock.

He had assumed that he would be the first to emerge, and would never have even guessed that Nightcrypt would be faster.

As the hours passed, more and more Dharma protectors appeared. Song Que was one of them, although he looked exhausted, and his body was riddled with wounds. Clearly, it had been a difficult task for him to win the approval of the world will.

Ten hours later, the final Dharma protector appeared, and the first stage was officially over.

Both Song Junwan and Xuemei had selected their Dharma

protectors carefully, and all of them were extraordinary in some way. Unexpectedly, the two groups had been quite evenly matched, as there were now exactly ten Dharma protectors on either side.

The two women exchanged a frosty glance, and then both of them snorted coldly. Turning to their Dharma protectors, they began to explain the second stage.

“During the first stage,” Song Junwan began, “you Dharma protectors fought for the approval of the world, and I did not participate. In the second stage, the fighting will be more brutal, and I will participate!

“The second stage is called the Blood Wasteland. It is a road without end, over which a deathly wind blows every fourteen hours. Once that wind blows, every living thing within the Blood Wasteland will be killed, reduced to nothing more than a skeleton.

“That is the path that leads to the heart cavity. Put simply, we have exactly fourteen hours to search the Blood Wasteland for the keys which lead to the heart cavity!” Off in the distance, Xuemei was making a similar explanation to her Dharma protectors.

“Every two hours, a key will appear at a random location within the wasteland. Anyone who gets one of the keys, and holds onto it until the fourteen hours have passed, will be teleported to the Ancient Blood Path which leads to the heart cavity. Of course, Xuemei and I don’t need keys to enter the Ancient Blood Path.

“There are a total of seven keys, which means that only seven Dharma protectors can enter the Ancient Blood Path with Xuemei and myself!”

Bai Xiaochun’s expression flickered, as did the expressions of everyone else except for Song Que. One of them, a middle-aged cultivator, lowered his voice and asked, “What about the people who don’t get a key?”

Song Junwan looked at the man for a moment, and then replied, “We are fighting as a team, and whichever party gets the most keys will be the winner. The disciples on the winning team who don’t get keys will not be teleported to the Ancient Blood Path, but neither will they be killed. They will simply be ejected.

“As for the losing team, whoever among them don’t get keys will all be killed after the fourteen hours are up! Those are the rules, and not even the patriarchs can interfere to save the losers!

“Therefore, this is not the time for infighting! If a key falls into the hands of one of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors, feel free to attack them. If your own teammates get them, however, you are prohibited from competing amongst yourselves!

“Infighting will not only increase our chances of losing, it could also lead to your deaths....

“The lot of you are either members of the Song Clan, or here because of certain promises I made. If I become blood master, your future prospects will be limitless. Everything that I have promised

you, I will see done. If I lose, and Xuemei succeeds, then all of us will meet a grisly fate!” With that, Song Junwan clasped hands and bowed deeply to Bai Xiaochun and the other Dharma protectors.

Chapter 247: What's That?

The ten Dharma protectors, Bai Xiaochun included, all had different reactions to Song Junwan's words. As for Song Que, his expression darkened slightly, but other than that, didn't change much. Because of his position in the Song Clan, he actually knew more about the blood master trial by fire than most did.

After all, if he hadn't failed to reach Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment, he would have been the one taking the lead in this trial by fire. However, because he wasn't a match for Xuemei, the Song Clan had chosen Song Junwan as the one to vie for the Middle Peak blood master position which the clan had held for generations.

Because of how things had played out, Song Que was on the bad side of many of the older generation of the Song Clan. In turn, the rise of Nightcrypt had put even more pressure on him. That was especially true considering that Song Junwan had come to favor Nightcrypt. Song Que was left with few options.

The Song Clan had deep roots in the Blood Stream Sect, and had many direct bloodline clan members. Song Que was the face of the current generation of direct bloodline descendants, but that only meant that there were plenty of people hoping to see him fail miserably so that they could then replace him.

He needed to blaze a path for himself, to go all out with everything he had, to try to make sure his aunt succeeded. Only in that way would he be able to prove how valuable he was. That was also the only hope he had of eventually succeeding his aunt as

blood master in the future.

Suppressing his revulsion for Nightcrypt, he was the first one to speak up after Song Junwan finished talking.

“I will do everything in my power to gain victory in the Blood Wasteland, and I will definitely not allow any infighting to occur. Grand Elder, please rest at ease. If anyone dares to cause problems, then if we get out alive, and that person also survives, then I’ll teach him what it means to live a life worse than death!” Song Que’s eyes shone with intense light, and were filled with killing intent.

As for the other Dharma protectors, they were left with little choice of what to do. In the Blood Stream Sect, cultivators loved to fight each other. But in this case, if they lost, they would all die. Therefore, they had to band together as a team to fight and defeat their opponents.

After a moment of silence, the Dharma protectors began to speak out.

“Grand Elder, as long as you can fulfill your promise, then I won’t hesitate to put my life on the line!”

“The Song Clan has treated me well, and I’ll definitely repay the favor!”

Already, they were less on guard against the people standing next

to them.

Bai Xiaochun was starting to get anxious, and couldn't help but feel that Song Junwan had conned him.... He had been aware that the trial by fire would be dangerous, but never could he have imagined that the danger would be completely out of his own control. If the entire team failed, he could end up dead....

Even as he was sighing inwardly, he suddenly realized that the whole group was looking at him. Without any hesitation he tilted his head back arrogantly, a cold look in his eyes as he said, "For Junwan, I would go through hell or high water! It's my duty!"

Strange looks could be seen on the faces of the other Dharma protectors, and Song Que gritted his teeth. However, he knew that he had no choice but to let go of his hatred for Nightcrypt. Snorting coldly, he looked away.

Song Junwan glanced at Bai Xiaochun apologetically, but didn't offer any words of consolation. Instead, she offered one final warning.

"There are three people you need to be especially careful of. They are Yang Hongwu, Xiao Qing and Zhang Yunshan! Of those three, Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan likely possess powerful magical items. As for Xiao Qing...." Her expression suddenly flickered with dread. "He should have reached Core Formation long ago, but hasn't.... In the past, he served as Patriarch Limitless' personal attendant!"

With that, she went on to give more details about the group of three cultivators.

Bai Xiaochun's nervousness was mounting. About the same time that Song Junwan finished speaking, Xuemei also finished explaining matters to her Dharma protectors, who all seemed to be bursting with killing intent and murderous auras, and were looking over menacingly at Bai Xiaochun and those around him.

Of course, Song Que took the lead in doing the same, and Bai Xiaochun was more than happy to join in. Even back in the Spirit Stream Sect, he had participated in such staring contests.

“Hmmmph! I'm not afraid of anybody in competitions like these!” Although his eyes widened into a glare, he couldn't stop thinking about the three people Song Junwan had just described, and after finding them in the group, he fixed their facial features in his mind.

He would well imagine that he might run into them in the Blood Wasteland, and end up fighting bloody battles over the keys.

Only a total of seven people would be able to enter the third level, the Ancient Blood Path. Whoever those people ended up being, they would have a profound influence on who became blood master in the end.

At this point, Xuemei took a deep breath and said, “Shall we open the door, Song Junwan?”

She waved her right hand through the air, and a bright red light appeared in her palm, which flew out into the air in the form of a blood-colored command medallion.

That command medallion instantly became the center of all attention. Even Bai Xiaochun took a closer look. Both Xuemei and Song Junwan possessed such medallions, which not only let them bypass the first level, but ensured that they didn't need to get a key to enter the Ancient Blood Path.

“It's like all the decisions about this trial by fire were made behind closed doors, and everybody knows it....” Sighing, he looked over at Song Junwan. Song Junwan's eyes flashed as she also extended her right hand, causing the second blood-colored command medallion to appear in her palm.

Blood-colored light spread out from the two command medallions, flying up into the air above the platforms. As the light spread out, everything was bathed in crimson, and at the same time, the outline of a huge door appeared. As the door opened, pulses of heaven-shaking, earth-shattering energy rolled out. Two beams of blood-colored light then shot toward Song Junwan and Xuemei, connecting with their command medallions and merging into their bodies.

“The second stage is starting. Follow me!” With that, Song Junwan flew into the air, followed closely behind by Song Que. The other Dharma protectors flew out into formation around Song Junwan, Bai Xiaochun included, and the entire group shot toward the blood-colored door.

They managed to beat Xuemei into motion, and even as the eleven of them flew into the door, Xuemei and her group sped into motion behind them, transforming into beams of light that also shot toward the door.

Soon, not a single person could be seen on the platforms. The blood door slowly faded away, and within a few breaths of time, was gone.

The Blood Wasteland looked exactly as its name implied. It was a huge desert, filled with crimson sand and grit. Just looking around, it seemed like a completely barren wasteland.

Hot, screaming winds gusted, sending sand flying around everywhere. It seemed bleak and destructive, a place devoid of life.

Within the swirling deadliness of the desert sands, bleached bones were occasionally revealed, the remains of people who had died in previous trials by fire for the Middle Peak blood master position.

Bai Xiaochun instantly sensed the aura of death which pervaded the entire area. Then he saw a nearby skeleton, and his pupils constricted.

He wasn't the only one who had such a reaction.

"After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, the first key will appear," Song Junwan said. "Whenever a key appears, it will send

a huge pillar of light up into the sky, a pillar of light that will not disappear, not even when the key is attained....

“Everyone split up. When that first pillar of light appears, head in that direction.... Remember, fighting each other over the keys is not allowed. Whoever gets it first must be offered protection by everyone else!

“I plan to offer myself up as bait to Xuemei. Knowing her deviousness, she won’t wait until the Ancient Blood Path opens up before trying to kill some of you. She’ll definitely start here, and will probably ask for help from her Dharma protectors to kill me!

“Even if she wasn’t planning to do that, I’ll try to goad her into it. If she did have that plan all along... well then, I think she’ll be surprised at how things turn out. For the next fourteen hours, everything is up to you Dharma protectors!” With that, she flew off by herself.

Some distance away, she called out in a powerful voice that spread out in all directions, “Xuemei, do you dare to come out and fight me!?”

Not too far away from Bai Xiaochun and his group, Xuemei and her team were just now appearing. When she heard Song Junwan’s voice, her eyes flickered coldly.

“Don’t worry about me,” she said to her people. “You go get the keys. I’ll handle Song Junwan!” With that, she flew in Song Junwan’s direction.

It only took a moment before they were closing in on each other, eyes bursting with killing intent. Apparently, Patriarch Limitless and the Song Clan patriarch had reached an agreement. Song Junwan had a higher cultivation base, but didn't possess any spectacular precious treasures. As for Xuemei, her cultivation base wasn't quite as high, but she had many precious magical items, and was at the peak of Earthstring Foundation Establishment. As such, they were relatively evenly matched. In the blink of an eye, explosive combat was already underway.

As the two began to fight, booms filled the sky, rumbling out in all directions.

Everyone else looked on with serious expressions. Song Que was actually shocked that Song Junwan would be so daring. However, after only a moment of hesitation, he picked a direction and started flying. Everyone else followed suit, their admiration for Song Junwan growing.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times as he watched Song Junwan, then quickly picked a direction and sped into motion.

"I never would have thought Song Junwan would put herself up as bait to get Xuemei to fight.... She must be well prepared for this. But then again, so must Xuemei. Presumably, it won't be easy to secure a complete victory in the second stage. I bet the two shrews are just trying to feel each other out." Shaking his head, he sped along, already having decided that no matter what happened, he would not try to fight for the first key.

“Let them fight over the first key, I don’t care. Whoever gets it will have a bitter struggle keeping it until the end.” Although this trial by fire didn’t seem as intense as the Fallen Sword World, there was a time limit. Furthermore, the threat of death hung over everyone’s heads. The fighting to come would surely result in bloody carnage.

“Hmmmmph! Whoever runs into one of those keys first is going to have some bad, bad luck. No... no wait, bad, horrific luck!” As he sped along, he pondered the best way to hide safely off in the distance. Occasionally, he would look around, sighing. That was when... all of sudden, right up ahead of him... a blood-colored light appeared.

“What’s that?” he said, taken aback. Within the space of a few breaths of time, the light grew so intense it hurt his eyes to look at it. Then, it turned into a pillar that shot up into the sky.

Chapter 248: Get Away From Me, Stop Following Me!

Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped at the sight of the pillar of light, especially considering that floating right there in the middle of it was a key, right within arm's reach.

He took a deep breath. How could he ever have imagined that the random direction he picked to run in would turn out to be the exact location where the first key appeared?

Simultaneously, the appearance of the pillar of light caused Xuemei and Song Junwan to stop fighting for a moment and look over. Also, the Dharma protectors from both sides, regardless of where they were, all stopped in place and looked over.

The people who had been selected as Dharma protector for this trial by fire were all outstanding individuals; obviously, they all knew that the first person to get one of the keys would automatically be put in a very difficult position. Every single one of them seemed to hesitate for a moment, but then they all started flying at top speed toward the light, bristling with murderous auras.

“Anybody who fights with me over that key had better not blame me for killing them!” Song Que howled, the battle prowess of eight Earthstring Tideflows surging around him.

“Everybody else might be afraid of you, but not me, Zhou Hua!”

“Snatch that blood key!” As the voices of the Dharma protectors rang out, it heralded the beginning of the fierce fighting that was destined to take place in the Blood Wasteland.

When Bai Xiaochun heard the voices rising up, he shivered and said, “Dammit! I gotta get out of here!”

By that point, more than a dozen figures were already heading in his direction. Bai Xiaochun gasped and quickly began to back up.

However, the instant he began to move... to his complete and utter disbelief, the blood-colored key... began to move... straight toward him.

“Heavens, how could a key move!?” Bai Xiaochun was about to cry. Currently, one of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors was closing in, and as soon as he caught sight of the blood-colored key, his killing intent surged. Clearly, his first goal was not to get the key, it was to kill Bai Xiaochun.

He was in the late Foundation Establishment stage, and held a blood-colored greatsword in his hand.

When Bai Xiaochun saw the man’s deadly-looking blood sword, and his violent killing intent, it was obvious that the man wanted to kill him. Bai Xiaochun immediately got angry. “Y-y-you’re... you’re pushing things too far! I just saw the key and didn’t even touch it, and yet you’re gonna try and kill me?!”

His eyes narrowed, flickering coldly. Although he hadn't fought much in the Blood Stream Sect, his battle prowess had increased to a dramatically terrifying level. Even as the sword slashed down toward him, he planted his right foot down onto the ground and then sprang forward with all the power he could muster. He instantly blurred into motion, leaving nothing for the sword to slash through other than afterimages. In the blink of an eye, he had bashed directly into Xuemei's Dharma protector.

It was none other than... the Mountain Shaking Bash!

It was backed by the power of Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment and three crystallized spiritual seas, which meant he was in mid Foundation Establishment. It was powered by the second level of the Undying Heavenly King, the fleshly body strength of six berserk ghosts. The Mountain Shaking Bash was a secret magic of the Undying Codex, and when fueled by such multiple levels of incredible power, it ensured that Bai Xiaochun was now like a vicious beast!

A bang rang out in all directions, low-pitched but shocking to the extreme. It was hard to imagine that a collision between two people would produce a sound as tragic as this.

Xuemei's Dharma protector screamed, and then blood spurted out of his mouth. Much of his body was already shattering, but that wasn't the end of things. His back bulged out, and his face turned violet as cracking sounds rang out from inside of him.

He began to spin backward through the air, his expression blank, his mind rapidly emptying.

At the same time, the dozens of other cultivators who were converging on the area looked on with tingling scalps as the Dharma protector who had just been bashed by Bai Xiaochun... exploded!

Bones, flesh, and blood spattered in all directions, and the man's soul was transformed into ash!

Even as his scream continued to echo about, he was killed in body and soul!

In any other sect, what had just happened would have left everyone too stunned to do anything. But this was the Blood Stream Sect, and its cultivators were cruel and merciless. Xuemei's other Dharma protectors quickly overcame their shock, and three of their number were the first to fly toward Bai Xiaochun.

Two of them were in late Foundation Establishment, and one of them was in the great circle. As they flew forward, three blood swords appeared, causing everything in the area to rumble. Most shocking among the group was one of the late Foundation Establishment cultivators, a middle-aged man with a long beard. Shockingly, he held an illusory stick of incense in his hand!

The incense was already burning, creating an aura that filled Bai Xiaochun with an intense sensation of deadly crisis. It was like every inch of his flesh and blood were screaming at him that this

incense was completely and utterly dangerous.

Bai Xiaochun wasn't the only one to have such a reaction. The faces of the others in the area instantly fell....

“That's Yang Hongwu! He's the one Song Junwan said to look out for!!” Bai Xiaochun gasped, but what happened next caused his scalp to almost explode. There were about four or five people who... apparently because of the stimulation of the mysterious incense, began to emit auras, either from within their own bodies, or their bags of holding... that were all terrifyingly dangerous! Apparently, they were on the verge of joining the attack on him!

Bai Xiaochun had a profound cultivation base that enabled him to kill a late Foundation Establishment cultivator with a single bashing attack. However, to face three at the same time, one of them being in the great circle, and in possession of a shocking magical treasure, left him shocked and terrified. More than ever, he felt that the older generation in the Blood Stream Sect were all fear-inspiring individuals.

All of the Foundation Establishment cultivators who Xuemei and Song Junwan had called upon to act as Dharma protectors were either Chosen of their generation, or other famous individuals from the past.

That was especially true of the one terrifying cultivator Song Junwan had mentioned, Xiao Qing, who, for some mysterious reason, hadn't broken through into the Core Formation stage.

Regarding magical treasures, the fact that Blood Stream Sect cultivators were fond of robbing and pillaging meant that they tended to have a bit more of them than disciples from other sects.

Considering the danger he was facing, it was no surprise that Bai Xiaochun's scalp crawled with terror. However, none of that showed on his face. Backing up, expression cold, he said, "Nightcrypt doesn't have time to fool around with you people. I'm warning you, don't provoke me!" Combined with his icy, cruel expression, Bai Xiaochun was under the impression that his words were completely domineering. Turning, he pushed forward with a burst of speed and vanished.

Even as he sped off, the three blood swords descended in a net of death. They missed him, but the smoke from the incense swirled around, filling the area with terrifying fluctuations.

Even the mere sensation of those fluctuations caused Bai Xiaochun to pick up speed. Even as he left the first key behind, intense fighting broke out in his wake.

However, not everyone joined the attack. Some stood off to the side, and some merely left, clearly thinking the same thing that Bai Xiaochun had, that fighting over the first key was too dangerous.

Bai Xiaochun flew off into the distance, looking over his shoulder occasionally. Considering that everyone was in the late Foundation Establishment stage or even more powerful than that, the fighting was clearly a life-or-death matter. Nobody was holding back, and some people were already resorting to their life-saving magical items. Heaven-shaking, earth-shattering explosions rocked the

area, and fluctuations that bordered on Core Formation could be felt, leaving Bai Xiaochun completely shaken.

“With the Undying Heavenly King, I might be able to take them on one by one, but fighting so many people at the same time, I might lose my poor little life....” Picking up speed, he sighed emotionally as he thought about how coincidental it was that the key had appeared right in front of him moments ago. Assuming he kept on flying as he was now, there shouldn’t be any more such incidents.

As far as the fighting went, Bai Xiaochun felt that maybe after the fourth key showed up, it would be a bit safer to start participating. After flying along for the better part of two hours, he had put quite a bit of distance between himself and the last location, and finally decided to look around for a place to meditate for a while.

“I’ve flown far enough away that I shouldn’t run into anyone else,” he thought. “As for the keys, whoever wants to fight over them can have at it.” He was quite pleased at his own insightfulness, and was just musing about how bright and intelligent he was when the third hour in the Blood Wasteland arrived.

In that very moment.... Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went wide, and he let out an exclamation of shock. There, right in front of him, was a bright red dot of light.

Within the space of a few breaths of time, it began to grow so brightly that it turned into a pillar of light that shot up into the sky. Anyone in the Blood Wasteland would be able to see it.

It was a very strange thing, and all of a sudden, Bai Xiaochun thought back to what had happened in the Endless World of Blood.

“No way....” he thought. “I’m not the one trying to become blood master. How could this be happening...?” Staring at the key in the pillar of light, he sighed, and then turned to leave, only to find that the key was flying toward him.

“Get away from me! Stop following me....”

Thinking about how the group of people had been fighting earlier, he wanted to cry. The terrifying ripples that had spread out from that fight were enough to send him running in the opposite direction.

However, the key behind him picked up speed, chasing Bai Xiaochun relentlessly through the Blood Wasteland....

Soon, cultivators on both sides of the conflict realized what was happening, and their eyes went wide with disbelief.

The first key... appeared right in front of Bai Xiaochun. That could have been chalked up to chance.

But for the second key to do the same.... They gritted their teeth and told themselves that it was another coincidence. And yet... they were completely dumbfounded at the sight of the key chasing Bai Xiaochun.

Chapter 249: I Can't Believe He Ate It!!

“What’s going on...?”

“Am I seeing things...? That blood-colored key is actually chasing Nightcrypt?!”

“This... this....” Although people were shocked, it didn’t take long before them to react, and they began to speed toward Bai Xiaochun to start fighting for the key.

Meanwhile, up in midair, Xuemei and Song Junwan saw what was happening. Song Junwan looked angry; she had seen what had happened with Bai Xiaochun earlier, and felt it was a true pity that he had passed up the first key. Now here he was flying along while the key chased him, refusing to grab it. Song Junwan was furious.

“Nightcrypt!” she yelled. “The key is right behind you! Take it immediately! Everybody else, protect Nightcrypt!”

Bai Xiaochun hesitated for a moment, but when he considered that if he wanted to become a grand elder eventually, he would need Song Junwan’s recommendation, and that she had just openly given him an order, he gritted his teeth, stopped in place and reached out to solemnly grab the key.

In that instant, the second blood-colored key suddenly erupted with dazzling light and shot into his hand. For some reason, Bai Xiaochun was certain that, as it did, he heard something like a cry of joy.

“Come help me!” he cried. There was no time to think. He immediately began to back up as Song Junwan’s other Dharma protectors arrived to intercept the enemy. A moment later, magical combat erupted all around him, causing resounding booming sounds to shake heaven and earth.

Not everyone was present; in fact, not even ten people were here. However, magical items were unleashed, and terrifying fluctuations spread out. It was in that moment, that someone shouted out in alarm.

“Wait a second, why is the blood-colored light so faint?!?!” The person to shout out was one of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors, and currently, his face was a mask of incredulity as he stared at Bai Xiaochun.

As his voice echoed out, everyone else looked over, and soon, all of their minds were reeling.

Bai Xiaochun had actually noticed what was happening before anyone else. As soon as his fingers closed around the blood-colored key, the light that had been bursting out of it began to flow into his mouth. Once inside of him, it surged through his body, causing his Undying Heavenly King to operate at full function.

The blood-colored light emanating out from the key immediately began to grow dim.... It almost looked to everyone else as if Bai Xiaochun were eating the key....

The effect was so pronounced that everyone could clearly sense the key growing weak....

“He... he’s actually drawing on the power of the key?!”

“That’s not just drawing on some of its power, he’s obviously eating it! Nightcrypt, stop that immediately!!”

“Heavens! I’ve never heard of anybody doing such a thing. If... if he completely eats it, will its teleportation powers still work?” People were so taken aback all they could do was stare in shock.

Even Song Junwan and Xuemei, who were still locked in combat in midair, were staring at the blood-colored light fading away. Within the space of a few breaths of time, the light was completely gone.

What was left in Bai Xiaochun’s hand... didn’t look anything like a key anymore.... Even as everyone stared at Bai Xiaochun, his aura surged, and the power of the Undying Heavenly King exploded ferociously inside of him. He was about to try to explain, but when he opened his mouth, a burp echoed out loud and clear.

“I... burp... I didn’t... burp... do it on purpose... burp....” Bai Xiaochun was so scared he was about to cry. Clasp ing his hands over his mouth, he looked around at the incredulous stares being leveled at him, which rapidly began to fill with killing intent. More nervous than ever, he began to back up.

“He actually ate that key!!”

“The key’s gone! That’s one spot out of seven... gone! Kill Nightcrypt! This is his fault!!”

“Kill him! The first and second keys both showed up near him. If the third one does the same and he eats that too, we’ll lose another spot!!”

“What if he eats all the keys? If that happens... we’ll all be losers....” As their minds spun with the thought of what could happen, they howled and charged toward Bai Xiaochun. As for Song Junwan’s Dharma protectors, they hesitated for a moment, but then refrained from interfering. The scene which had just played out was simply too bizarre.

Another of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors was a bit further off in the distance. After watching the depressing scene play out, and then hearing everyone crying out, his own anger surged, and he shot after Bai Xiaochun.

By now, eight or nine people were chasing him, the weakest of them being in the late Foundation Establishment stage, with more than one being in the great circle. Most shocking of all was that several of them were clutching powerful magical treasures. Bai Xiaochun was trembling in fear, but thankfully, was fast enough to evade them as he fled for his life.

Before Song Junwan and Xuemei could even react, a whole group was after Bai Xiaochun. They were completely taken aback.

“You can eat those keys?” Song Junwan murmured. Xuemei was equally stunned.

Bai Xiaochun flew through the Blood Wasteland at top speed. Some among the pursuers were faster than the others, but all were slower than Bai Xiaochun, and before long, there was quite a distance between chaser and chased.

“Nightcrypt, you will die beyond the shadow of a doubt this day!”

“Dammit, I can’t believe you completely absorbed that key! Y-y-you....”

Various divine abilities and magical techniques were unleashed, leaving Bai Xiaochun so frightened he felt like his scalp would explode from terror. He felt completely wronged, and even more so, angered. He almost thought about turning around and fighting, but there were just too many opponents, all of them with higher cultivation bases than him, and many with powerful magical treasures. Although Xiao Qing wasn’t among their number, Bai Xiaochun had the feeling he might show up at any moment, and thus devoted himself fully to fleeing.

Before long, the third and fourth hours had passed, and the fifth hour was approaching....

In that very instant, the group of pursuers were shocked to find that the third dot of red light had appeared directly above Bai Xiaochun’s head. Even as he moved along, a blinding beam of

blood-colored light shot up, which continued to float along with Bai Xiaochun as he flew along....

“What exactly is going on here!?!? Dammit! Why is this happening?!”

“I can’t believe the third key... appeared right above him!!”

“Nightcrypt, you will die this day!!”

Xuemei’s Dharma protectors were going mad. Were Jia Lie here, he would tearfully tell them that... this was nothing. Had they been by his side in the Endless World of Blood, they would have been driven to complete despair.

Bai Xiaochun was really starting to get pissed off. Looking around at everyone, he gritted his teeth, reached up, and grabbed the third blood-colored key.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as massive amounts of blood-colored light poured into his mouth. Yet again, Bai Xiaochun seemed to be gobbling it up....

“He... he ate another one!!”

“There are only seven keys, and he already ate two!”

“If he keeps this up, then he’ll end up eating all the keys. We

have to kill him!” Everyone was starting to get anxious. Song Junwan’s Dharma protectors were starting to hesitate, unsure of whether they should help Nightcrypt, or try to kill him.

Up in midair, Xuemei’s eyes glittered with cold light, and she suddenly waved her right hand, causing the bracelet wrapped around her wrist to flash with blue light. Instantly, a blue beam shot out, and even as she was about to send it flying toward Bai Xiaochun, Song Junwan swished her sleeve, sending out a blast of power to block the way.

Xuemei glared at Song Junwan. “Song Junwan! Something weird is going on with him. I refuse to believe that you can’t see it!”

Song Junwan refused to respond, and simply launched another attack.

Xuemei grinned malevolently. Since she was being prevented from doing anything about Bai Xiaochun, she unleashed her full power upon Song Junwan. By this point, the two of them weren’t simply feeling each other out, they were fighting with everything they had, including their secret weapons.

At the same time, just as murderous auras were beginning to rise up, the mad absorption of the blood-colored light by Bai Xiaochun caused cracking sounds to ring out from inside of him. The Undying Heavenly King was operating at full speed with the nourishment that was being provided. Fleshly body power was rapidly building up, and clearly, Bai Xiaochun was rapidly reaching the point of breaking through from the level of six berserk ghosts to seven.

Although he was being chased with murderous intent, the fact that his fleshly body was powering up so rapidly elated Bai Xiaochun. He could sense his power rapidly growing, and his battle prowess increasing.

“If I could complete the second level of the Undying Heavenly King, and form the Heavenly Demon Body, then even if I run into one of those cultivators with the powerful magical treasures, I could still fight them!

“It’s too bad I can’t reveal my identity, otherwise I could definitely beat those old Foundation Establishment experts!

“Considering how things are at the moment, what should I do...?” Moments ago, he had sensed that Xuemei had been about to unleash something incredibly dangerous on him, and as a result, was only getting more nervous.

He looked over at Xuemei and Song Junwan briefly, then looked away. His head was starting to ache. Even as he tried to think of a way to resolve the situation, another sensation of imminent crisis filled him. This time, it didn’t come from Xuemei, it came from behind him. One of Xuemei’s Dharma protectors had been quietly closing in on him. It was none other than... Yang Hongwu!

His eyes flickered with cold, merciless light, and his hand clutched a burning stick of incense!

Chapter 250: Die!

Song Junwan had said to pay special attention to three of Xuemei's Dharma protectors. One of them was Xiao Qing, who was on the very cusp of Core Formation. Perhaps because of certain conditions in the Blood Wasteland itself, it was difficult for him to break through here. However, one could imagine that even after half of a breakthrough, he would still be powerful enough to dominate anyone else.

The second person Song Junwan had mentioned was Zhang Yunshan. The third was the very person who was closing in on Bai Xiaochun at this very moment... Yang Hongwu!

Yang Hongwu's cultivation base was in the late Foundation Establishment stage, and he had a powerful magical treasure. It was essentially a precious relic that could unleash terrifying power that exceeded his current cultivation base realm. With that item, he was virtually invincible to anyone in the same realm as him.

Up to this point in his cultivation, Bai Xiaochun had never possessed any powerful magical treasures other than the turtle-wok. Had he remained in the Spirit Stream Sect, he would definitely have been bequeathed one by the sect itself when he reached late Foundation Establishment. However, he had left when he was still in early Foundation Establishment, before he qualified for such a reward.

After all, such powerful magical treasures were generally not given to anyone under late Foundation Establishment. Not only would such a person have difficulty unleashing the full potential of

the item, there was also the risk that it could be robbed from them.

Bai Xiaochun's pupils constricted; almost as soon as the smoke began to spread out from Yang Hongwu's incense, it filled his mind with a sense of imminent crisis. His fleshly body power was incredibly high, which lessened the sensation of danger, and yet, he was still jumpy with fear.

From what he could sense, if that power continued to build up, then it could seriously affect him in a negative way. By this point, his eyes were completely bloodshot.

"There are too many people and too many eyes in this place. So many techniques that I just can't use...." Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth, and then began to draw upon the Undying Heavenly King. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and moments later, a bizarre power surged out from the palms of his hands.

It was the power of gravity and repulsion, which he could just barely unleash. He had only ever scraped the surface of protomagnetic power, but was still able to call upon it when needed.

Bai Xiaochun let out a hoarse shout as the two streams of power burst out, then converged together to form a powerful force of repulsion. He was immediately pushed backward at top speed, and in the blink of an eye, was speeding off into the distance.

Even as he did, the smoke coming from Yang Hongwu's incense

sliced through the air into the spot he had just occupied. Considering how it seemed to slash rifts everywhere it went, it was obvious that if Bai Xiaochun had been even a bit slower, he would have been cut to pieces.

Xuemei's Dharma protectors frowned, and killing intent flickered in Yang Hongwu's eyes. Bai Xiaochun had already evaded him twice, even with his powerful magical treasure. That was something he found to be highly unusual.

"Measly Mortal-Dao mid Foundation Establishment. I can't believe he actually evaded me twice.... Seems like he's harboring a lot of secrets." Yang Hongwu took a deep breath, and then his chest caved in. Suddenly, his speed skyrocketed, pushing him past all of the other cultivators, transforming him into a beam of light that shot directly after Bai Xiaochun.

He breathed in, but never exhaled, and then, a few moments later, he took another deep breath. Yet again, his chest caved in, and his speed increased, closing the distance between himself and Bai Xiaochun.

Seeing Yang Hongwu speed up toward him, Bai Xiaochun's eyes grew even more bloodshot than before.

"You think I'm so easy to pick on?!" he shouted. Suddenly he spun in place, and instead of fleeing, barreled toward Yang Hongwu.

He shot faster than a bolt of lightning, appearing directly in front

of Yang Hongwu and unleashing a punch with his right hand.

Killing intent flickered in Yang Hongwu's eyes as he extended his own right hand. The incense burned, and smoke swirled out toward Bai Xiaochun.

“So, you wanted to lure me out to fight alone? Fine, take your shot!” Yang Hongwu laughed coldly as his powerful magical treasure spewed out even more smoke, creating a web of death that caused Bai Xiaochun's scalp to tingle so hard it felt like it might explode. And yet, he didn't dodge to the side. As the smoke bore down on him, he poured even more power into his fist strike.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the energy of the second level of Bai Xiaochun's Undying Heavenly King erupted out. The power of seven berserk ghosts could shake mountains, and at this moment, it caused sonic booms to echo out. The massive outpouring of power even caused a massive wind to spring up.

From a distance, the scene playing out was completely shocking. As Bai Xiaochun punched out, the image of a berserk ghost appeared behind him. This was no ordinary berserk ghost; it was like the king of all berserk ghosts, and it howled at the top of its lungs as Bai Xiaochun punched out.

Shockingly, the smoke which filled the area immediately began to shrink back as if it were about to be destroyed!

Although all of this takes some time to describe, it actually happened in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the massive blast slammed into Yang Hongwu. Blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth as he was shoved backward. His eyes suddenly shone with intense fear. Obviously, he had been aware that Nightcrypt possessed shocking battle prowess, but had still been confident enough to fight him alone. As of this moment, though, he could see that Nightcrypt was even more terrifying than he had realized before.

Blood also sprayed out of Bai Xiaochun's mouth, and he felt like his body was about to be torn to pieces by the web of death. The power of Yang Hongwu's magical treasure slashed into the image of the berserk ghost, and yet, the power of Bai Xiaochun's Undying Heavenly King ensured that he wasn't seriously injured, much less ripped to shreds. It took some effort, but he managed to wrench free from the smoke, destroying it in the process.

Even as the wisps of smoke dissipated, the air not too far away from Bai Xiaochun distorted, and someone materialized. It was a young man with a fan in his hand. His expression was dark and somber, and his eyes flickered with killing intent. Without any hesitation, he waved his fan in Bai Xiaochun's direction.

Wind screamed, transforming into a tornado that connected the sky and the land as it raced toward Bai Xiaochun.

"Zhang Yunshan!" Bai Xiaochun's pupils constricted from the sensation of imminent crisis. Throwing his head back, he roared, and his energy began to rise as another berserk ghost appeared behind him, then a third, and a fourth....

In the blink of an eye, seven berserk ghosts had appeared,

causing heaven and earth to shake violently. All of them threw their heads back and bellowed. Although the terrifying energy they were releasing wasn't quite enough to form the Heavenly Demon Body, it was enough to create.... a giant hand!

It was a giant, pale white hand, not the clawed hand of a ghost, but rather a heavenly demon hand!

It was as pale as death, and the outlines of scales could just barely be seen on its surface, as well as vicious-looking bone spurs. As soon as the hand appeared, it smashed out toward Zhang Yunshan!

The first thing it hit was the tornado. A huge boom echoed out as the tornado shattered, and at the same time, the heavenly demon hand flickered and faded a bit. However, it wasn't destroyed.

Another boom could be heard, and blood oozed out of the corners of Zhang Yunshan's mouth. Even as he flew back at top speed, the heavenly demon hand faded away. Bai Xiaochun's face was ashen, and he coughed up another mouthful of blood. His eyes were crimson, making him look cruel and vicious to the extreme. With a quick glance at Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan, he turned and sped off into the distance.

Yang Hongwu hesitated for a moment, wiping the blood from his mouth. At the moment, he was too shaken to chase after Bai Xiaochun. The power that had just been unleashed, especially in that last attack, left him with the sinking feeling that Nightcrypt... hadn't even called upon his full battle prowess.

Even Zhang Yunshan's sneak attack had done nothing more than cause Nightcrypt to unleash even more power.

"Just how many secrets does this guy have...?!" Yang Hongwu took a deep breath. As for the youthful-looking Zhang Yunshan, his face was equally grim as he watched Bai Xiaochun flee.

The rest of the pursuers were completely shocked, and all hesitated. After a moment passed, though, Zhang Yunshan and Yang Hongwu exchanged a glance, and then their eyes flickered as they led the group in pursuit.

Bai Xiaochun's face was ashen as he sped along. On the outside, he seemed vicious and cruel, with his clothes stained with blood. However, inside, he was listless and panting.

"What a bunch of bullies. If I didn't have to be careful to keep my secret identity, I could wipe the floor with them.... Dammit. There are still six more hours left before this thing is over...." His anxiety increased as the seventh hour neared.

This time, he was mentally prepared. At the top of the hour, when the key was just about to appear, and he was just about to flee, he heard one of Song Junwan's other Dharma protectors crying out.

"Nightcrypt, don't absorb any more keys! Give them to us!"

"Nightcrypt, stop it!" Song Que howled.

It was at that exact moment that the fourth key popped out, and immediately began to speed toward Bai Xiaochun. It was almost as if he were a magnet, and no matter what he wanted, the keys would fly in his direction, transform into blood qi, and incite his Undying Heavenly King.

“Nightcrypt, are you... are you looking to die?!?!” Song Que was furious, and the other Dharma protectors felt like they were going insane. Once they saw Bai Xiaochun starting to absorb the fourth key, they couldn’t hold back any longer.

After all... they weren’t sure if the keys still counted as being won by their team if Bai Xiaochun absorbed them. If they did, then things were fine. But if they didn’t, then when the wind of extermination swept through the wasteland... well, Song Que and the others didn’t dare to gamble on the outcome.

“I don’t want this either....” Bai Xiaochun wailed. His original plan had been to hide somewhere in the Blood Wasteland and let everyone fight it out, then snatch one of the keys toward the end. But now, all of his plans were laid to ruin.

Chapter 251: My Plan

Thanks to Bai Xiaochun, the trial by fire for blood master had been thrown into utter chaos....

In the Endless World of Blood, only poor Jia Lie had been struck with such ill luck... but now, in the Blood Wasteland, even Song Junwan and Xuemei were shocked by what was happening.

Everyone was going mad, and all of it was because of Bai Xiaochun....

It wasn't that Bai Xiaochun wanted it that way. He was just as nervous as everyone else. But his Undying Live Forever Technique was in full operation, and because of the rapid growth of his fleshly body power, Bai Xiaochun's berserk ghosts... increased in number yet again!

The power of eight berserk ghosts caused cracking sounds to ring out from inside of him. Even as his energy surged, Song Que and the others gritted their teeth and joined the group that was chasing Bai Xiaochun!

Bai Xiaochun was getting more nervous than ever, and his mind was racing as he tried to decide what to do. Finally, he howled, "Song Que, go attack the person who got the first key! If you get that one, and I consume the rest, then Xuemei will never get onto the Ancient Blood Path!

"It's called divide and conquer! If you're focused on attacking

them, they'll have to focus on defending, and I can just eat the keys. If you guys get your hands on the first key, I'll consume all the others. If you don't get it, then I'll make sure to leave the last two. That way, we'll definitely come out on top, and they'll be exterminated!

“That's my plan! Hahaha! We'll definitely win that way!” The more Bai Xiaochun spoke, the more he made sense.

Song Que and the others were shaken. They were no fools, and as soon as they heard Bai Xiaochun's plan, their eyes glittered.

As for Xuemei's Dharma protectors, their faces fell, especially the one who had acquired the first key, a middle-aged man whose complexion was now as pale as death.

Xuemei, who was completely tangled up in her fight with Song Junwan, was now getting more nervous.

“Nightcrypt, are you looking to die?!?!” she shouted. As for Song Junwan, she chuckled charmingly.

“We do things Nightcrypt's way!” she declared. Although her smile was lovely, her attacks were incisive, and she immediately began to push Xuemei back across the battlefield, who could do nothing to stop her. In fact, she couldn't even come up with a plan to deal with Bai Xiaochun.

It was an anxious moment. Song Que and the others gritted their

teeth, ceased chasing Bai Xiaochun, and shot toward the Dharma protector with the first key. Xuemei's other Dharma protectors were then forced to cease chasing Bai Xiaochun and offer defense. Immediately, chaotic fighting broke out.

Booms echoed out, and the brilliant light of divine abilities and magical techniques rose up into the air.

At long last, Bai Xiaochun was able to breathe a sigh of relief.

“It's a good thing I reacted so quickly, otherwise I would have been in way too much danger.... There are people with higher cultivation bases and powerful magical treasures, and some of them are secret experts. If they gang up on me, how am I supposed to fight them?” Bai Xiaochun immediately began to flee, and yet, in that very moment, his pupils constricted. Although no one was visible in the area, he unhesitatingly unleashed the Mountain Shaking Bash, gathering a huge amount of power and unleashing it in an explosive burst that pushed him forward at top speed.

Even as he shot forward, a blood-colored hand suddenly appeared out of thin air and unleashed a stream of 30-meter-long sword qi.

“Eee?” someone said. An old man stepped out of thin air, a man with a long violet robe and age spots on his face.

Sweat was pouring down Bai Xiaochun's face. The sensation of imminent danger he had just experienced was one of the most intense he had felt so far. If he hadn't dodged at just the right time, that attack would have stabbed into his forehead.

“Xiao Qing!” he said, eyes shining with vigilance. This old man was another of the three people Song Junwan had mentioned, the same old man who could supposedly break through from Foundation Establishment at any time!

Xiao Qing smiled and said, “I’ve been in secluded meditation for many years, and just came out. Even still, I’ve heard a lot of stories about you.”

Although he was indeed a Foundation Establishment cultivator, he was unlike the others. If he reached Core Formation, he would definitely become a prime elder. When he looked at Bai Xiaochun, Bai Xiaochun felt more on guard than ever; the man’s gaze felt like two sharp swords.

“His spiritual seas are just a hair away from reaching full crystallization.... If I used everything in my repertoire, I could probably fight him. But considering how limited I am right now... I’m no match for him!” Without the slightest hesitation, Bai Xiaochun began to flee.

“Why are you in such a hurry to leave, Junior Brother Nightcrypt?” Xiao Qing smiled and took a step forward with speed that matched Bai Xiaochun’s. Then he waved his sleeve, and a stream of blood-colored sword qi appeared and slashed down toward Bai Xiaochun.

“What crap are you spewing?!” Bai Xiaochun asked. “If I don’t leave, then what else am I supposed to do? Sit around and wait for

you to kill me? Did your cultivation cause you brain damage or something?” With that, he blurred into motion, avoiding the blood sword.

Xiao Qing’s smile went stiff. Throughout all the times he had fought people in his life, no one had ever spoken to him like this before. Expression turning grim, he let out a cold harrumph and said, “Ill-mannered cur! When I get my hands on you, I’m going to rip out your tongue! Let’s see what quips you come up with then!”

Chuckling coldly, he took another step forward in pursuit. At the same time, his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, summoning a stream of blood qi that shot toward Bai Xiaochun.

Despite his anxiety, Bai Xiaochun was still trying to come up with a plan as he flew along. “Seems you really did suffer from brain damage while you were cultivating. If I had no tongue, I might not be able to speak, but I could still use divine will to say something!”

As they sped through the Blood Wasteland, Xiao Qing attacked multiple times. On a few occasions, his magical techniques actually hit home, and yet, Bai Xiaochun’s terrifyingly powerful fleshly body defenses left Xiao Qing in shock.

With Xiao Qing’s current battle prowess, he could dominate any other Foundation Establishment cultivator. And yet, Bai Xiaochun was incredibly fast and abnormally tough. In fact, as the chase went on, he kept going even faster. His reserves of spiritual power were simply unbelievable.

“How could mid Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment possibly unleash such power!?” Xiao Qing’s eyes flickered. The battle prowess being put on display by Bai Xiaochun in the Blood Wasteland was completely and utterly shocking to him. Even more bizarre than that, though, was the situation with the blood-colored keys.

If there was only one strange oddity with Bai Xiaochun, then it would be much easier to determine the cause, and then ascertain a method to deal with the situation. But with so many strange things happening, it was hard to decide where to start, and very easy to get going in the wrong direction.

Xiao Qing’s eyes narrowed as he once again gave chase. As for Bai Xiaochun, he was grumbling and complaining to himself. It felt like Xiao Qing was stuck to him with glue; no matter how Bai Xiaochun tried to shake him, he would continue to pursue him. Were it not for the fact that Bai Xiaochun had an incredible fleshly body, and was actually at Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment, he would never have been able to sustain the speed he had been keeping up so far.

“Just wait until I make a major breakthrough with my fleshly body. Then I’ll definitely show that old fogey how awesome I am!” Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth. By now, he actually looked forward to the arrival of the tenth hour. Now that he already had the power of eight berserk ghosts, for some reason, it didn’t feel good enough. He actually wanted to consume that key and solidify the power of his berserk ghosts.

Time passed. Eventually, the seventh and eighth hours passed,

and the ninth hour approached. As expected, a dot of blood-colored light appeared, which shot toward Bai Xiaochun's forehead. In the blink of an eye, it was only a few inches away from him.

He didn't pause for even a moment as he sped on, and the red dot instantly sank into his forehead. Although bright red light initially filled the area, it rapidly dimmed. At the same time, the second level of the Undying Heavenly King was in full operation.

Rumbling sounds exploded out from within his body as the energy of nine berserk ghosts formed. Xiao Qing's eyes widened as he sensed the growing power within Bai Xiaochun.

"There are many strange things about him. Now that he's absorbed that key, he's probably even more confident in fighting me." Xiao Qing closed in at top speed, and yet, before he could get close, Bai Xiaochun looked back, eyes flickering with the desire to do battle. At almost the exact same instant, his fleshly body power skyrocketed.

"Xiao Qing, you old fogey, do you dare to fight with me, Nightcrypt?!" Bai Xiaochun waved his right sleeve and pointed at Xiao Qing, as if challenging him to a duel!

"So, you're finally confident that you can fight me? Fine. I'll give you a chance!" Xiao Qing took a step forward, and the power of his cultivation base erupted.

"Alright, Xiao Qing, here I come!" Bai Xiaochun roared, eyes bursting with the will to fight. However, even as he faced Xiao

Qing, he began to speed backward. Drawing upon the incredible power of his fleshly body, he unleashed even greater speed than he had in the past.

Xiao Qing's jaw dropped, and his eyes went wide. Bai Xiaochun was letting out a battle cry, and yet simultaneously fleeing off into the distance.

“Completely shameless!!” Xiao Qing howled. His eyes burned with flames of rage, and yet the slight delay had put a huge distance between him and Bai Xiaochun. At that point, Bai Xiaochun stopped backing up. Turning his back on Xiao Qing, he fled at even greater speed than before.

“I want to fight you,” he called out, “but can’t at the moment. Just wait a bit. Once the eleventh hour arrives, and I’ve completed nine berserk ghosts, then I’ll wipe the floor with you, you old fart!” Bai Xiaochun didn’t feel that he was being shameless at all. Instead, he felt that he had just out-strategized Xiao Qing.

Chapter 252: You Really Can't Blame Me This Time

“Not even the least bit confident in being able to fight me? What kind of Dao do you cultivate, Nightcrypt?! I can't believe that someone as useless as you exists in the Blood Stream Sect. I think I need to step in for the sect and do some housecleaning!” Xiao Qing was incensed. First, he had been ridiculed, then challenged to fight, and then, his opponent had simply run away. More killing intent than ever could be seen in Xiao Qing's eyes, and as he gave chase, he unleashed the power of his cultivation base, pushing himself forward with greater speed than ever.

However, Bai Xiaochun was simply too fast. With the explosive acceleration provided by his fleshly body power, he managed to stay in the lead all the way through the ninth and tenth hours. Soon, the eleventh hour was rapidly approaching.

When it came, the sixth key appeared in the form of a red dot, right in front of Bai Xiaochun's forehead. It only took the briefest of moments for it to fly into him.

Rumbling sounds echoed out from within Bai Xiaochun's body, and he began to tremble visibly. His Undying Heavenly King was in full operation, and under the seemingly boundless addition provided by the blood-colored key, his fleshly body continued to increase in power. The expression provided by his mask was one of complete and utter ferocity as he threw his head back and howled at the top of his lungs.

As he did, eight berserk ghosts appeared behind him, and then...

a ninth!

The appearance of the ninth berserk ghost caused Bai Xiaochun's fleshly body strength to be completely incited, sending matchlessly powerful qi and blood power surging heavenward.

ROAR!

Blue veins bulged out on Bai Xiaochun's face. In only a handful of hours, his fleshly body power had undergone a dramatic increase, so much so that it was difficult for him to endure. The nine berserk ghosts behind him were howling, and even as Xiao Qing closed in, Bai Xiaochun prodded them with the power of his will, and they merged together!

That new berserk ghost was vastly larger than the others, almost as if it were a new form of life!

It was now pure white, with vicious-looking bone spurs sticking out all over it. It had sharp claws, and radiated a power that seemed capable of crushing heaven and earth. Strangely, though, it had no head!

It was a headless Heavenly Demon Body, incomplete, but shockingly powerful nonetheless. When it formed, Bai Xiaochun howled, and seemingly infinite fleshly body power caused a tempest to spring out all around him. Within moments, it was a tornado connecting heaven and earth, an enormous, spinning vortex.

Xiao Qing stopped in place, his eyes widening. For the first time, a very serious expression could be seen on his face. Not only was Bai Xiaochun stronger, but the image of the headless heavenly demon made him seem completely different than before.

“Alright Xiao Qing, come on, let’s fight!” Although Bai Xiaochun didn’t look any different physically, the sensation he gave off was that he was growing rapidly. Having absorbed the blood qi from five of the keys, he suddenly felt that if he didn’t unleash some of the power immediately, he would explode.

No such sensation had come from the previous four keys. But with the fifth key, he suddenly felt explosively powerful. Even as he called out, he took a step forward, and massive rumbling sounds could be heard as he shot toward Xiao Qing in a bashing motion.

The heavenly demon image behind him made the same bashing attack, except with power exponentially greater than Bai Xiaochun’s. It was such an explosive outburst that it seemed capable of bashing anything and everything to bits. Even the air twisted and distorted as he bore down on Xiao Qing.

Just when Xiao Qing was about to dodge out of the way, the charging Bai Xiaochun suddenly extended his right hand, and a powerful gravitational force sprang out from his palm and seemed to latch onto Xiao Qing’s neck.

Then the hand transformed into a fist. The air vibrated as powerful fluctuations spread out, locking down the entire area and making it impossible for Xiao Qing to even move.

Xiao Qing's eyes widened, and he roared as his hands flashed with an incantation gesture. Blinding, blood-colored light instantly spread out, transforming into a huge, crimson greatsword which slashed out toward Bai Xiaochun!

Although all of this takes some time to describe, it happened in the blink of an eye. A deafening boom echoed out in all directions as Bai Xiaochun's blow landed on Xiao Qing. Instantly, the two of them flew apart until they were 3,000 meters away from each other. The ground was shattered and destroyed, and a huge blast of wind rippled out, shaking everything.

The blood sword shattered, and the Heavenly Demon Body was split in two. Xiao Qing tumbled through the air, and blood sprayed out of Bai Xiaochun's mouth.

When the dust settled, Xiao Qing was off in the distance, his face ashen, his eyes shining brightly as he looked at Bai Xiaochun, who was currently wiping the blood from his mouth. Bai Xiaochun had vented more than half of the energy he had built up, and no longer felt like he was going to explode. At the same time, his fleshly body power seemed to be growing even greater as he stood there staring at Xiao Qing.

“Happy with the fight so far, Xiao Qing?!” Bai Xiaochun said with a twisted smile, his eyes completely bloodshot.

Xiao Qing didn't respond. The sensation of danger he'd just felt from Bai Xiaochun's explosive attack came partly because of his

fleshly body power, and partly because there was something else about Bai Xiaochun that he found completely disconcerting.

“He’s definitely still hiding something!” he thought. Although he was still confident that he could kill Bai Xiaochun, he knew that he would most likely end up seriously injured in the process. By this point in the trial by fire, most of the others had reached the point where they felt it was necessary to fight to the death. However, Xiao Qing knew about Xuemei’s secret plan, and that everything that was happening now was just a smokescreen. Therefore, he wasn’t ready to risk his life.

There was also another reason to make such a decision. Xiao Qing glanced over at an area some distance away from Bai Xiaochun, and then turned to leave without uttering even another word.

Bai Xiaochun did nothing to stop him, and in fact, felt a bit more relaxed to see him leaving. With that, he turned and looked off in the same direction Xiao Qing just had, his eyes shining with piercing light.

“You’ve been shadowing me for quite a while, Elder Brother. Why don’t you show your face?”

Laughter echoed out as the air distorted, as if someone were using a magical item to distort space itself. A gaunt, middle-aged man appeared, a hunchback who, from the moment Bai Xiaochun laid eyes on him, gave off the sensation that he was no less powerful than Xiao Qing.

Bai Xiaochun had seen this man before among Song Junwan's Dharma protectors. However, nobody, not even Song Que, had seemed to notice that he was concealing the true power of his cultivation base. He was one of the aces Song Junwan had up her sleeve, someone similar to Xiao Qing.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes widened a bit. From what he could tell, this man was a big reason why Xiao Qing had fled just now.

"I am your humble servant Song Zhen...." the man said in a raspy voice. He looked Bai Xiaochun up and down, still a bit unconvinced that he was worthy of being one of Song Junwan's Dharma protectors. From what he could tell, there was something else going on between Song Junwan and Nightcrypt. That was the only explanation for why she would bring him along....

"I'm no gambler," he said slowly and calmly. "Nor do I wish to be exterminated by the wind in this place. I like things to be all sewn up. Soon, the thirteenth hour will be upon us. Let me have the seventh blood-colored key, and I won't make a move on you."

Bai Xiaochun thought about it for a moment, then nodded. "Sure. As soon as the seventh key appears, I'll back up. But don't forget, those villainous keys love to chase me. Whether or not you can grab it will be up to you. If you're slow, then I don't want to hear any complaints."

Song Zhen gave him an empty smile, and then said, "Don't worry, Junior Brother Nightcrypt. As long as you don't intentionally try to absorb the key, then as soon as it appears, I'll grab it. However, if you do make a move on it, don't blame me for

flipping out.

“Why don’t you sit off to the side and meditate while we wait for the thirteenth hour?”

Bai Xiaochun felt good about the idea. Although the keys were very helpful for his cultivation, the Blood Stream Sect in general was a Holy Land for his Undying Codex. As far as he was concerned, there was no need to get in a dangerous fight with this person over one single key.

In terms of the threat of being the losing team and getting exterminated, Bai Xiaochun actually wasn’t worried about it at all. After all the strange things that had been going on inside the body of the Blood Ancestor, he was quite certain that, regardless of who else was killed, he definitely wouldn’t be....

Feeling very much at ease, he sat down cross-legged to meditate. Keeping his guard up in case Song Zhen did something unexpected, he made some adjustments to his cultivation base, slowly recovering and, at the same time, increasing his fleshly body power.

Song Zhen also sat down to meditate and wait for time to pass.

Song Zhen didn’t seem too worried that a fight might break out between the two of them, and Bai Xiaochun was too preoccupied to worry about it either. Time passed. Soon, the eleventh and twelfth hours had passed, and the thirteenth hour was upon them.

Song Zhen's eyes opened. Rising to his feet, he edged a bit closer to Bai Xiaochun, and his right hand began to flicker with light. He stared at the air in front of Bai Xiaochun, completely and utterly confident that when the seventh key appeared, he would be able to grab it.

Even if Nightcrypt tried to back out on their deal and tried to absorb the key, considering how close he was, Song Zhen was supremely confident that, with his own profound cultivation base, along with his innate speed that even the prime elders had praised, he would definitely be able to grab it.

Time inched along. There were ten breaths of time left. Six. Three. Finally, the thirteenth hour arrived.

Song Zhen threw his head back and laughed loudly as his right hand blurred into motion, leaving behind afterimages as it shot forward. A huge blast of power erupted out which he didn't even bother to shield Bai Xiaochun from.

However, at that exact moment, a bright red light suddenly shot out from inside Bai Xiaochun!

The seventh key had appeared, but not in front of him. Contrary to what anyone might have imagined, it appeared inside of him!!

Even Bai Xiaochun was completely taken aback. Before he could do anything, the key was inside of him, and the blood qi was coursing through his body.

Song Zhen's jaw dropped.

“This....”

Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide.

“You really can't blame me this time. It appeared right inside my stomach!!” he shrieked. Song Zhen's face flickered, and he suddenly let out an intense howl of rage.

“Nightcrypt!!”

Chapter 253: Ten Ghosts Heavenly Demon Body!

As Bai Xiaochun backed up, his Undying Live Forever Technique exploded into action, absorbing all of the blood qi from the blood-colored key and causing intense, thunderous rumbling to fill him.

Meanwhile, as the nine berserk ghosts behind him roared and howled, a tenth berserk ghost began to take shape, causing Bai Xiaochun's fleshly body power to skyrocket.

Of the seven keys to be had in the Blood Wasteland, six had been absorbed by Bai Xiaochun. By now, Bai Xiaochun could clearly sense the fluctuations emanating from the first of those keys, some distance away.

It almost seemed as if all seven keys were required to form a whole.

However, there was little time for Bai Xiaochun to think about that as he sped backward.

Song Zhen's rage had reached an indescribable level. With a completely ferocious expression, he howled and shot toward Bai Xiaochun in a beam of light. At the same time, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, summoning a blood-colored greatsword, which he hefted as he closed in.

Then he slashed the sword out in an attack, backing it with the

full cultivation base power of the great circle of Foundation Establishment. The sword rapidly grew as it cut through the air, until it was fully thirty meters long. The air distorted, and the sky filled with rumbling sounds as the sword light slashed toward Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun's scalp was tingling so hard it felt like it might explode. There was no time to ponder the situation. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and he called upon both his fleshly body and the power of his cultivation base, three crystallized spiritual seas. Intense ripples spread out as the Undying Live Forever Technique flew into motion, and true Undying Blood swirled out into the open!

That Undying Blood almost instantly expanded into the shape of a huge sword, which Bai Xiaochun grabbed with both hands and raised up to meet Song Zhen's sword.

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

Blood sprayed out of Bai Xiaochun's mouth as he was flung backward. Song Zhen was also shaken, and his qi and blood vibrated inside of him. Just as he was about to make another attack, though, Bai Xiaochun wiped the blood off of his lips, grinned viciously, and then waved his right finger at Song Zhen.

Human Controlling Grand Magic!

Even in this critical moment, Bai Xiaochun didn't call upon any of the magical techniques of the Spirit Stream Sect. He had created

the Human Controlling Grand Magic himself, and despite the fact that it was incomplete, it was still freakish in many ways. As soon as he unleashed it, Song Zhen lurched to a stop amidst creaking sounds. Without even thinking about it, he unleashed the full power of his cultivation base, whereupon all of his clothing... was ripped to shreds!

Every scrap of cloth covering his body was destroyed, leaving him completely exposed to the breeze....

Song Zhen's jaw dropped, and his eyes widened. Looking down at himself, he suddenly let out a shrill scream that filled almost the entire Blood Wasteland.

“Nightcrypt, I'm gonna kill you!!” Trembling with madness, he threw another set of clothing on and prepared to attack again. However, in the brief moment that had passed, Bai Xiaochun had unleashed explosive speed, and was now quite a distance away.

Bai Xiaochun looked anxious and miserable. For some reason, this blood master trial by fire did not seem to be going at all the way a trial by fire should. It was like everyone was out to get him!

“Two more hours. I only have to last for two more hours!” Gritting his teeth, he took a deep breath. It was at that point that he realized that the first blood-colored key was actually getting closer to him.

“Oh come on, no....” he thought, his scalp tingling. It hadn't been easy to get everyone else to go after that key. Although Song Zhen

was chasing him, everyone else was now in a killing mood as they fought over that one key.

“Go away. Don’t even get near me....” Tears were welling up in his eyes. Even if he could advance his Undying Heavenly King by absorbing that key, he wasn’t willing to put his life on the line, especially considering that everyone would try to kill him if he did. Shivering, he changed directions and sped away from the key.

However, even as he did, the key suddenly sped up dramatically, to the point where Bai Xiaochun was sure he could hear it whizzing through the air.

“Don’t get near me....” He pushed forward with even more speed. Enough time passed for an incense stick to burn as he shot through the Blood Wasteland, Song Zhen hot on his tail. Then, up ahead, a blood-colored pillar of light appeared, heading directly toward him.

It was none other than the blood-colored key.

“No!!” he wailed.

It was the very key which had first appeared, and following it were a dozen or so Dharma protectors, all moving at top speed.

The key had originally been acquired by one of the Xuemei’s Dharma protectors. However, just as Bai Xiaochun had planned, the rest of the people in the trial by fire had been fighting over it,

and it had changed hands numerous times since.

As the end of the trial by fire approached, Song Que acquired it. And yet, for some odd reason, just after he grabbed it, it surged with power and flew out of his hand, then shot off into the distance.

The other Dharma protectors were shocked, but there was little time to consider the matter. They all stopped fighting amongst themselves and shot after the key.

That was when they saw Bai Xiaochun being chased by the enraged Song Zhen. The key sped up, heading rapidly toward Bai Xiaochun; within the blink of an eye, and before he could do anything, the key shot into his forehead.

“Nightcrypt!!” Song Que howled, his eyes completely bloodshot.

“Nightcrypt, don’t do it....”

“Dammit, Nightcrypt, y-y-you....”

All of the Dharma protectors were going mad, both those on Xuemei’s team and Song Junwan’s. Moments ago, they had been fighting each other, but now their eyes were completely bloodshot as murderous auras erupted because of Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was trembling on the verge of tears. This was not how trials by fire were supposed to go!

That was exactly how Song Junwan and Xuemei felt as well. Although they were both still fighting up in the air, their hearts were filled with amazement at the absurdity of the situation. They almost weren't sure what to do now that Bai Xiaochun had absorbed the final key. A moment passed, and they stopped fighting, then turned and began to speed toward Bai Xiaochun.

“This isn't a trial by fire for blood master, this is a trial by fire to kill me....” Gritting his teeth, he immediately began to flee.

The last bit of hope for everyone in the Blood Wasteland had just been absorbed by Bai Xiaochun. There were now no keys left....

According to the laws of this world, none of the Dharma protectors should be able to step onto the Ancient Blood Path. However, what was most terrifying of all... was the possibility that both teams would be classified as having lost.

If that were true, then when the fourteenth hour ended, all of them would be wiped out of existence....

The culprit who had caused the catastrophe... was none other than Bai Xiaochun!

The hatred both sides felt for him was completely indescribable, and many of them were so maddened that the only thing they wanted to do was kill Bai Xiaochun before they were exterminated by the world.

At the moment, nothing mattered. Not the sect, not their future, not the potential punishments they might face. They disregarded all of that and embraced the desire to kill. Rumbling could be heard as three cultivators immediately drew upon powerful magical treasures. Multi-colored light rose up from magical techniques, and booms could be heard as divine abilities were unleashed. All forms of rage and madness were poured out upon Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun bolted into motion like a rabbit whose tail had been stepped on. As he fled, some people got the strange feeling that Nightcrypt... was used to doing this. Every move he made seemed designed to avoid the divine abilities and magical techniques, and in fact, he only seemed to move faster and faster.

Of course, the reason why Bai Xiaochun seemed so familiar with what was happening was that back in the Spirit Stream Sect, he had often ended up in such situations because of the catastrophes he had wrought. By now, he was very familiar with what it was like to be chased, and in fact, reacted to it on an instinctive level....

Even as he fled, rumbling sounds filled him as the Undying Live Forever Technique continued to operate. The blood qi from the keys caused ten berserk ghosts to appear, which rapidly merged together.

As they fused and grew clear, his aura grew more powerful. After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, he suddenly stopped in place as an intense rumbling sound echoed out from within him.

In that very moment, the ten berserk ghosts... completely merged together!

Intense howling could be heard as the ghosts became one....

“It’s the ten ghosts Heavenly Demon Body!” he murmured, a strange light gleaming in his eyes as a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering energy erupted from inside of him!

Chapter 254: Time's Up!

The volume of the Undying Heavenly King was divided into five different body types, and four levels. The body types were the Mammoth Body, Berserk Ghost Body, Heavenly Demon Body, Asura Body, and finally the Heavenly King Body!

In terms of the levels, ten mammoths became one berserk ghost, ten berserk ghosts became one heavenly demon, ten demons became one asura, and ten asuras became one heavenly king!

Very few people in the cultivation world could fully cultivate the Undying Heavenly King. The resources required were incredible, such that most sects could never dream of sustaining it.

If Bai Xiaochun had stayed behind in the Spirit Stream Sect, it might not have been impossible for him to cultivate to the level of the Heavenly Demon Body, but at the very least, it would have taken him a sixty-year-cycle, and would have required much in terms of luck and fortune.

But... because of how things had played out in the Blood Stream Sect, that time had been significantly reduced. Furthermore, because of the seven blood-colored keys, he was now already at the peak of the second level of the Undying Heavenly King!

At that level, ten berserk ghosts merged together to form... the Heavenly Demon Body!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Each breath that Bai Xiaochun took as he stood there seemed to fill the entire world with intense rumbling sounds. Behind him appeared a pure white heavenly demon, its head thrown back as it roared. Ripples spread out that could topple mountains and drain seas, and the power radiating from Bai Xiaochun swept out in all directions, creating a tornado that stretched high up into the heavens.

Massive wind battered the other cultivators, all of whom were forced to stop in place, their expressions flickering with shock. Dread could be seen in the eyes of Song Zhen and Xiao Qing.

“Don’t tell me that’s the body refinement magic of Lesser Marsh Peak...?”

“Heavens! That energy... can Foundation Establishment cultivators even produce something like that?”

“Just how many secrets does Nightcrypt have buried inside of him!?!?” Even as gasps rang out, killing intent flickered in Song Zhen’s eyes, and he took a step forward, his right hand flashing in an incantation gesture. In response, blood qi surged out to form a stream of crimson sword qi that shot directly toward the tornado.

In almost the same instant that he made his move, Song Que and the other cultivators gritted their teeth and attacked as well. In the blink of an eye, numerous divine abilities and magical items caused multicolored light to blast toward the tornado.

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out, and the ground quaked. The sky trembled, and the tornado distorted momentarily before exploding. Bai Xiaochun was revealed, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth as the heavenly demon roared. At the same time, killing intent flickered in his eyes.

“We’re all in the same sect together, so I didn’t want to start fighting and killing. I didn’t absorb those keys on purpose! You people are pushing things too far!

“We still have an incense stick’s worth of time before the fourteenth hour is up. Let’s see whether you people can wipe me out in that amount of time, or whether... I can wipe you out!” Bai Xiaochun seemed like he was on the verge of unleashing complete carnage. He had been in the Blood Stream Sect for years now, and after mingling with such ferocious cultivators for so long, he had come to understand a truth about them.

The only way to get them to listen to reason was to be more brutal than they were!

Even as the words left his mouth, he burst into motion, appearing directly in front of Song Zhen. Song Zhen’s pupils constricted, and his hands turned bright red as he struck out at Bai Xiaochun.

“Back off!” Bai Xiaochun growled, unleashing the Mountain Shaking Bash. Song Zhen’s face fell as Bai Xiaochun bashed into him; a boom rang out, and blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth as he was shoved out of the way. Bai Xiaochun flew past him to the rest of the dozen or so Dharma protectors, where his

right hand clenched into a fist. When he struck out, the full power of the Heavenly Demon Body was unleashed.

That was the power of ten berserk ghosts, and a hundred giant mammoths. It was a level of fleshly body power that any Foundation Establishment cultivator would find unbelievable. A sonic boom echoed out as the fist slammed into a late Foundation Establishment cultivator. His eyes immediately went wide as he realized he was powerless to defend himself. In the blink of an eye, his bones were completely shattered, and blood sprayed out of his mouth as he tumbled backward like a kite with its string cut.

Even as a scream rang out from the man, Bai Xiaochun took another step forward. By this point, the magical techniques and divine abilities from the surrounding cultivators were closing in. There were six blood swords, a blood dragon, and three ordinary flying swords.

As they neared, Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath and then stepped forward to appear in front of another Foundation Establishment cultivator. His hand snaked out and latched onto the man, whose eyes widened with terror as Bai Xiaochun viciously head-butted him.

A boom could be heard, and then the Foundation Establishment cultivator screamed as he was lifted up into the air to block three blood swords and two flying swords. As for the other incoming swords, they all hit Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun trembled slightly, but otherwise seemed unaffected. In fact, his left hand even shot out to grab the magical

blood dragon.

When his fingers crushed down onto it, it shattered. However, at almost the exact same instant, the besiegers attacked again. This time, Yang Hongwu unleashed his incense, and Zhang Yunshan called upon his powerful magical treasure. Song Que was in the group as well.

Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly, and once again used the Mountain Shaking Bash. He was like an ancient wild beast that dodged the incoming attacks and closed in on Song Que. Blood sprayed out of Song Que's mouth, along with a choked cry. He was at the peak of eight Earthstring Tideflows, and had life-saving magical items, and it was only because of those things that he managed to come out relatively unharmed. Then he looked on in shock as Bai Xiaochun borrowed the momentum of the Mountain Shaking Bash to speed past him.

“Trying to run?!” Xiao Qing said, eyes flickering with killing intent. Just when he was about to follow, Bai Xiaochun suddenly looked over his shoulder and chuckled coldly.

“Who said anything about running?” Without any hesitation, he yet again called upon the Mountain Shaking Bash. The image of the heavenly demon roared as Bai Xiaochun shot toward Xiao Qing, whose face instantly fell. He was rather frightened of this particular move of Bai Xiaochun's, especially considering how he was able to use it repeatedly. Gritting his teeth, he considered fleeing, but there were too many people blocking his path.

A boom rang out as more than half of the group of pursuing

Dharma protectors were sent staggering backward as they jointly diffused the energy of the attack. Even as that energy faded away, Bai Xiaochun was upon them, and miserable shrieks began to ring out. By the time Bai Xiaochun was fleeing again, another Foundation Establishment cultivator had been killed.

There Bai Xiaochun was, off in the distance, covered with blood, none of which was his own. Although a bit of blood was oozing out of the corners of his mouth, any injuries he had sustained were already healing.

Although he was slightly out of breath, his two successive attacks in which no one could do anything to stop him, combined with his intense murderous aura and the fact that he was now soaked in blood, caused everyone who could see him to gasp in shock.

None of them were even sure of how many divine abilities and magical techniques had hit him, and none of them had even slowed him down. His defenses were unimaginable. Not only had the combined efforts of everyone present failed to force him into retreat, he'd actually started attacking with even more power than before!

Of course, this group of cultivators wasn't accustomed to fighting together, so their combined attacks weren't as powerful as one might imagine. However, it was still something that ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivators shouldn't be able to fight back against.

And yet, not only could Bai Xiaochun hold his own, he was bringing the fight to them. The fear in the hearts of the other

Dharma protectors only continued to mount.

Xiao Qing's eyes narrowed, and yet they still flickered with killing intent. Even as he snorted coldly in his heart, he looked over at Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan. All three of them were clearly holding back, as if they were waiting for something.

Even as the three of them exchanged a glance, two beams of light suddenly appeared off in the distance.

Bai Xiaochun looked up silently, and dispersed the power of another Mountain Shaking Bash that he had been planning to unleash.

It was Song Junwan and Xuemei, both of whom looked like devilish gods as they glared at Bai Xiaochun. Song Junwan's face was ashen, and blood still caked the corners of her lips from the fighting with Xuemei. Currently, the look on her face was one of confusion and mixed emotions.

Next to her was Xuemei, whose face was also caked with blood beneath her mask. A wound could be seen on the back of her right hand, from which blood qi leaked. Song Junwan had inflicted that wound with her blood sword, and although the injury seemed small, it had destabilized Xuemei's cultivation base. Clearly, the fighting had taken its toll on Xuemei, and yet her eyes still glittered with cold sinisteress as she stared at Bai Xiaochun. But then, she gritted her teeth for a moment and started laughing.

As her laughter rang out, the fourteenth hour ran to a close,

whereupon... an indescribable feeling rose up in the world, as if a huge hand were pressing down on everything.

Everything went still. Bai Xiaochun shivered. The other Dharma protectors were locked in place, unable to even think. They were now as motionless as statues.

Only Song Junwan and Xuemei seemed unaffected, apparently because of their glittering command medallions.

A boundless will seemed to be comparing the two parties to determine who had won and who had lost. After a few breaths of time passed, the will seemed incapable of making a decision, and faded away. At the same time, something like a force of expulsion wrapped around the immobilized cultivators. Apparently, they were about to be expelled from the body of the Blood Ancestor.

Chapter 255: The Throat Crushing Grasp Again!

“The time has come,” Xuemei declared. “Thank you, Song Junwan, for bringing Nightcrypt along. If it weren’t for him, then I wouldn’t be completely confident in being able to get the title of blood master, not even with my trump card.

“But now, with the keys gone, the position of blood master can go to no one except me!” As her laughter echoed about, she looked over at Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan, and her smile was even visible on the surface of her mask!

The power of expulsion which had gripped the three of them vanished, and they began to regain mobility. Although their movements were a bit stiff, all of them managed to produce... something that only Song Junwan and Xuemei should have... blood master command medallions!

The blood master command medallions they had seemed somewhat faded, as if they couldn’t quite match up to the command medallions possessed by Song Junwan and Xuemei. However, the expressions on the faces of the three men were the same as before, as if they had been expecting this to happen.

“I’d originally planned for these three to join my group after the fighting for the keys concluded. That way, I could crush all of your Dharma protectors in one fell swoop. However, the current situation will result in the same outcome.” Xuemei laughed again, her eyes radiating coldness.

Song Junwan almost couldn't believe what was happening.

“What gall you have, Xuemei!” she cried. “Not only are you cheating, you're violating the most precious rules of the Blood Stream Sect!!”

She felt a bitterness that bordered on despair; clearly, she had lost the struggle for the blood master position.

The truth was, even if Nightcrypt hadn't absorbed all of the keys, Xuemei still would have cheated, still would have been able to delay Song Junwan on the Ancient Blood Path, and still would have been the first person to reach the heart cavity.

“Once I'm the blood master, nobody will care about what happened in here! Besides, those three command medallions can be used to get onto the Ancient Blood Path, but not the heart cavity!” Xuemei smiled as she looked up into the sky, where a vortex appeared. Rumbling could be heard as it opened up to reveal an ancient, blood-colored path....

The heart cavity lay at the end of that very path.

Xuemei blurred into motion as she headed toward the vortex. As for Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan, they also flew up into the air. Each one glanced over at Bai Xiaochun as they flew past, killing intent flickering within their eyes. Knowing that he wasn't important now, they snorted coldly as they closed in on the vortex.

Song Junwan stood there quietly, her hands clenched into bitter fists of anger. She had lost. She hadn't even entered the Ancient Blood Path yet, but if she did, Xiao Qing and the others would be able to pin her down. Xuemei had everything under her control.

Song Junwan simply couldn't accept the situation, and also flew up into the air. Even as she closed in on the vortex, a voice suddenly echoed into her ears.

"There's no need to despair, Junwan." A tremor ran through Song Junwan, and her eyes shone with disbelief. Looking down at all of the figures who were fading away as they were expelled from the world, she saw Nightcrypt open his eyes. They looked like lightning flashing in the dark of night, lightning that could rip the heavens apart. Nightcrypt took a step forward, and then he was right next to her.

"You...?" she said, panting. This sudden development was almost unbelievable.

Voice cool, Bai Xiaochun stuck his chin up and said, "Like I said, I'm going to make sure you become the blood master." He was also surprised at what was happening. When the will had descended earlier, he immediately began to regain his senses, and was soon back to normal and able to see everything which had just occurred. Now, he flicked his sleeve and grabbed Song Junwan's arm as he shot toward the vortex.

Song Junwan shivered, but did nothing to resist, and in fact, her

eyes shone more brightly than ever. Although she had the feeling there was something very strange about Nightcrypt, she followed along, and the two of them became beams of bright light that shot toward the vortex.

As soon as they entered, their vision swam, and everything vanished. Back in the Blood Wasteland, the vortex vanished, and the Dharma protectors all faded away.

The third stage of the trial by fire was called the Ancient Blood Path. It was a long, cramped road, at the end of which was the heart cavity. Whoever entered that heart cavity first, of either Xuemei or Song Junwan, would be the first to have a chance to acquire the blood crystal and become the blood master.

Currently, Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan were materializing on the Ancient Blood Path. When they solidified and looked around, Xuemei was nowhere in sight, causing their eyes to widen. From what they remembered, Xuemei had been right in front of them upon entering the vortex.

Even as they looked around in surprise, the air up ahead of them began to twist and distort, and a figure materialized up ahead, a figure wearing a mask with a plum blossom on it.

At first, Xuemei seemed a bit out of sorts, but quickly recovered. After looking around, her eyes glittered, and she started making her way up the path. However, it was at that moment that Bai Xiaochun and Song Junwan appeared off to the side. Song Junwan quickly stepped forward to block Xuemei's way.

When Xuemei realized that Song Junwan wasn't alone, her eyes widened. As for Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan, they also were taken aback.

“Nightcrypt!!”

Bai Xiaochun stuck his chin up and looked around through narrowed eyes. “Hello, everyone. We meet again.”

When he noticed that Xuemei's aura had stabilized, and her other wounds were gone, he was quite surprised. Even the wound on her right hand was nowhere to be seen, as if she had used some special healing method.

“What divine ability did she use to recover so quickly?” he thought. “Even the injury caused by Song Junwan's blood sword is gone! Amazing!” Even as Bai Xiaochun stared in surprise, Xuemei's eyes flickered with cold light.

“Xiao Qing, you handle Nightcrypt. You other two, stop Song Junwan!” With that, Xuemei ignored Song Junwan and shot up the Ancient Blood Path. Song Junwan was just about to try to stop her when Zhang Yunshan and Yang Hongwu pulled out powerful magical treasures and attacked, holding her back. Considering they had used counterfeit command medallions to enter the Ancient Blood Path, if Xuemei didn't become the blood master, and the sect leadership found out, they would likely be executed. Therefore, everything was on the line for them at the moment.

“Do you people have a death wish!?!?” Song Junwan said, her expression flickering. She considered trying to break away from them to pursue Xuemei, but Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan were unleashing the full power of their cultivation bases and magical treasures. The truth was, they weren’t trying to kill her, they were simply trying to delay her, and their tactics were working.

If they could hold her back for ten breaths of time, the position of blood master would be secured!

Xuemei was already about thirty meters up the path, heading toward the end. Song Junwan was getting anxious, but even more anxious than her was Bai Xiaochun.

“I can’t let Xuemei win!” he thought. “If she becomes blood master, not only will I lose the relic of eternal indestructibility, considering what’s happened between us, she’ll definitely use her power to get revenge on me.”

Having reached this point in his train of thought, Bai Xiaochun howled at the top of his lungs. The power of the Heavenly Demon Body erupted out, and his aura surged. Bursting into motion, he unleashed the Mountain Shaking Bash, launching himself in the direction of Song Junwan, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan. As he closed in, he reached out and shoved Song Junwan.

“Get out of here, Junwan. Leave these guys to me!!” As his howl echoed out through the Ancient Blood Path, he waved both hands into the air in front of him, unleashing a blast of power. The effects of the magical treasures slammed into him, and yet his

momentum only seemed to build.

Apparently, he was going to hold the line all by himself!

It was a spectacular sight. The heavenly demon body roared, and fleshly body power erupted out. A wave of his hands caused Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan's qi and blood to roil, and they staggered backward.

"Nightcrypt, are you looking to die?!?!" Xiao Qing's eyes shone with piercing light, and as for Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan, they were enraged. All three of them instantly pounced back for another attack. However, even as they were about to join forces, a strange light appeared in Bai Xiaochun's eyes, and he suddenly punched the ground.

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

The Ancient Blood Path trembled as mountain-toppling, sea-draining force rippled out, forcing Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan backward. Only Xiao Qing managed to close in on Bai Xiaochun, his expression grimly ferocious.

"There were a lot of witnesses in the Blood Wasteland, so killing you might have caused some problems. But here, it's a different story. Since you're looking to die, Nightcrypt, I'll just help you fulfill your wish!" Xiao Qing laughed coldly as he closed in. He had been privy to Xuemei's plan, and therefore, had never been very worried about the blood-colored keys. Back then, he hadn't been very focused on killing Nightcrypt. It had been more of an impulse

in the moment. But now there were no witnesses, and Nightcrypt seemed to be asking to die. Therefore, Xiao Qing's killing intent surged.

Bai Xiaochun suddenly looked up, his eyes bloodshot, his veins of steel pulsing. "You know, that's the same thing I was just gonna say."

"It doesn't matter what tricks you have up your sleeve, you're going to die, beyond the shadow of a doubt!" Xiao Qing extended his right hand, and his two fingers made the shape of a sword. Blinding, blood-colored light spilled out, creating sword qi that shot toward Bai Xiaochun's forehead.

Powerful cultivation base fluctuations erupted out, creating something like burning fire that could consume anything in its path.

However, even as he closed in, Bai Xiaochun raised his right hand with indescribable speed. He made a grasping motion in the direction of Xiao Qing's throat, and a gravitational force grabbed ahold of the man. It was none other than ... something that Bai Xiaochun hadn't used even once since arriving at the Blood Stream Sect. It was... the Throat Crushing Grasp!

Chapter 256: You're Bai Xiaochun!

The Throat Crushing Grasp had accompanied Bai Xiaochun from Qi Condensation into Foundation Establishment. He had used it in the Luochen Mountains and the Fallen Sword World, and had perfected it to the finest degree. Although it was a divine ability that came with the first volume of the Undying Codex, as he had proceeded with his cultivation of the Undying Heavenly King, it had become more and more explosive.

It had taken some effort on his part to hold back from using it. Back in the Blood Wasteland, there had been too many people watching him, so even during critical moments, he had suppressed the urge to use it, or other things like Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning or his Human Controlling Grand Magic.

After all, everyone knew that the Spirit Stream Sect focused on control magic, and if he used techniques or divine abilities based on such powers, his identity would likely have been exposed. It was the same with his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, which had, up to this point, remained closed.

There were even other things.... His turtle-wok and his wooden sword, as well as his other treasures which had received threefold spirit enhancements, had all remained hidden. But now... Bai Xiaochun was out of patience.

As he shouted out, the Throat Crushing Grasp appeared, and a truly bloodthirsty aura erupted out of Bai Xiaochun. In combination with the power of the Heavenly Demon Body, the Throat Crushing Grasp was at the level of being able to shake

heaven and earth.

Rumbling sounds erupted as his right hand appeared in front of Xiao Qing, allowing the man's two-fingered blood sword to close in. The gravitational force which suddenly appeared caused Xiao Qing's face to fall.

He was convinced he must be mistaken, but for some reason, it seemed like Nightcrypt had suddenly changed into someone else.

Nightcrypt's claw-like right hand emanated a terrifying aura that filled his heart with fear. Gasping at the sensation of deadly crisis, he lurched back, changing the direction of his blood sword to slash at Bai Xiaochun's hand. His body twisted in bizarre fashion to avoid the attack.

In that instant, the blood sword formed by his two fingers made contact with Bai Xiaochun's Throat Crushing Grasp. A sound rang out like metal scraping on metal, and Bai Xiaochun's hand clamped down hard onto Xiao Qing's fingers.

CRACK!

A shockwave spread out, and Xiao Qing let out a muffled grunt. As he spun backward, his entire right arm trembled. As for his two fingers, they were crushed into nonexistence!

Face flickering, Xiao Qing barked, ““Something's off with Nightcrypt! Yang Hongwu, Zhang Yunshan, join forces and kill

him!”

Instantly, Yang Hongwu and Zhang Yunshan took deep breaths, gritted their teeth, and attacked. Smoke swirled off of the burning incense, forming a blade! A treasured fan swished, creating an explosive wind that resembled a dragon!

Bai Xiaochun didn’t slow down for even a moment. Howling like a wild beast, he charged onward after Xiao Qing, his right hand clenching into a fist. As he punched out, the heavenly demon appeared, and thunderous rumbling filled the air.

As that happened, Bai Xiaochun’s left hand flickered with an incantation gesture, and he waved his finger at Yang Hongwu. Instantly, more than a dozen flying swords shot out of his bag of holding. Although they were garishly painted with different colors, it was still possible to see that each one had three silver designs on its surface.

All of them were treasures that Bai Xiaochun had performed spirit enhancements on, backed by the power of a Foundation Establishment cultivation base, and controlled by the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation. As soon as they appeared, Yang Hongwu’s expression flickered.

Even as rumbling sounds echoed out, Bai Xiaochun continued on without pause, turning his head in the other direction and uttering a single word!

“Cauldron!”

A violet cauldron suddenly appeared in front of Zhang Yunshan. It was covered with engravings of magical symbols, and emanated a violet glow and a majestic aura that seemed capable of shaking the heavens!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Booms rang out as Bai Xiaochun single-handedly fought all three opponents. Even as Xiao Qing's face fell, Yang Hongwu's smoke was pierced by the flying swords, and he himself let out a bloodcurdling scream as he flew backward, blood splashing out from numerous wounds.

Shockingly, even as he fell back, Bai Xiaochun advanced. Clearly, Yang Hongwu was the first person he planned to kill. Protomagnetic Wings sprouted out behind him, and with a single flutter, he flew forward with speed that vastly exceeded anything from before. It was almost like a teleportation, placing him right in front of Yang Hongwu. Then, his hand shot out as fast as lightning as he unleashed the Throat Crushing Grasp onto Yang Hongwu's neck.

Screaming, Yang Hongwu went all out in an attempt to defend himself. However, he had lost the initiative. First was the flurry of flying swords, and then the burst of speed, and finally the Throat Crushing Grasp. His mind was in chaos, and despite all the experience he had engaging in magical combat, he simply couldn't recover from his shock.

A cracking sound rang out as the thumb and index finger of Bai Xiaochun's right hand smashed down onto Yang Hongwu's neck, crushing it!

Yang Hongwu's scream was cut short, and a look of complete incredulity could be seen in his eyes as they bulged in death.

Off to the side, Zhang Yunshan shrieked, "Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning. You're... you're not Nightcrypt!!"

Expression one of complete disbelief, he watched as Bai Xiaochun grabbed Yang Hongwu's incense and then turned to face him.

Xiao Qing's expression flickered, and his cultivation base surged as he prepared to block Bai Xiaochun. However, it was then that a large wok suddenly appeared in front of him. No matter what attacks Xiao Qing unleashed, the wok wouldn't budge, and he was blocked before he could even take a half step.

That short period of time was a moment of critical danger for Zhang Yunshan. Now that Bai Xiaochun had revealed himself, how could he possibly leave witnesses? He took another step, and the Protomagnetic Wings fluttered, giving him another burst of speed. He added to the momentum with the Mountain Shaking Bash, which also caused his fleshly body power to skyrocket past its previous levels.

Not only was he moving at incredible speed, he was drawing upon unimaginable power. If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but in addition to all that... he yet again

used the Throat Crushing Grasp!

Two divine abilities from the Undying Codex were being used in unison, unleashing power so terrifying it was difficult to put into words. As he pierced through the air, his thumb and index finger began to slam together. Zhang Yunshan had no time to dodge, or even react. One second, Bai Xiaochun was some distance away, the next second he was right in front of him, his fingers clamping down onto his neck.

There wasn't even a need for Bai Xiaochun to crush his fingers down violently. As soon as they touched Zhang Yunshan's neck, his momentum and the power backing him sent Zhang Yunshan flying backward into the wall of the Ancient Blood Path.

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

The entire path trembled as Bai Xiaochun's hand crushed Zhang Yunshan's neck and slammed him into the wall, sending cracks snaking out in all directions. As for Zhang Yunshan, his corpse was now crushed permanently into the wall!

At this point, Xiao Qing finally showed up, his hair disheveled, his eyes radiating madness.

“You're Bai Xiaochun, aren't you?!”

If by this point he couldn't identify Bai Xiaochun by the techniques he was using, then he didn't deserve to have lived this

long. The Blood Stream Sect had long since performed a thorough investigation into Bai Xiaochun, and virtually all of the Foundation Establishment cultivators had heard stories about him.

Everyone knew about Bai Xiaochun's signature magical techniques.... Of course... even if Xiao Qing couldn't put the pieces together because of the Throat Crushing Grasp, Bai Xiaochun had used the Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning together with it! That made it more than obvious!

"Killing you will count as a big service for the sect!!" Xiao Qing now knew that Nightcrypt was Bai Xiaochun, but without evidence, simply reporting the matter would be pointless. Even if he tried to notify Xuemei and Song Junwan, it wouldn't do any good. It was a moment of deadly crisis, and therefore, Xiao Qing didn't hesitate to begin to crystallize his final spiritual sea. Shockingly, he was... attempting to reach Core Formation right here and now! If he succeeded, then he could kill Bai Xiaochun as easily as flipping over his hand.

Although there were certain risks involved, there was no time for delay. Bai Xiaochun filled him with a sense of complete and utter deadly crisis. After all, if Bai Xiaochun hit him with the same attack he had just used on Zhang Yunshan, then his chances of coming out alive were only about forty percent!

However, in the very moment that his spiritual sea began to crystallize, Bai Xiaochun's Heaven-Dao aura erupted out, an aura which could suppress any and all types of Earthstring Foundation Establishment. Although Bai Xiaochun was only in mid Foundation Establishment, and couldn't completely prevent Xiao

Qing's spiritual sea from crystallizing, he could cause waves to spring up in his spiritual sea, and reduce his Core Formation energy by thirty percent!

Even as he put pressure on Xiao Qing's rising energy, a third eye opened on Bai Xiaochun's forehead. It was none other than his Heavenspan Dharma Eye.

The violet eye opened, releasing indescribable power. It was as if... everything from the most majestic heavens to the deepest hells were nothing more than insects!

At the same time, the control power that Bai Xiaochun had been working on for years surged out from within his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, creating... something that couldn't be defended against!

Even if Xiao Qing suddenly wanted to resort to calling out to Song Junwan and Xuemei, to tell them about Bai Xiaochun, the Heavenspan Dharma Eye dashed all such hopes to pieces!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Xiao Qing felt as though lightning were striking his mind. He began to shake visibly, his expression twisting, his tongue lagging out of his mouth. A muffled howl erupted from his mouth, and blue veins bulged out on his face and neck. Shockingly, he watched as his right hand suddenly began to move, completely beyond his own control. Terror shone in his eyes as his hand reached high up into the air and then rocketed down toward the top of his head!

“No...!”

Smash!

His palm crushed his head, sending blood and brain matter showering out in all directions. Xiao Qing died instantly, and his partially crystallized spiritual sea immediately collapsed.

A tremor ran through Bai Xiaochun, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Blood leaked out of his third eye, which began to close. A wave of exhaustion spread through him, and he even began to feel dizzy. Panting, he pulled his hand out of the wall, and out of Zhang Yunshan's corpse.

A blank look could still be seen in Zhang Yunshan's eyes as his head separated from his body and toppled to the ground!

Bai Xiaochun had used only a few dozen breaths of time to kill all three of his opponents.

However, it had taken a lot out of him. His face was ashen, but thankfully, he had spirit medicine that he could use to recover. He immediately consumed some pills, and yet, there was no time to sit down and meditate. Retrieving the turtle-wok, and taking the three bags of holding from the corpses of his enemies, he turned to look toward the end of the path. The wings on his back fluttered, and shot forward, leaving behind nothing but afterimages and sonic booms.

Chapter 257: Boo!?!?

While Bai Xiaochun was in the middle of fighting Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan, Song Junwan was barreling down the Ancient Blood Path thanks to the help provided by Bai Xiaochun. She even burned some of her own life blood to speed up as she pursued Xuemei.

Up ahead, Xuemei frowned as she also accelerated. However, the fact that Song Junwan was burning her life blood ensured that she only got closer and closer. Soon, she was close enough to launch an attack, and the two of them started fighting.

As the fighting began, Song Junwan's face was paler than ever. Surprisingly, not only were Xuemei's injuries completely healed, her cultivation base also seemed to have made some progress, putting her on almost exactly the same level as Song Junwan. Because of their fierce fighting, the two women slowed down, and soon they could hear booms and explosions coming from behind them. There were also words being spoken, but because of the intense rumbling sounds, it was impossible to hear them clearly.

Song Junwan's expression flickered. Although she cared about the blood master title, she was also worried about Nightcrypt. After all, for him to simultaneously fight Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan would put him in great danger.

The fact that he was putting his life on the line to help her become the blood master filled her heart with stabs of pain. She was also confused, unsure of whether or not she was doing the right thing. However, there was little time to ponder the matter.

Chuckling bitterly, she attacked Xuemei with all the power she could muster.

Xuemei didn't say much, and from the look in her eye, she was getting very anxious. However, Song Junwan had a profound cultivation base, and couldn't be taken care of quickly. Even as they continued to fight, the sounds behind them suddenly ceased. At the same time, the two women gradually got closer and closer to the end of the Ancient Blood Path.

Now visible was an arched doorway that was emanating intense blood-colored light. Clearly, beyond that door existed blood qi so powerful that it was difficult to put into words.

That place... was the heart cavity, and also the location of the blood crystal. Whoever got inside first would have the first chance to get the blood crystal and become Middle Peak's blood master.

In the moment that the end of the path became visible, the two women heard a sound from behind them that resembled sonic booms, as though some powerful expert were unleashing all the power at his disposal to race toward them.

Also, it was obvious that whoever this person was, it would only take them about five or six breaths of time to reach them.

Xuemei knew that the chances of that person being Nightcrypt were not large, but she wasn't willing to bet on that fact. As she and Song Junwan got closer to the arched doorway, fighting the entire way, she suddenly smiled.

“Song Junwan, the title of blood master doesn’t belong to you.”

Although her smile wasn’t visible because of the mask, her arrogance was audible in her voice. At this point, she extended her hand, and visible there on her wrist was a violet, triangular mark.

Almost as soon as the mark became visible, it flew off of her skin and transformed into three diamond-shaped sealing marks which immediately shot toward Song Junwan, emanating powerful pressure!

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and Song Junwan shivered. Blood sprayed out of her mouth as she was shoved away from the arched doorway. The three diamond-shaped sealing marks were swirling around her, emanating sealing power that Song Junwan simply couldn’t break free from.

Song Junwan trembled as she looked around at the sealing marks. The sealing method that was being used was almost beyond comprehension, and Song Junwan quickly came to the conclusion that it was the work of Patriarch Limitless. “Xuemei, you cheap slut! Not only did you cheat, Patriarch Limitless also ignored the rules and gave you a sealing treasure! Even if you do become the blood master, the Song Clan won’t let this stand!!”

“Be a good girl, now. The blood master title doesn’t belong to you anyway.” Xuemei laughed lightly as she took a step toward the blood-colored door.

Bitterness and despair could be seen in Song Junwan's eyes, and her hatred for Xuemei had reached the pinnacle. It was at that moment, when Xuemei was just about to step into the door, that deafening rumbling filled the area.

Bai Xiaochun appeared, right next to Song Junwan. When he saw the three violet sealing marks, his expression flickered, and he punched out with his right hand.

That blow was backed by the power of a heavenly demon, but when it landed on the three violet diamonds, the sealing marks weren't affected at all. In fact, the force of his blow was directed back at him in a backlash. Bai Xiaochun gasped.

“Is that a patriarch-level seal?”

Song Junwan had no time to ponder how Nightcrypt had managed to get past Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan. Taking a deep breath, her eyes flickered with determination, and she lifted her right hand up. Laying there in the palm of her hand was a blood-colored command medallion.

There was something very strange about the medallion, and as soon as it appeared, the sealing marks around her began to twist and distort. Although they didn't shatter, it was clear that they would collapse within the time it takes an incense stick to burn.

Unfortunately, Song Junwan didn't have that much time on her hands.

“Nightcrypt, take my blood master command medallion. I don’t care how you do it, become the blood master! You can’t let that slut succeed!!!” Song Junwan was throwing caution to the wind. Without any more hesitation, she hurled the command medallion toward Bai Xiaochun. Because of the strange properties of the medallion itself, it passed directly through the seal, to be snatched out of the air by Bai Xiaochun. Almost immediately, he could feel it vibrating as if with joy, as if it viewed Bai Xiaochun with ultimate approval.

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes widened, but this wasn’t the time for consideration. If Xuemei succeeded, he would be in grave danger, and he couldn’t let that happen. Gritting his teeth, he shot toward the blood-colored archway with blinding speed!

As Song Junwan watched this happen, her entire body seemed to weaken, and yet, a smile broke out on her face.

“Nightcrypt, if you succeed, I’ll do everything I can to make sure your position as blood master is stable!” Suddenly, she was struck with the feeling that this was definitely the right decision. If Nightcrypt did manage to become the blood master, that was something the Song Clan could probably accept!

Bai Xiaochun disappeared into the doorway, her words echoing in his ears.

The world of the heart cavity was filled with blood-colored light. In the very middle, a gigantic heart was visible, and although it was still and unmoving, it radiated an intense pressure that could shake heaven and earth.

Enormous blood vessels stretched out in all directions, making the entire place something like a maze.

Resting on top of the heart itself was a blood crystal which emanated both radiant light and intense pressure. From the feeling it let off, it seemed that anyone who acquired it would have control over part of a legacy. They would control.... one of the Blood Ancestor's fingers!

That blood crystal was required of anyone who wished to become the Middle Peak blood master!

Xuemei was currently speeding in the direction of the blood crystal, her eyes shining with a strange light. Oddly, a head-sized crystal was currently floating along next to her, within which was a blurry figure that was screaming at the top of its lungs.

“It's there! Right there...!”

“Shut up!” Xuemei growled, pushing forward with even more speed. However, it was at that moment that her eyes narrowed, and she looked back to see Nightcrypt stepping through the entrance.

Xuemei's jaw dropped, and her killing intent immediately spiked. However, all she did was look back at the heart and push forward with greater speed than before.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath as he looked around. As soon as he caught sight of Xuemei, his wings fluttered, and he shot in her direction. By calling upon all of the protomagnetic powers of gravity and repulsion, he was capable of speed that far surpassed Xuemei's. At the very moment that she reached the heart, he caught up with her.

Bai Xiaochun was actually feeling a bit depressed. His goal had been to become the grand elder, but thanks to a freak combination of factors, he was now fighting to become the blood master. There was no time to ponder the situation; he absolutely could not let Xuemei succeed, and therefore, he was left with few options.

"I guess I underestimated Song Junwan's boldness," Xuemei said, chuckling, and then her right hand flashed with an incantation gesture. Instantly, a golden arc of electricity shot out from her finger toward Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was about to counterattack, but then his face flickered. That golden arc of electricity seemed even more terrifying than anything which Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, or Zhang Yunshan had unleashed. Without the slightest hesitation, Bai Xiaochun used the Mountain Shaking Bash to evade the electricity and charge directly toward Xuemei.

As soon as he appeared in front of her, he unleashed a fist strike, causing her pupils to constrict. Her lovely left hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and she slapped at his fist. As soon as their hands made contact, her hand turned golden, and Bai Xiaochun gasped at the sensation of intense power, which seemed no weaker than his own fleshly body power. As he staggered backward, he

looked up to see shock in Xuemei's eyes as she also lurched backward.

Just as she was about to unleash another attack... the blood crystal seemed to respond to Bai Xiaochun's presence. Vibrating, it suddenly flew up into the air and shot toward him.

The shocking scene caused Xuemei's eyes to fill with astonishment. At the same time, the blurry figure in the crystal hovering next to her screamed, "Stop him! Don't let him get it!!"

"Shut up!" Xuemei said, grinding her teeth. Suddenly, her eyes turned bright gold, and the blood-colored light which surrounded her vanished. Golden light sprang up around her, and she grew visibly gaunt as she used a divine ability that gave her great strength at the cost of some of her life force. With that, she extended her right hand and pointed at Bai Xiaochun.

This was none other than her most powerful trump card!

A hand materialized behind her that looked just like her own right hand, with finger extended. It was huge, and radiated an intense power that filled Bai Xiaochun with an keen sensation of deadly crisis. Prickling stabs of pain filled him, as though the basic structure of his body were being altered!

The sensation of danger that washed through him exceeded anything he had felt when fighting Xiao Qing, Yang Hongwu, and Zhang Yunshan, and even surpassed the feelings he had experienced when he was being chased by the Luo Chen Clan. The

only thing it could compare to was the feeling he'd experienced because of the girl in the white dress, back in the Fallen Sword World.

Rumbling sounds filled his mind, and he knew that he could not simply sit out this crisis and wait until it ended. Nor could he try to flee. If he did, he would die. His intuition was telling him that the only way to deal with this divine ability... was to attack it head-on!

Bai Xiaochun's cultivation base erupted with power, and his wings flickered as the powers of gravity and repulsion erupted out, imbuing the Mountain Shaking Bash with even more power than before, and sending him shooting at top speed toward Xuemei!

"Golden Touch!" As the words left Xuemei's mouth, they rumbled like thunder. At the same time, she waved her finger down, and the huge hand behind her rumbled forth, emanating pressure like that of the heavens.

As they closed in on each other, Xuemei's finger stabbed toward Bai Xiaochun's forehead. At the same time, his thumb and forefinger began to snap shut as he unleashed the Throat Crushing Grasp.

As of this moment, he was holding nothing back. He... was going all out with every bit of power he possessed! The turtle-wok appeared, shielding him as he reached out toward Xuemei's neck.

Just when they were about to make contact, Xuemei's body suddenly blurred as she tried to dodge to the side. And yet, Bai

Xiaochun had been prepared for that possibility, and gravitational force erupted out of his palm with unprecedented power. It locked down onto Xuemei, making it impossible for her to move out of the way. A look of panic rose up in her eyes, and in that moment... her mask... fell off.

Now it was possible to see... a spectacularly beautiful face, with pure, fair skin!

The instant Bai Xiaochun saw her facial features, he felt like 100,000 lightning bolts were striking his mind, as if his brain were about to explode. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, and instinctively blurted, "Boo?!?"

Chapter 258: Blood-Colored Light From Middle Peak!

Unexpectedly... this young woman... was Du Lingfei!!!

Bai Xiaochun would never forget that face. He couldn't forget it. This was the very same person who had gone missing all those years ago... Du Lingfei!

Bai Xiaochun felt like his mind was spinning, as if his heart were being battered by massive waves of shock. Never could he possibly have imagined that such a familiar face would be beneath that mask.

At the same time, when Bai Xiaochun said “boo”, the unmasked Xuemei was equally shaken. An indescribable expression gripped her face, as though she had just been struck by lightning from heaven. She also felt as if waves of shock were battering her heart and mind.

There was only one person who would ever call her such a thing, and that was... Bai Xiaochun from the Spirit Stream Sect!

“Bai Xiaochun!?!?” she blurted.

She had long since come to believe that she would never see Bai Xiaochun again. Back when they had parted, she had wished that she could sever her own thoughts, erase her memories of him. However, when she heard him call her “boo”, it caused her to

shake visibly. At that moment, she knew... that she would never be able to forget the Spirit Stream Sect, or the events in the Luo Chen Mountains. She would never be able to forget... Bai Xiaochun.

Time seemed to slow to a crawl in the world of the heart cavity as Bai Xiaochun and Du Lingfei looked at each other.

Bai Xiaochun had been in the middle of unleashing the Throat Crushing Grasp with all the power of his cultivation base, but now, he did everything he could to alter the trajectory of the attack. A backlash hit him, and cracking sounds rang out from the bones in his arm as they shattered. Intense pain surged through him, but he still managed to twist the Throat Crushing Grasp so that it passed by Du Lingfei.

Unfortunately... although Bai Xiaochun was able to call upon his incredible battle prowess to change the direction of the Throat Crushing Grasp... Du Lingfei's Golden Touch magic had been fueled by her own life force. Because of that, it surpassed the limits of her own Dao. In much the same way that a child could never control a raging tiger, she could do nothing to stop the magic once it had been unleashed.

"No!!" she screamed, thrusting her trembling left hand out in an attempt to change the direction of the divine ability. Cracking sounds rang out as her arm twisted sickeningly. Although she managed to slightly change the trajectory of the huge hand, she couldn't slow it down at all, and it continued on directly toward Bai Xiaochun.

Although all of this takes some time to describe, it all happened

within the briefest of moments. Within the blink of an eye, the huge hand was directly in front of Bai Xiaochun. A huge boom filled the air, and blood sprayed out of Bai Xiaochun's mouth as he tumbled backward like a kite with its string cut.

The Heavenly Demon Body was destroyed as Bai Xiaochun was simultaneously hit with his own backlash and Du Lingfei's mysterious divine ability!

His body was now being turned into gold. This was not the golden light of the Undying Gold Skin, but rather, the fundamental structure of his body was rapidly changing, transforming him into a statue of golden metal.

Tears began to stream down Du Lingfei's cheeks. Terrified, she flew toward Bai Xiaochun.

“Xiaochun....”

Although it was shining with golden light, Bai Xiaochun's face was deathly pale as he looked over at Du Lingfei. There were many questions he wished to ask her, and many things he wanted to say. The complex emotions could be seen in his eyes, but as he opened his mouth to speak, blood sprayed out. His body was currently beyond his own control. His cultivation base was in chaos, and his vision was growing dim.

In her anxiety, Du Lingfei completely forgot about the trial by fire. Her mission was now the last thing on her mind. The only thing she was thinking about was Bai Xiaochun as she sped toward

him. However, at that very moment... the blood crystal apparently sensed that Bai Xiaochun was coughing up blood. The crystal suddenly began to burn, emitting thunderous rumbling sounds as it moved toward him so quickly it was almost a teleportation. The air shattered as the blood crystal... appeared directly in front of Bai Xiaochun.

The crystal seemed to thrum with excitement and joy as, without pausing for a moment, it shot toward his chest. As it neared, blood qi spread out and stabbed into him, fusing with his heart!

Bai Xiaochun trembled visibly as intense pain spread out from his heart. He let out a hoarse shout as he was thrown backward, slamming into one of the huge blood vessels. Just before he hit the withered blood vessel, it erupted with life force, a soft power that simultaneously grabbed ahold of Bai Xiaochun and pulled him toward it....

Bai Xiaochun was sucked into the blood vessel. Blood-colored light flared, spreading out in all directions as the blood vessel seemed to be restored to its original condition.

Things didn't stop there, though. As the light filled the world of the heart cavity, all of the other blood vessels were enveloped in it, and began to emanate strong life force as well. Within moments, the blood vessels began to twitch, sending bursts of power... toward the heart itself!

Thump-thump!

The withered heart moved, emitting thunderous pounding that echoed out throughout the entire body of the Blood Ancestor.

At the same time, that movement seemed to suddenly shove Bai Xiaochun along through the blood vessel, propelling him along toward some unknown destination.

That having been accomplished, the heart once again withered up, as did the surrounding blood vessels. An incredibly powerful force of expulsion then appeared, wrapping around Du Lingfei. No matter how much she might have wanted to stay behind, she was completely incapable. Mixed emotions could be seen in her eyes as she looked at the spot where Bai Xiaochun had disappeared, and sighed. Although Bai Xiaochun was injured, she knew that the other legacy which had taken hold of him would not fail.

She slowly reached down and picked up her mask as her body faded away, and she was expelled from the body of the Blood Ancestor.

Song Junwan, who was still outside the heart cavity on the Ancient Blood Road, also began to fade away as she was removed.

As of this moment, the only people who remained inside the world of the Blood Ancestor's body were the dead, and... Bai Xiaochun!

As for the beating of the heart which had thundered out moments ago, although it only happened once, the sound echoed out into the outside world. The sky went dim, and the lands

quaked. Waves even appeared on the surface of the Heavenspan River!

Countless cultivators in the blood Stream Sect felt their hearts begin to pound, and their cultivation bases suddenly freeze up.

From the Outer Sect disciples to the patriarchs, everyone was affected!

“What’s going on!?!?”

“Something’s wrong! My heart is beating out of control!”

“My cultivation base stopped working! It’s destabilizing! How could this be happening?!? And what was that sound just now!?” On Lesser Marsh Peak, Nameless Peak, Middle Peak and Corpse Peak, all cultivators, grand elders and blood masters flew out, their expressions flickering. On Ancestor Peak, the prime elders were shocked, and the blood rippers were all shaken from their trances in secluded meditation. Even the patriarchs were astonished.

The Song Clan patriarch was in the middle of meditating, but his eyes snapped open, and his expression flickered. Patriarch Limitless emerged from his immortal’s cave and looked off into the distance, his eyes shining brightly.

“Has the Middle Peak blood master been selected?”

“Even if the blood master was selected, something extreme like

this shouldn't be happening....”

Even as everyone looked around in shock, Xuemei and Song Junwan appeared in midair, alongside Song Que and all of the other surviving Dharma protectors.

Song Junwan was panting as she looked over in Xuemei's direction. However, Nightcrypt was nowhere to be seen. Assuming that Nightcrypt had failed, Song Junwan's heart began to pound. But then, she realized that Xuemei didn't seem to have reached the blood master level.

Behind her mask, her eyes seemed filled with confusion, almost as if she had lost control of her soul.

The arrival of the group from within the Blood Ancestor, as well as the sudden deafening sound from moments ago, left the cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect initially confused. But then, a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering beam of blood-colored light shot up from Middle Peak, rising up into the air to form the image of a face.

It was none other than Nightcrypt!

“Blood-colored light from Middle Peak! That's the sign of the blood master!!”

“That... that means that somebody succeeded in becoming the new blood master. But that face, it's Nightcrypt! Did he... become

the new blood master? How is this possible?!?!”

“The Middle Peak blood master isn’t Xuemei or Song Junwan! How could it possibly be... Nightcrypt?!?!”

Eyes went wide, and mind spun. People cried out in shock. Everyone was completely and utterly astonished.

That was especially true of the people on Ancestor Peak. Numerous streams of divine sense exploded out, even from the stunned patriarchs.

Despite the widespread shock, the cultivators of Middle Peak were all deeply moved. To them, it was a moment of profound solemnity. No matter whether they wished it or not, they felt a sudden uncontrollable impulse that caused them to drop down and kowtow to the face of Nightcrypt.

Song Que, Song Zhen, Song Junwan, Xuemei, Master God-Diviner... they all dropped to their knees. Everyone who cultivated the secret magics of Middle Peak had no choice but to give obeisance. They even felt as if their blood qi were on the verge of collapsing.

That was the power of a blood master! A person who could control the entire mountain peak!

Chapter 259: A Legacy Is Memories!

The face floating in the blood-colored light above Middle Peak told everyone that the blood master of Middle Peak had been determined, and it was none other than... Nightcrypt!

Everyone who was familiar with Nightcrypt's face was shaken. Xu Xiaoshan gasped and rubbed his eyes. Although it seemed somewhat improbable, it actually made sense for this to have happened.

Nightcrypt had risen to prominence over the course of only a few years, but had come to influence the entire sect. He was even famous on the outside.

For him to become the blood master was within the realm of predictability. In fact... it was a logical outcome!

The grand elder of Corpse Peak looked on with wide eyes. Next to him, the Corpse Peak blood master seemed equally dazed. However, it only took a moment for him to smile. Then, his eyes began to shine, as though he were looking at an equal.

Blood masters were a proud lot, and as far as they were concerned, the only people who were worthy of being adversaries... were the other blood masters!

“Interesting....” he murmured to himself. “Other mountain peaks have had blood masters who didn't come from the major cultivator clans. Up to now, Middle Peak has been the only one

who hasn't.

“How did Nightcrypt manage to turn things around and become blood master when all the cards were stacked against him...? Considering how important he is with his skill in the Dao of medicine, he'll definitely be a formidable opponent in the future!”

The blood master of Lesser Marsh Peak, the tall, burly man, looked on with a strange light shining in his eyes. He knew that, as of this moment, he would not be able to treat Nightcrypt the way he had in the past. After a moment, he looked over at the grand elder of Lesser Marsh Peak and said, “Prepare a really nice gift to send over and ease some of the previous tension.”

Shaken, the grand elder nodded. He also knew that... from now on, Nightcrypt was on a different level. Before, the patriarchs had liked him, and yet, held his fate in their hands. A mere thought on their part could lead to his rise, and also his fall. But now... things were different.

Now that he was a blood master, he had his own solid foundation. He was one of the true powers of the Blood Stream Sect. He had the power of an entire mountain peak at his disposal, and had been approved by the Blood Ancestor. Not even the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs would casually make a move against him.

If Nightcrypt eventually reached Core Formation, he would become a blood ripper, which was a position superior to that of a prime elder. That would make him a core element among the core elements of the sect!

A person like that was someone nobody could afford to provoke.

The blood master and grand elder of Nameless Peak were feeling much the same way as their counterparts from Lesser Marsh Peak. They quickly made arrangements to bring an impressive gift along for their next visit to Nightcrypt.

Many thoughts and feelings could be found within the Blood Stream Sect now that Nightcrypt had become a blood master. As for Xuemei, she hovered there in midair, a blank look in her eyes. She opened her mouth as if to speak, but then simply coughed up some blood. Eyes flickering dully, she turned and headed toward Ancestor Peak in a beam of light.

Upon arrival, the first thing she did was confer with her father, Patriarch Limitless. Then she went to her immortal's cave on Ancestor Peak and went into secluded meditation.

People took note of Xuemei's attitude, but didn't ponder it too deeply. After all, anyone who failed to succeed in a fight for the position of blood master would find the situation hard to accept. Xuemei was acting just as it would be expected for her to act.

Although Song Junwan had mixed feelings, she gritted her teeth and flew toward Ancestor Peak to find the Song Clan patriarch. The new blood master was not from the Song Clan, and that was a very important matter. It was now a fact that could not be changed, so the Song Clan Patriarch would surely have questions and direction for her.

“Nightcrypt,” she thought, “I promised that if you stopped Xuemei from succeeding, even if you became blood master yourself, that I would help persuade the patriarch to accept and support you!” Taking a deep breath, her eyes shone with determination as she arrived at Ancestor Peak and offered greetings to the Song Clan patriarch.

Everyone was shaken by the events which were playing out. However, the cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect soon realized that something was odd about the situation....

“Weird, Nightcrypt is now the blood master. But... why hasn’t he come out from the trial by fire yet?”

“In the past, the new blood master would be teleported out immediately. But Nightcrypt... is still inside the Blood Ancestor’s body?”

Soon, more and more people began to wonder the same thing. By that time, Bai Xiaochun had appeared in a region inside the Blood Ancestor’s body that no Blood Stream Sect cultivator had ever entered before!

It was a world that seemed to be formed from shattered ruins, from countless fragmented chunks of land that made up a larger continent. On first sight, it actually resembled an enormous, shattered mirror.

It was so large that its ends weren’t even visible. The broken

fragments stretched as far as the eye could see, emanating an aura of death that cast everything in a gray light.

There were no signs of life anywhere. Everything was gray, and the pressure that weighed down on the area mounted continuously.

Bai Xiaochun looked around blankly, unsure of where he was. He remembered aborting his Throat Crushing Grasp. He remembered Xuemei's mask falling off. He remembered seeing Du Lingfei's face. However, everything had occurred too quickly. Not only could he never have been prepared for any of it to happen, it completely exceeded anything he could have imagined.

As he thought about what had just occurred, his mind trembled as though it were being rocked by thunder. There were so many questions he wanted to ask Du Lingfei, and yet before he could open his mouth to ask them, he was sucked into the blood vessel. The next thing he remembered was looking around at the gray world around him.

As he hovered in the air above the shattered world, he took a deep breath and looked down to examine himself. All of his wounds were gone, even the effects of Xuemei's Golden Touch. He was healed and restored to his absolute peak.

A powerful blood qi swirled inside of him, and his Undying Live Forever Technique was pulsing, seemingly forming a resonance with the world around him....

Ripples spread out from him that caused the world to fluctuate. As the two sets of fluctuations merged, the ripples grew more and more powerful, to a shocking degree.

At the same time, rays of light began to shine up from within the cracks that separated the shattered fragments of the world. Bai Xiaochun began to pant as he slowly formed speculations about where exactly he was.

Back when he'd first entered the Blood Stream Sect, he had felt a resonance very much like this, the source being something below the surface of the sect!

Apparently, all such resonances that he felt in the Blood Stream Sect originated... from this very location!!

This was their origin.

Heart pounding, he decided to try to take a step forward.

As he did, intense rumbling sounds filled the entire world around him. At the same time, the resonance between his Undying Live Forever Technique and the world grew more intense, more powerful. It was like the whole world was roaring.

It was a roar of complete excitement and anticipation!

The glow that filled the world began to flicker rapidly, and the beams of light shooting up from between the gaps began to link

together. Soon, channels of electricity pulsed through the world, all of them connected.

The electricity flickered more and more quickly, and the rumbling sounds grew more intense. It was almost as if a life force were awakening that had been asleep for many years, something that was struggling to emerge from death because of the resonance which had formed!!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!!

Heaven and earth shook violently, and lightning crackled with unprecedented intensity. The entire world seemed to be waking up. The blinding beams of light were fully connected, filling the world with multi-colored light as a powerful life force erupted out.

It came from nowhere, as if it had been waiting for countless years to emerge. Although it was only a moment of recovered youth, it was enough to fulfill the dying wishes of the giant that was the Blood Ancestor!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Deafening rumbling sounds echoed out, and the countless shattered fragments that made up the world began to tremble. Innumerable bolts of lightning were stirring, and then, they all simultaneously shot out toward Bai Xiaochun!

In the blink of an eye, they were upon him, flooding over him,

boring into his skin through his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, even through the pores of his skin.

Shaking violently, Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and let loose a long cry. More lightning poured into him, as if the accumulated life force of the whole world were using its last bit of power... to deliver a legacy!

This was the ultimate legacy, something above the blood master level. The lightning bolts all contained memories, countless memories which bored into Bai Xiaochun, filling his mind, forming a complete tableau... of memories!

A legacy is memories!

Chapter 260: The Second Blood Ancestor!

They were not memories revealing the origins of the Blood Ancestor, nor were they recollections of his life. They did not include visions of what had occurred upon his death. Apparently, all aspects of the will of the Blood Ancestor had vanished completely.

Perhaps, in the moments before his death, the Blood Ancestor wasn't worried about trying to possess someone to return to life years later. He only wanted one thing.... To pass on his legacy!

His legacy... of the Undying Live Forever Technique!!

Apparently, the Blood Ancestor felt that the legacy of the Undying Live Forever Technique was even more important than his own life!

Insane rumbling sounds filled Bai Xiaochun's mind as the countless lightning bolts from the world poured into him. Soon, the life force he had felt began to fade and dissipate.

As for the lightning bolts, they bored relentlessly into Bai Xiaochun, causing the fragmented memories to gradually solidify into the first portion of the legacy!

That was... the Undying Skin!

The first volume of the Undying Codex was the cultivation

method for the Undying Skin, which now rapidly grew clear in his mind.

In fact, he even came to notice some areas where his own cultivation methods were slightly different. Apparently, this portion of the legacy was even more ancient than what he had studied!

Before Bai Xiaochun could analyze it in much detail, rumbling filled his mind as the second portion of the legacy appeared. It was... the second volume, that of the Undying Heavenly King. Strangely, his version of the legacy was exactly the same as what Bai Xiaochun had acquired from the gravekeeper!

There were absolutely no differences!

Bai Xiaochun was already panting. Now, the third portion of the legacy appeared inside of him, and as soon as he saw it, he was completely shaken, and his eyes shone with excitement.

Shockingly, it was... the Undying Muscles!

The first sentence within the legacy of the Undying Muscles was...

Grow the muscles by one portion, extend longevity by ten years!

Bit by bit, the complete mnemonic to cultivate the Undying Muscles appeared within his mind. Bai Xiaochun was breathing

hard; he knew that, with this legacy, even if he didn't eventually acquire the relic of eternal indestructibility, everything he had done had been worth it, just to acquire the cultivation method of the Undying Muscles!!

But of course, the legacy wasn't over yet! Even as the Undying Muscles technique floated in his mind, the fourth portion of the legacy bored into him.

Floating there in his mind could be seen... the Undying Bones!!

The resilience of power comes from the bones, and can support limitless strength!

Bai Xiaochun trembled. His eyes seemed to burn with fire as the cultivation technique of the Undying Bones swirled in his mind. His heart was pounding as, for the first time, he took the initiative to absorb the lightning surrounding him.

"The next volume is definitely... the ultimate portion of the Undying Codex, the Undying Blood!!" He howled inwardly, and his mind trembled as...

The Undying Blood appeared!

Blood is the ultimate foundation of the physical body!

As of this point, all five volumes of the Undying Codex had been passed on to Bai Xiaochun, and existed in his mind, full and

complete!

To Bai Xiaochun, the complete Undying Codex was indescribably precious. Without this bit of good fortune, after he mastered the Undying Heavenly King, he would have been forced to find the Undying Muscles volume on his own. Unfortunately, the lands of Heavenspan were huge, and Bai Xiaochun wouldn't even have known where to begin looking for it. Furthermore, he would have been forced to expend significant resources to do so.

It would have been like searching for a needle in the ocean. Even if by some random chance he happened to acquire the cultivation method for the Undying Muscles, he would have next been forced to look for the Undying Bones method, and finally, the Undying Blood.

But now, he had the full and complete Undying Codex there in his mind. On Bai Xiaochun's path of cultivation, this type of good fortune could only be described as remarkable!

The complete five volumes formed something cyclical, meaning that Bai Xiaochun now understood the Undying Codex as a whole much better.

The skin was on the outside. The flesh was the heavenly king. The muscles increased strength. The bones provided the structure. The blood was the essence!

These five aspects together formed the Undying Codex, and if someone cultivated all of them to completion, then it would be

easier to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn than to find someone who could kill them. That person would essentially be undying!

Because of the unification of the Undying Codex within Bai Xiaochun, his Heavenly Demon Body erupted with power. Blood qi surged inside of him, and when it combined with the lightning, it caused a second heavenly demon to appear behind him!

His fleshly body power increased exponentially. Trembling, he threw his head back and howled. And yet... the transmission of the legacy wasn't over yet.

The lightning which crackled around him began to coalesce into... a lightning crystal!

The crystal was glittering brilliantly, filled with innumerable magical symbols that flickered and glowed, almost as if they were thoughts. When Bai Xiaochun looked closer, he realized that within those symbols, he could see faces.

After looking even more closely at the faces, his heart shivered, and he gasped. Most of those faces were people he recognized, cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect.

He saw Song Junwan, Song Que, the Song Clan patriarch, Patriarch Limitless, Xu Xiaoshan, the blood masters.... There were many, many people, including quite a few that he didn't recognize.

“This....” His eyes went wide. The matter didn’t take much thought to comprehend; he quickly guessed who these faces were....

“These are all of the people who have drawn upon on the hand of the Blood Ancestor to further their cultivation.... They borrowed the Blood Ancestor’s power for their cultivation, and thus... they established invisible connections with him!”

Bai Xiaochun felt like his mind was being struck by thunder. In the moment that the lightning crystal formed, the countless fragments that made up the world around him faded and went dark. All of the life force which had been present was now gone, and yet, the lightning crystal flickered with boundless light.

The appearance of the lightning crystal didn’t just cause the surrounding fragments to grow dark. Everything inside of the Blood Ancestor’s body seemed to fade. It was as if... the lightning crystal surpassed everything else present.

“This legacy has two main parts!

“The first part is the legacy of the Undying Codex. The second part... is the Blood Ancestor’s personal legacy!!

“Throughout the years, everyone who has cultivated with the help of the Blood Ancestor has become connected to him. That connection is part of the legacy!

“In addition to the blood master legacies inside the Blood Ancestor, there is also the legendary... the one and only... Blood Devil legacy!!

“That’s what I’m receiving right now.... This is... the Blood Devil legacy!” Bai Xiaochun’s mind spun as he understood everything. The lightning crystal shot toward his forehead and pierced inside of him. Instantly, pain washed through him, and he howled.

Shaking from the agony, he suddenly seemed to leave his body. His consciousness floated up and out of his head, spreading out... to fill the entire body of the Blood Ancestor!

From the head, it raced out, reaching all the way to the feet and the hands....

Millions of strands of his consciousness filled the Blood Ancestor.... He could sense the waters of the Heavenspan River surrounding him, soaking him. His right hand was reaching out of the river, stretching toward the heavens, and yet, he had no energy left.

At the same time, he realized that a sect was located on his hand... and everyone in that sect relied on his help to practice cultivation.

From the patriarchs to the Outer Sect disciples, everyone had a blood-colored gleam in their eyes. The sensation was very strange, but Bai Xiaochun didn’t have time to analyze it before everything suddenly ended.

His consciousness dispersed, and when he opened his eyes, he was back where he had been inside the body of the Blood Ancestor. It was almost as if everything which had just occurred was nothing more than a dream.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath, and a blank look could be seen in his eyes. It almost felt as if... he had just become the Blood Ancestor!

Although the sensation had ended quickly, he still felt countless thoughts swirling around in his mind, thoughts that weren't his own. They were thoughts from countless years in the past, the thoughts of everyone who had ever called upon the Blood Ancestor for help in cultivation.

Now that the countless fragments of the world around him had faded into darkness, the legacy transmission was over. Although that ending came without any fanfare, Bai Xiaochun felt different.

From what he could feel inside of him, he had the power... to suppress the cultivation bases of anyone who had cultivated the path of the Blood Ancestor. Whether they were people or animals, corpses or gargoyles.... Whether they were Outer Sect disciples or Inner Sect disciples, Dharma protectors or elders, blood masters or prime elders, blood rippers... or even patriarchs!

Although he couldn't completely suppress them, he knew that a single thought on his part could reduce their cultivation bases by at least half!

Of course, the person truly doing the suppressing wouldn't be him, it would be the Blood Ancestor. Now that Bai Xiaochun had acquired the legacy of the Blood Ancestor, for all intents and purposes, he was the new Blood Ancestor!

Although his cultivation base was currently too low, not nearly as fearsome and terrifying as the original Blood Ancestor's, it was still correct to say... that after obtaining the thoughts of the legacy, he... was the living, second Blood Ancestor!

Chapter 261: Come Out, Du Xuemei!

Bai Xiaochun also had the premonition that a single thought on his part could unleash blood qi to bolster anyone who cultivated with the help of the Blood Ancestor, and lead to an explosive rise in battle prowess.

The mere idea left Bai Xiaochun's heart pounding. After blinking a few times, he couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to shock the entire Blood Stream Sect with the wave of a hand.

But then he imagined another scene in which, after raising his hand, the Blood Stream Sect went crazy trying to kill him....

Of course, imposter Nightcrypt could see everything that Bai Xiaochun was seeing, and couldn't help but tremble and let out an incredulous shriek. "Blood... Blood Devil!! Heavens! I can't believe... that you've become the Blood Devil!!"

The Blood Devil was a legend in the Blood Stream Sect. Supposedly, he would either lead the Blood Stream Sect to glory, or completely destroy it!

As soon as imposter Nightcrypt's voice rang out in Bai Xiaochun's mind, Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath, and his expression turned very serious.

"Quiet down!" he said, patting his bag of holding and looking around, heart pulsing with both excitement and anxiety.

“My original purpose was to become the grand elder.... Then I became a blood master, a development I could handle. Who could have imagined that I would become the Blood Devil...?” Although he couldn’t help but feel wonderful, he was also scowling.

After all, some people in the sect would happily welcome the Blood Devil, whereas others... wouldn’t permit him to exist, and would do anything to kill him!

“I definitely can’t let anyone in the Blood Stream Sect know what’s happened.... Ai. Being too outstanding is really annoying sometimes.” Sighing, he stuck his chin up and waved his sleeve, looking very much like a lonely hero.

“With the snap of a finger, I, Bai Xiaochun, reduced the Blood Stream Sect to ashes....” He sighed, thinking about how he had accomplished something in the Blood Stream Sect... that he would never have been able to accomplish in the Spirit Stream Sect.

As he thought back to everything he had done here, he sighed even more. Then he remembered that beneath Xuemei’s mask was Du Lingfei’s face, and a profound gleam appeared in his eyes.

“Xuemei... Du Lingfei!” Taking a deep breath, he took a step forward and drew upon the legacy within him. Instantly, a vortex appeared in front of him, which he stepped into and vanished.

When he rematerialized, he was outside of the Blood Ancestor’s body, hovering in midair above the Blood Stream Sect, within the

convergence of the blood qi that resembled his face.

Numerous people were wrapped up in their speculations about what was happening, and as soon as they caught sight of him, cries of surprise rang out.

“He’s come out!!”

“He stayed inside the Blood Ancestor’s body for much longer than any of the other blood masters. Could it be that he found some other sort of good fortune?”

“Hmm. Nightcrypt definitely seems a lot more powerful than he was before....”

Song Que grumbled bitterly. Xu Xiaoshan sighed. Master God-Diviner stood there trembling. Numerous gazes were all focused on Bai Xiaochun. Everyone was wrapped up in their own thoughts. However, the cultivators from Middle Peak were shaking, and the pressure that radiated out from Bai Xiaochun caused them to involuntarily bow their heads and then drop down to kowtow.

The entire Blood Stream Sect was shaken. Bai Xiaochun hovered in midair, looking down at all the disciples and their reactions. He enjoyed being the center of attention, and on any other occasion would have assumed the pose of a member of the Senior generation. But at the moment, he was somewhat distracted. In fact, his attention was soon drawn to Ancestor Peak.

There, he could sense Xuemei's aura.

Whether it was because of becoming a blood master, or the Blood Devil, Bai Xiaochun was pleased to some extent, but not as much as he might have been, and the reason for that was Du Lingfei.

“So, Du Lingfei is Xuemei....” he murmured to himself. “And Xuemei is Patriarch Limitless's only daughter, with a very high position in the Blood Stream Sect....”

Although Bai Xiaochun could never have predicted that Xuemei would be Du Lingfei, now that he thought about it, it did make sense.

After another moment of thought, his eyes flashed, and he transformed into a beam of light that shot toward Ancestor Peak. As he neared, numerous streams of divine sense appeared to examine him, but none blocked his path.

Without the slightest hesitation, he stepped onto the mountain and then began to follow Xuemei's aura to her immortal's cave.

It was surrounded by a grove of plum trees, and was closed tight. Apparently, Xuemei didn't want to see anyone at the moment.

Bai Xiaochun stood at the border of the plum tree grove, looking at the large door. He wanted to see Xuemei, and ask her a question!

From the moment that Du Lingfei had disappeared, all the way

until Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong had identified her as the spy in the sect, that question had been burning in Bai Xiaochun's heart.

He wanted to know whether the things that had occurred back in the Spirit Stream Sect, especially the connection that had appeared between them when they were being chased by the Luo Chen Clan... were real or not!

“Xuemei, come out and see me!!” he said loudly, his voice echoing among the plum trees. The people on Ancestor Peak who were watching him all heard what he said.

Inside the immortal's cave, Xuemei also heard. However, even after waiting for some time, Bai Xiaochun got no response.

“Du Xuemei, come out and see me!!” he said again. This time, he spoke even more loudly. By this point, all of the patriarchs on Ancestor Peak were watching the scene, as were the prime elders, and the blood rippers in their secluded meditation facilities.

They weren't sure exactly what had occurred between Xuemei and Nightcrypt, but they could well imagine what sorts of things might have happened in the struggle between her and Song Junwan, a struggle that ended with Nightcrypt becoming the blood master.

Time passed. Several hours later, there was still no response from within Xuemei's immortal's cave. Bai Xiaochun stood outside of the plum tree grove, surrounded by silence, his expression gradually turning grimmer and grimmer.

Shaking his head bitterly, he gave one last look at the immortal's cave within the grove of plum trees, then slowly turned and left. If she didn't want to see him, then he didn't want to stand around uselessly.

Before he could leave Ancestor Peak, though, a beam of light flew down to meet him. A figure soon became visible, and it was none other than Song Junwan.

Bai Xiaochun stopped in place and looked up at her. When their gazes met, he could see the mixed emotions in her eyes. Although she had thrown her command medallion to him, and had also said she would support him if he stopped Xuemei and became blood master himself, it was still impossible for her to cover up the complex emotions that she felt.

"I...." he began nervously. However, before he could say anything else, Song Junwan clasped hands and bowed.

"Song Junwan offers greetings, Blood Master. Please tarry a moment, the Song Clan patriarch wishes to see you!"

Bai Xiaochun stood there thoughtfully for a moment, then buried the matter of Du Lingfei deep in his heart; he didn't feel like thinking about it any longer. Instead, he considered the situation at hand. Even though he had technically become the blood master, if the sect itself didn't approve of the situation, anything could happen.

“My goal here is to get the relic of eternal indestructibility....” he thought. “I can’t stop Du Lingfei if she wishes to reveal my identity. If she doesn’t, though, then I have to pass the next test, which means seeing the Song Clan patriarch!” His thoughts were in chaos, but he managed to pull himself together and nod in response to Song Junwan. Then the two of them headed toward the Song Clan patriarch’s immortal’s cave on Ancestor Peak.

Song Junwan maintained her silence along the way, and Bai Xiaochun wasn’t really sure what to say. When they reached the entrance to the immortal’s cave, Song Junwan stopped and looked over at him.

“I don’t regret what I promised,” she said. “I’ve already explained everything to the patriarch. In my heart, you are the blood master. As for how the patriarch views the matter, I’ve done everything I can to convince him to agree with me.”

Bai Xiaochun nodded. Then, taking a deep breath, he gritted his teeth and walked into the immortal’s cave. As he passed her, Song Junwan hesitated for a moment, and then added one more thought.

“There have been times in the past when outsiders acquired the position of blood master. You... can take a hard stance with him.” With that, she turned and left.

Bai Xiaochun watched her leave, then continued on into the immortal’s cave. Before long, he was in the cave’s main hall. The first thing he saw was the Song Clan Patriarch, sitting cross-legged on a stone dais!

The patriarch seemed to emanate a feeling of profound age, and was surrounded by intangible fluctuations. As soon as Bai Xiaochun neared, he felt incredible pressure weighing down on him.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

The pressure from the patriarch's cultivation base caused Bai Xiaochun to stop in his tracks, trembling. It felt as though countless mountains were crushing down onto him, and forced him to push back with all the might his cultivation base could muster.

After a moment, the pressure suddenly vanished, causing Bai Xiaochun's cultivation base power to suddenly run wild inside of him. The heavenly demon appeared behind him, and his mid Foundation Establishment cultivation base erupted.

In that moment, the Song Clan patriarch opened his eyes, and his shining gaze came to settle on Bai Xiaochun, seemingly piercing into the deepest layers of his heart.

Thankfully, Bai Xiaochun had his heaven-defying mask. Despite the fact that he had lost control of his cultivation base, the mask still concealed his true level. The Song Clan patriarch looked him up and down, and apparently didn't notice anything out of the ordinary.

The entire process only lasted for a few breaths' worth of time,

but to Bai Xiaochun, it seemed much longer than that. Sweat was rolling down his face by the time the Song Clan patriarch retracted his piercing gaze. At that point, Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath, clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Nightcrypt offers greetings, Patriarch.”

Chapter 262: The Patriarch's Stepson!

As soon as the words left Bai Xiaochun's mouth, the Song Clan patriarch snorted coldly, and then spoke words that echoed as deafeningly as thunder. "Admit to your crimes, Nightcrypt!"

Bai Xiaochun's cultivation base was trembling, and the intensity of the patriarch's voice caused his face to drain of blood. He felt like he was a tiny rowboat being tossed about by the raging sea that was the patriarch's fury, a rowboat that could capsize and sink at any moment.

He almost felt like he couldn't endure, and was even considering using his newfound powers to suppress the patriarch's cultivation base. But then Song Junwan's words echoed in his mind. Although he couldn't be sure if what she'd said was true, after considering everything that had occurred between the two of them, he made his choice. Gritting his teeth, he pushed back against the pressure, lifted his head up and looked directly at the Song Clan patriarch.

"What crimes did Nightcrypt commit!?" he said coldly and slowly, his veins of steel pulsing, blood qi surging.

"The position of Middle Peak blood master belongs to either Song Junwan or Xuemei," the Song Clan patriarch said coolly. "No matter what occurred, any person other than them who acquires the title will have no choice other than to return it! You took a position that doesn't belong to you! I will have that title back, and you will submit."

“I, Nightcrypt, am loyal and faithful to the sect. I’ve performed countless meritorious services. If I’m not allowed to have the trifling blood master title, then so be it. You want to take it back? Well, I can’t stop you, but... don’t even think that I’ll submit to you!” Although Bai Xiaochun was nervous, he could read between the lines. If the patriarch wanted to strip him of his blood master title, there wouldn’t be a need to waste so many words. The patriarch could simply kill him.

However, the fact that he was spending so much time talking indicated that the Song Clan patriarch didn’t actually want to remove the title from him. The truth was that such a title couldn’t simply be given or taken. Bai Xiaochun would have to die first, and then a certain amount of time would have to pass before another blood master could be raised up.

In fact, that was why Middle Peak had been bereft of a blood master for so many years.

With all these thoughts in mind, Bai Xiaochun stood there, a look of unswerving determination on his face.

The Song Clan patriarch looked at Bai Xiaochun and then let out a cold harrumph. “That girl Junwan knows me quite well, and has clearly taught you a thing or two. Am I right?”

Bai Xiaochun blinked, but didn’t utter a word in response.

The Song Clan patriarch flicked his sleeve and rose to his feet on the stone dais. “Nightcrypt, are you willing to accept me as your

stepfather, to become my stepson?!”

Despite the fact that he spoke with a cool voice, the sound was so loud that the immortal’s cave seemed like it might explode.

Bai Xiaochun was completely shaken by the patriarch’s words. Despite the vast difference in age between them, Bai Xiaochun could tell that the patriarch harbored no ill will towards him, and actually viewed him as extremely important.

His heart filled with many complicated emotions as he stood there silently. After a long moment passed, he looked the Patriarch in the eye, clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Nightcrypt offers greetings, stepfather!”

The hint of a smile broke out on the Song Clan patriarch’s somber face, and within it could be seen his approval of Bai Xiaochun. The truth was that it didn’t matter very much to him who exactly became the blood master, as long as that person... was close to the Song Clan, and had strong character.

The blood masters were the face of the Blood Stream Sect, and embodied the might of the mountain peaks. In the coming war, they would be very important figures to the sect as a whole.

The patriarch had long since been paying attention to Nightcrypt’s doings. Although he still had some suspicions about how he had accomplished everything he did, he was still very

pleased. That was especially true of his shocking skill in the Dao of medicine.

The only thing he wasn't very happy about was Nightcrypt's cultivation base. He was only in Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, and that seeming weakness would make future growth difficult.

"We are on the cusp of war. If you fight well, then I'll discuss matters with the other patriarchs. Perhaps we can pull off a heaven-defying act and remold your spiritual sea. Although such a thing couldn't be done overnight, we might be able to push you from Mortal-Dao into Core Formation.

"If you reach Core Formation, you will become a blood ripper. As for where you would end up in the end, it would all depend on your own good fortune. I can't say for sure what will happen, but considering your luck, you may be able to walk a path of your own." With that, he waved his right hand, and a fist-sized violet-colored lamp flew out to float in front of Bai Xiaochun. Voice softening a bit, the Song Clan patriarch said, "Since you're my stepson now, I'm giving you this to keep you safe. It's a magical device that I used years ago. It can release a bloodflame that can burn anything and everything. It's comparable to the attack of a Core Formation cultivator."

Bai Xiaochun looked at the violet lamp, and could immediately tell that it was something the Song Clan patriarch deeply valued. When he reached out to hold it, he could sense warmth flowing into him. The lamp also emitted a soft light that made it seem anything but ordinary. At the same time, it radiated a sense of

intense danger that made Bai Xiaochun feel like he was looking at a raging fire.

The fact that the patriarch was giving him something like this showed that he truly did view him as a stepson.

Although Bai Xiaochun was delighted to have been given such a gift, it filled him with even more mixed emotions than before.

“Many thanks, stepfather!” he said softly, bowing his head.

With that, the Song Clan patriarch smiled broadly and said, “As a blood master, you may take an immortal’s cave on Ancestor Peak, and may come and go as you wish. Furthermore, as my stepson, you may come to visit me anytime you wish. If you have any questions about your cultivation base, feel free to come to me to get an answer.

“Very well, take your leave. In seven days, a grand ceremony will be held to tell everyone under heaven that Nightcrypt... has become the blood master of the Middle Peak of the Blood Stream Sect!”

Bai Xiaochun was a bit taken aback. He had never imagined that he would pass this test so easily. In fact, from the things the Song Clan patriarch had said, it was obvious how important he felt Nightcrypt to be. After making his way back to Middle Peak, he sat down in his immortal’s cave, wondering if everything was a dream.

So many things had happened. First was the revelation that Xuemei was actually Du Lingfei. Then he became the blood master, and then the Blood Devil. And after all that, the Song Clan patriarch took him as a stepson. In the end... Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but think that the Blood Stream Sect really had treated him well. He was already starting to feel very bad about all of his decisions.

Even as he sat there sighing to himself, night fell. Suddenly, Bai Xiaochun's expression flickered, and he looked up. Outside of his immortal's cave, a voice could be heard, soft and respectful.

“Nightcrypt, my lord, may I seek an audience? It's me, Master God-Diviner.”

Master God-Diviner stood outside the immortal's cave, a fawning expression on his face, looking both nervous and respectful. The moment he found out that Nightcrypt had become the blood master, he started getting very nervous. After thinking about everything that had gone on between them, he got the sensation that a cold wind was creeping up his back.

Not wanting to delay matters, he had braced himself and immediately headed over to Bai Xiaochun, a valuable gift in hand.

The fact that Master God-Diviner had interrupted his ruminating left Bai Xiaochun feeling a bit irritated.

“What do you want?” he said coldly. As soon as Master God-Diviner heard the words, his heart seized, and he cursed bitterly to

himself. Based on Nightcrypt's tone, it seemed like he wanted to settle accounts. Master God-Diviner could think of plenty of ways in which that might happen. Nightcrypt could throw him into the blood prison, or send him to the front lines in the coming war. There were many ways that he could be sent to his death.

Considering that Master God-Diviner was an elder of Middle Peak, there was no way he could extricate himself from the situation. Flustered at how he was teetering on the edge of death, he gritted his teeth and flopped down onto his knees.

“Blood Master, I beg for your favor. A person of great moral stature such as yourself will surely overlook the crimes of a scoundrel like me. In the past, I acted in ignorance. Blood Master, please be lenient. I implore you, take this ancient Godpower Talisman that I came across years ago. Surely it can sate your anger.” Suppressing the pain he felt at losing such a powerful object, he held out a green paper talisman.

The talisman emanated fluctuations that Bai Xiaochun could feel even inside his immortal's cave, fluctuations that seemed to have originated in ancient times. Heart trembling, he emerged from his immortal's cave to stand in front of Master God-Diviner and examine the talisman for a moment.

The arts used to create this ancient Godpower Talisman were long since lost to the world. It could provide a temporary but incredible boost to one's fleshly body, making one vastly more powerful.

To Bai Xiaochun, it meant that he could power up to an

incredible and shocking level.

Looking over at Master God-Diviner, he put the talisman into his bag of holding, then cleared his throat.

“We’re all fellow disciples,” he said. “There’s no need to act like that. I’ve long since forgotten what happened before.” With that, he patted Master God-Diviner on the shoulder.

Master God-Diviner had been incredibly nervous, and had even been wondering if he would make it out of this situation alive. Therefore, once he heard Bai Xiaochun’s words, relief flooded his heart. Feeling like he had unexpectedly been pulled away from death’s door, and had even been treated magnanimously, he was now more grateful than ever.

Bowing his head over and over again, he repeatedly swore to follow Nightcrypt to the ends of the earth. Seeing the encouraging smile on Bai Xiaochun’s face, he felt even more moved. Finally, he left.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times as he realized that, considering his current position, all he had to do was show people a bit of favor, and he would reap enormous benefits as a result.

Chapter 263: Looting The Lady's Bedchamber!

Time passed quickly. Seven days. During that time, many cultivators from Middle Peak came for formal visits. Obviously, they all brought gifts with them, hoping to resolve any past differences they'd had with Nightcrypt.

Bai Xiaochun dealt with most of the people in the same way he'd dealt with Master God-Diviner. As a result, not only did his reputation in the Blood Stream Sect improve, but quite a few people were so thankful that they also implied that they wanted to become his followers.

Bai Xiaochun was very pleased, and couldn't help but muse that he had handled everything perfectly. In fact, he decided that he would continue to use such methods in the future.

Eventually, it came time for the official ceremony to install Nightcrypt as the blood master. On that day, all cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect were present. Prime elders, blood rippers, and even four of the patriarchs showed up to bear witness to Nightcrypt taking his position!

As the grand elder of Middle Peak, Song Junwan formally presented the blood master robe to Bai Xiaochun. As soon as the garments settled onto his shoulders, Nightcrypt's somber features grew even more solemn.

All of the cultivators of Middle Peak, including Song Junwan,

dropped to their knees to kowtow.

“Greetings, Blood Master!”

Their voices echoed out for all to hear, accompanied by a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering eruption of blood qi from the mountain peak itself, which rose up like a pillar into the sky.

As of this moment, Nightcrypt’s name had become formally inscribed into the historical canons of the Blood Stream Sect. It was official. He was... Middle Peak’s blood master.

The cultivators from the other mountain peaks didn’t kowtow, but they did clasp hands and bow. Although Nightcrypt wasn’t the blood master of those other mountain peaks, he was still a blood master, and was thus a figure deserving of respect, someone that no one in the sect could possibly dare to offend.

Bai Xiaochun looked around at the kowtowing cultivators, and inside, sighed a thousand sighs as countless thoughts raced about in his mind.

It had been many years since anyone had occupied Middle Peak’s Blood Master Temple, but from this day forth, it would be called Bai Xiaochun’s immortal’s cave. Without his express invitation, no one would be able to set even a foot inside.

Not even Grand Elder Song Junwan could do so.

The ceremony lasted for most of the day. Toward the end, the blood masters and grand elders from the three other mountain peaks came to offer formal greetings, and then a feast was held in Blood Master Temple.

The atmosphere was jovial, and no one got the impression that Nightcrypt wasn't fit for the position. Song Junwan sat next to him to attend him, and when she looked over at him occasionally, although mixed emotions could be seen in her eyes, they also glowed brightly.

Throughout the entire occasion, Bai Xiaochun never saw Xuemei, nor Patriarch Limitless. Eventually, the feast ended, and the guests departed. Bai Xiaochun sat alone in Blood Master Temple, looking off into the distance, relishing the feeling... of power.

"The lives of everyone on Middle Peak... are in my hands," he murmured to himself. As he watched the setting sun, he could sense the fluctuations emanating out of Middle Peak, and the resonance it formed with him.

That was one of the unique abilities of a blood master. Furthermore, his powers weren't necessarily limited to Middle Peak. If required, he could step in for the blood masters of the other peaks to suppress people on those mountains.

"Du Lingfei doesn't want to see me," he murmured to himself. "However, I already have the answer to my question." He shook his head. The fact that he had been formally installed as blood master indicated that no one in the Blood Stream Sect was aware of his true identity.

That much was clear, much to Bai Xiaochun's relief.

"Everyone has the right to make their own choices. I guess this is your choice." After a bit more thought, he finally put the matter to rest.

Bai Xiaochun didn't want to stay in the Blood Stream Sect any longer than necessary. Whether it was for his own personal reasons, or for the fact that war would soon break out, he wanted to leave as soon as possible.

"It's almost time to say goodbye...." He sighed and looked down the mountain toward Grand Elder Song Junwan's immortal's cave.

As the blood master, there were many methods he could employ to get into Song Junwan's immortal's cave. As far as her restrictive spells, and the attendants outside the cave, he could deal with them all as easily as flipping over his hand.

However, he couldn't go about the task casually. In the end, he called upon his authority as the blood master to assign Song Junwan a special mission.

She would be sent to a legacy pocket realm within the Blood Stream Sect. Normally, it was a place where the blood masters would go to reach Core Formation when they reached the great circle of Foundation Establishment. As for Song Junwan, she was reaching the point of breaking through to Core Formation, so being able to enter that pocket realm would be of incredible

benefit.

Normally, it was a place that only blood masters could enter. Not even the patriarchs could easily arrange for others to go in. Only the blood masters themselves could hand that right over to another person.

When Song Junwan heard about the arrangement, she looked at Bai Xiaochun with shining eyes. Apparently, this act resolved even the slightest remaining reservations she had in her heart. As for Bai Xiaochun, he could hardly stand the look in her eyes, and inwardly cursed her vixen ways.

After handling Song Junwan, he also arranged for the attendants who guarded her immortal's cave to be sent off on a task. The result was a rare occasion: Song Junwan's immortal's cave was left completely unguarded.

It wasn't anything very noteworthy as far as the sect went. No one would ever dare to try to break into a grand elder's immortal's cave. Besides, there would be little point to doing such a thing.

After everything was arranged and taken care of, Bai Xiaochun strolled out of Blood Master Temple and walked along the paths of the Middle Peak. The sky above was a muted orange color, and a gentle wind caressed his cheeks. No one else could be seen as Bai Xiaochun slowly approached Song Junwan's immortal's cave.

After crossing the lake of blood, he found himself in front of the main door. Reaching out, he placed his hand onto the surface of

the door. He could now control all spell formations on Middle Peak, so all it took was a slight push to send it swinging quietly open.

As the door opened, his heart began to beat faster, and his eyes shone with keen anticipation. He had been in the Blood Stream Sect for quite some time now, and from the time he had been a completely nobody all the way to his current situation, he had done everything in order to acquire the relic of eternal indestructibility.

As of this moment, his goal was at hand!

“I wonder... what exactly the relic of eternal indestructibility is?” Taking a deep breath, he strode into Song Junwan’s immortal’s cave. He was familiar with the place, and quickly walked into the inner sections of the cave, where Song Junwan’s bedchamber was located.

Looking around, he saw decorations which clearly identified it as a woman’s room. He almost felt like he was doing something a bit perverted. He cleared his throat.

Calming himself, he performed an incantation gesture and then waved his finger, causing blood qi to form into a sword, which he sent stabbing down into the ground.

He began to dig a large hole, going deeper and deeper until he hit something that seemed to be made of metal, something so tough that when the sword qi hit it, the qi collapsed.

In fact, even though he could see the item with his naked eye, it was completely invisible to divine sense.

“Eee?” Leaping down into the bottom of the hole, he found himself standing on what appeared to be a black sheet of iron.

“This is the place!” Reaching down, he rubbed the iron sheet, which caused a cold sensation to pierce him down to his bones. After trying several different ways to dispel the stabbing cold, he drew upon the Undying Live Forever Technique and finally blotted it out.

Once again, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, forming a sword with blood qi, which he used to hew out more space along the edges of the iron sheet. Gradually, more of the metal was revealed.

Furthermore, a magical symbol became visible. It was very complicated and ornate, and Bai Xiaochun wasn’t sure how to read it. However, in the very center of the symbol was an indentation that seemed to be the exact shape of a medicinal pill.

Instead of pulling out the medicinal pill he had concocted back in the Spirit Stream Sect, he studied the iron sheet a bit more. Suddenly, he gasped.

“This is Middle Peak, which is actually the middle finger of the Blood Ancestor.... I wonder if this iron sheet is actually a ring on the giant’s finger? A ring belonging to the Blood Ancestor!”

With that, he thought back to the moment when he had accepted the legacy, and had momentarily become the Blood Ancestor. Now that he thought about it, he was certain that a ring had indeed existed on the middle finger!

“There are all types of magical devices of holding. I wonder... if this ring is actually a ring of holding?” After a bit more thought, he slapped his bag of holding and produced the medicinal pill, which he carefully placed into the indentation in the magical symbol.

In the instant that it clicked into place, it melted, and the magical symbol lit up, causing blinding light to shine out. Thankfully, the light was contained by the immortal’s cave, otherwise it would have been visible from quite a distance.

Bai Xiaochun’s heart was pounding as he backed up and looked at the magical symbol. Gradually, the light began to fade away, and cracking sounds could be heard. Bai Xiaochun watched as the magical symbol changed shape, as though a sealing were being undone. Soon, it transformed into the shape of a door.

Bai Xiaochun stood there, staring at the door for a long moment before finally gritting his teeth.

“I’ve come this far, I can’t stop now. Let’s see what exactly this relic of eternal indestructibility really is!!” Taking a deep breath, he stepped forward and vanished into the door.

When he reappeared, he was in another location, surrounded by

blurry darkness. He wasn't sure how large of a space he was in, but he could see that right in front of him was a palm-sized turtle shell.

On top of the shell was a golden leaf!

Other than those two items, nothing else was visible.

Chapter 264: Disaster Brewing....

Bai Xiaochun's eyes widened as he stepped forward and grabbed the golden leaf. Other than its unusual color, there didn't seem to be anything special about it.

As for the turtle shell, it was deathly still, and radiated an air of complete and utter ancientness. However, it didn't seem at all like the eternal and indestructible relic that Bai Xiaochun had been expecting.

"Where's the relic of eternal indestructibility?" he exclaimed. Then he began to search around madly for anything else in the area. However, other than the turtle shell and the golden leaf, there was nothing present.

At one point, he bit down on the golden leaf, but it was so hard his teeth almost broke. Obviously, it wasn't intended to be eaten. Bai Xiaochun was starting to go crazy. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was starting to wonder if he had been played. He quickly produced the soul of imposter Nightcrypt.

"Dammit, tell me the secret of eternal indestructibility!!" Bai Xiaochun raged. "The only things here are this leaf and this turtle shell. They're completely useless!!"

Imposter Nightcrypt's soul stared around blankly, clearly flummoxed. "This is impossible! The mysterious sect definitely said it was here...."

Bai Xiaochun was feeling more and more like he had been played. When he thought about all the toil and suffering he had put into this mission, even risking his own life, only to come here and find nothing, he felt more wronged than he ever had in his entire life.

He searched around a bit more, but to his increasing despair, found nothing. In the end, he stared down at the turtle shell. Of course, he loved turtles, but this turtle shell was tiny, much tinier than even his turtle-wok.

“Don’t tell me the relic of eternal indestructibility is this turtle shell? But what is it supposed to do...?” Bai Xiaochun was about ready to cry. Sighing and scowling, he finally put the turtle shell and the golden leaf into his bag of holding, and then walked out through the glowing door. Looking down at the hole he had excavated in the floor of the immortal’s cave, he scowled, and then began to fill it in. Some time later, after making sure everything looked exactly as it had before he arrived, he trudged away.

Outside the immortal’s cave, he sighed, then looked up into the sky. To him, it felt as if the world had just played a huge trick on him.

“All of my toil and suffering....

“Things got so dangerous I almost died....

“I... I...” Feeling incensed, he returned to Blood Master Temple, then pulled out the golden leaf and the turtle shell and studied them a bit. Eventually, he realized that the golden leaf was

extremely durable, and apparently, impossible to tear apart.

However, other than that, it didn't seem special. He suspected that the leaf must contain some technique hidden inside of it, but even after opening his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, he couldn't see anything.

As for the turtle shell, it seemed dead, completely dried out, albeit relatively sturdy. Once upon a time, a living turtle had existed inside the shell, but now, that turtle was nothing more than a corpse.

Bai Xiaochun didn't rest that night. By the next morning, his eyes were bloodshot, and he finally decided to give up on his research. He let out a sigh filled with grief and discontentment.

Imposter Nightcrypt's soul was so scared that he didn't dare to utter a peep, fearful that Bai Xiaochun might flip out and kill him. However, he couldn't help but feel wronged in the whole matter; he hadn't been telling lies!

As he sank into despair, Bai Xiaochun realized that he had no desire to remain in the Blood Stream Sect any longer. Sighing continuously, he began to think of a reason to leave. However, even as he did, a beam of light shot up from each of the other three mountain peaks.

Within those three beams of light were the three other blood masters. When they arrived on Middle Peak, their expressions were casual and relaxed, and apparently they had come simply to

chat. Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but wonder what their real purpose was, but he humored them. For a bit of time, they simply talked about random things.

Finally, the blood master from Lesser Marsh Peak couldn't restrain himself from getting to the point.

“Nightcrypt,” he said. “The three of us have been given some top-secret information. Bai Xiaochun, the Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment expert from the Spirit Stream Sect, has not been in secluded meditation for the past few years. He actually left the sect some years ago to gain experience. Some people even suspect that he entered Blood Stream Sect territory! Whether or not that information is correct, we can't be completely sure. However, even the chance that it might be true means that we could have an opportunity to kill Bai Xiaochun!”

Bai Xiaochun's heart was already pounding, but he didn't let any of that emotion show on his face.

Tone solemn, the blood master continued, “All of us blood masters swore an oath to the patriarchs that we would hunt down and kill Bai Xiaochun. We would exterminate the young successor of the Spirit Stream Sect, their Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment expert!

“In our cultivation, we have to cut down Chosen like that. Kill them, steal their good fortune, and use that to realize our own Dao!

“We swore a formal oath as blood masters, and since you're a

blood master now too, we all need to stand as one! Since the oath has our names on it, then naturally, it should have yours as well!”

The blood masters from Corpse Peak and Nameless Peak nodded solemnly. From the way they were looking at him, it seemed they wouldn't leave until he agreed.

Bai Xiaochun was already trembling in fear because of what he'd heard. Obviously, these people had sworn an oath, and yet failed to live up to it, and now they were trying to drag him into their little cabal....

He thought about refusing, but could tell that they wouldn't let him off the hook easily. Even as he hesitated, the Corpse Peak blood master produced a jade slip from his bag of holding.

“This is the oath we swore to the patriarchs. We had to make a special request to bring it here today. All you have to do is place your mark upon it, that's all.” With that, he handed the jade slip over to Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun eyes widened when he realized how well-prepared the group was. Inwardly, he cursed about how outrageous these blood masters were, forcing him to swear an oath to kill himself....

The more he thought about it, the worse it sounded. That was especially true when he examined the jade slip and saw that, in addition to the substantial reward that was being offered upon Bai Xiaochun's death, there was also a punishment for failure. That punishment involved being confined to the sect's Abysmal Defile.

Bai Xiaochun had heard of the Abysmal Defile before. It was a deep ravine filled with wind and fire, a place where cultivation felt like pure torture. Ordinary people couldn't even survive the place.

When he saw that, he felt more nervous than ever. As Bai Xiaochun, he hadn't done anything to these three blood masters. What right did they have to make things so hard for him, to risk such incredible punishment in their attempt to kill him?

Seeing the fierce looks in their eyes, he gritted his teeth and put his mark onto the jade slip. Inwardly, he was chuckling coldly. "You people might as well abandon any hope of ever succeeding. Even with me in your little cabal, you'll be waiting forever!"

When they saw Bai Xiaochun put his name on the oath, they all smiled and relaxed a bit. The truth was that this agreement had been a huge headache for them. Back when they had first sworn the oath, they had been attempting to take the lead among the other cultivators in the sect. However, after all the years that had passed, they still hadn't accomplished their mission. Now that Middle Peak had its blood master, they all agreed that they had to get the fourth blood master into their group no matter the cost. After all, an addition person to help would be the ideal situation.

"I might only have been promoted to blood master recently," Bai Xiaochun said, sounding very serious, "but this is a serious matter. We need to turn up some clues immediately. Since Bai Xiaochun is supposedly in Blood Stream Sect territory, then how about this... I'll go search for him right away! If I turn anything up, I'll send you three a message instantly. Then we can all attack together to

take Bai Xiaochun down!”

As soon as the other three blood masters heard his suggestion, their expressions brightened, and they exchanged meaningful glances. Then, all of them declared their own intentions of going out to search for Bai Xiaochun. As soon as anyone found new information, they would notify the others. Feeling very pleased, they all left.

Bai Xiaochun chuckled coldly inside, then began to pack his things in preparation for departure.

Some time later, he left the gates of the sect, and then turned to look back, his eyes filled with sighs and other mixed emotions.

The truth was that even he wasn't sure exactly how he felt about the Blood Stream Sect.

“It would be great if this war could be avoided somehow....” he murmured to himself. With that, he turned to look in the direction of Xuemei's immortal's cave on Ancestor Peak.

“The choice is yours,” he said with a sigh. Then he turned and flew off in a beam of light.

Before he had gone very far, he suddenly realized that he already missed the Blood Stream Sect. He thought back to everything which had occurred there, and couldn't help but look over his shoulder one more time at the sect.

“I might not ever come back here again in my entire life....” Even as he hovered there looking back at the sect, his eyes suddenly went wide with shock.

Something was happening on Nameless Peak! A black cloud was rising up into the air, a huge mist filled with countless gargoyles. The gargoyles were exploding into action, howling at the tops of their lungs in voices that could shake heaven and earth.

“Down with the Blood Stream Sect! We will be free! We will be our own masters!”

“Cultivators of Nameless Peak, you have oppressed us gargoyles for too long! We refuse to submit to you! Today is the day we rebel against the Blood Stream Sect!”

The shrill cries of the gargoyles erupted out to shake the entire Blood Stream Sect. That was especially true of the cultivators on Nameless Peak, who were utterly shocked. The gargoyles which had previously been under their command were suddenly completely ignoring their orders.

Even some of the oldest gargoyles were joining in, and they seemed the most enraged of all. There was one gargoyle who appeared to be their leader, and was located in the very center of the army.

That particular gargoyle suddenly launched into a speech, his voice loud and piercing.

“Fellow Gargoyles, the time has come to attack! Fear not, my master has already become a blood master, someone powerful enough to shake the world. Today is the day that we gargoyles rise to prominence! We will shake off the manacles placed upon us by Nameless Peak! Today, we fight for our freedom!!”

Bai Xiaochun gasped as he realized who the leader of the gargoyles was. It was none other than Shadow, the gargoyle he had fed medicinal dregs to when he had been concocting medicine on Nameless Peak. Back then, the gargoyle had been meek and subservient, but now, it seemed completely arrogant and despotic. His words immediately caused Bai Xiaochun to shiver.

Swallowing hard, beads of sweat popping out on his forehead, Bai Xiaochun quickly turned and made his way off into the distance, fearful that after the gargoyle insurrection was put down, the Blood Stream Sect would look for him to settle accounts.

“Dammit! I was wondering why nothing strange happened when I concocted medicine on Nameless Peak.... It turns out the disaster was brewing this entire time....” Looking like he might cry at any moment, he left behind the raging howls of the gargoyles and the cold snorts of the patriarchs. He fled for his life.

Chapter 265: Knocking Sounds....

After leaving the Blood Stream Sect, Bai Xiaochun shot through the air in a beam of light. The sky stretched out in all directions, peppered with occasional clouds. Flying along as he was, Bai Xiaochun felt as free as a bird.

The jungle which filled the Blood Stream Sect's territory was the color of blood, and in many areas, radiated a dangerous and brutal aura.

However, whatever deadly entities existed therein quickly shrank down into the shadows as soon as they sensed Bai Xiaochun's blood qi.

Virtually everything in the area was connected in some way to the Blood Stream Sect, and Bai Xiaochun soon found that it could all be suppressed by his aura.

As far as the cultivator clans in the area went, Bai Xiaochun's high status in the Blood Stream Sect ensured that he could completely ignore them. When blood masters went out of the sect, even if they went out alone, they had numerous ways to suppress anyone or anything they came across. They could travel about completely unobstructed.

Even the most powerful beasts Bai Xiaochun encountered would retreat once they sensed his aura. None of them dared to provoke him.

Bai Xiaochun flew along enjoying the scenery, feeling very relaxed. Along the way, he spent some time to practice cultivation. Now that he was away from the Blood Stream Sect, he could tell that his Undying Live Forever Technique was working a bit more sluggishly.

Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do about that. Thankfully, he had the legacy of the Blood Ancestor, and could now be considered a true master of the Undying Codex. Although his cultivation of it had slowed some, he was practicing the true method, and was thus able to compensate for the decrease in speed.

As for the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, Bai Xiaochun decided it was best not to cultivate it in Blood Stream Sect territory. A signature magical technique like that would be best practiced after he passed over the Luo Chen Mountains.

However, he was itching to try out his Human Controlling Grand Magic, and managed to find a few chances to practice with it. He hadn't spent much time working on it, but now that his cultivation base was at the mid Foundation Establishment stage, the spiritual power he could wield ensured that the Human Controlling Grand Magic was quite marvelous.

By now, he had been studying the powers of gravity and repulsion for years, and yet, wasn't willing to give up on them, and continued to spend time analyzing them.

When he got tired because of all the traveling, he would impose on one of the local cultivator clans. Whenever he left such clans,

they would always throw a big fanfare out of respect for him.

As time went on, his sighs grew heavier. He was going to miss being a blood master. As far as he was concerned, giving up that title was worse than losing a fortune.

“Ai. I really am simply too righteous. Too principled! I’m giving up so much for the sake of the Spirit Stream Sect.” The more Bai Xiaochun thought about it, the more he felt like he was really making a huge sacrifice.

“And then there’s Song Junwan....” Whenever he thought about her, he remembered her beautiful features, and would feel his heart growing hot. He sighed.

“Wan’er, good and evil just can’t mix....” he said, trying to look as righteous as possible. However, the disappointment he felt forced him to turn back and look longingly in the direction of the Blood Stream Sect.

The further away he got, the more he thought about everything that he had done there. Eventually, he just had to grit his teeth and fly onward.

One day, an enormous mountain range rose up in front of him, stretching out along the horizon like a dragon.

Although it seemed close, from what Bai Xiaochun could tell it was at least half a day away even if he flew at top speed.

“Once I get over those mountains, I’ll be in Spirit Stream Sect territory....” Determination flickered in his eyes, and he was just about to fly onward when, all of a sudden, he caught sight of three beams of light flying through the air toward him.

Soon, an old man became visible, along with two younger men. The old man had a Foundation Establishment cultivation base, whereas the younger men were in the seventh or eighth level of Qi Condensation, and were flying with the aid of magical devices. As they all flew along, the old man frowned and rebuked the younger men.

“War is on the horizon! You two are the future of the Shuiyue Clan! If you fly with speed like that, how do you think you’ll manage to stay alive in the fighting!?”

“To fly with magical items requires control of your cultivation base! However, skill is only one of the things that will enable you to fly!” The two young men gritted their teeth and worked harder to control their magical devices. And yet, no matter what they did, they still wobbled unstably. One of them even managed to get so out of control that he fell off.

“Imbecile!” the old man spat. “The clan has spent a lot of resources on training you, and yet you’re as dumb as an ox!” He swished his sleeve, catching the young man before he fell. He was about to continue with his tirade when he suddenly sensed Bai Xiaochun.

Irritated, the man looked over and said, “Hmph! What are you blind? Don’t you know this is Shuiyue Clan territory? You’re not allowed to fly around here. Screw the hell off!”

Bai Xiaochun had originally planned to ignore the group of three and simply fly along. But then the old man had the nerve to curse him.

“What did you just say!?” Bai Xiaochun said, glaring back at the old man.

The old man’s eyes went wide, and then he gasped and began to tremble visibly.

“That’s the blood master of Middle Peak,” he thought, “Nightcrypt the Plaguedevil!!”

The old man’s face drained of blood as he thought back to what he had just said. Heart pounding, he bitterly clasped hands and bowed toward Bai Xiaochun.

“The Shuiyue Clan offers greetings, exalted Blood Master!”

Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly and then approached the group of three.

“How did you people know where to find me?” he asked icily.

The sight of Bai Xiaochun looking them up and down caused the two young Qi Condensation cultivators to bow their heads in terror. Even the old Foundation Establishment cultivator felt his scalp tingling in anxiety as he thought of all of the blood-curdling stories he'd heard about the blood master of Middle Peak.

“W-we didn’t know you were in the area, oh exalted Blood Master. The Shuiyue Clan is based in this region, so we pay attention to all the passing cultivators. When we realized you had come, we immediately came out to offer greetings, and invite you to our humble clan to rest for a bit....”

Bai Xiaochun nodded arrogantly. Considering he was a blood master, he figured it would be best to act much more brazenly than normal.

“Very well,” he said. “Take me to this clan of yours.”

The old man shivered. Plastering a smile onto his face, he immediately led Bai Xiaochun back to his clan.

The Shuiyue Clan was located in Blood Stream Sect territory, and although it wasn’t one of the larger cultivator clans, they were more powerful than the smaller clans. A middle-sized clan, they occupied three mountains that were covered with emerald green fruit trees, forming quite a contrast with the surrounding crimson-colored vegetation.

The fruit on the trees was pitch black, and emanated a strange, fragrant aroma which filled the entire Shuiyue Clan, giving it a

somewhat otherworldly air.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun got near, he noticed the strangeness of the clan, and couldn't help but exclaim, "Eee?!"

"Exalted Blood Master, these fruits aren't a product of the Shuiyue Clan. They grow here naturally. In the past, the Blood Stream Sect came to harvest some of the fruits, and determined that they were toxic. Because of that, they're inedible, and are only good for making poison. However, the aroma of the fruit can be used to drive away certain wild beasts. It also has certain hallucinogenic properties...."

The old man didn't seem very surprised at all by Bai Xiaochun's reaction. Whenever anyone visited the Shuiyue Clan for the first time, they would be somewhat entranced by the fruits. However, despite many years of research, no one had ever found a use for the fruits by cultivators.

When Bai Xiaochun flew into the Shuiyue Clan and stepped onto their first mountain, the clan members there were all shocked, and immediately began to bow in formal greeting. Bai Xiaochun ignored them and walked up to one of the fruit trees. After plucking one of the fruits off of the tree, he looked at it closely, and quickly confirmed that the information he'd been given was true.

"The world of plants and vegetation is filled with all sorts of fantastic oddities.... This fruit's aroma truly can cause hallucinations...." As he looked around at the trees, he could tell that they were very old. After looking around for a bit, he was even able to find one tree on the third mountain that was so old he

couldn't identify its age.

That tree was so large that ten people could wrap their arms around its trunk. It was somewhat withered, with more than half of the tree showing no signs of life.

The aroma emitted by the fruits on that tree were particularly strong. After sniffing one of the fruits, Bai Xiaochun felt somewhat lightheaded, and was forced to rotate his cultivation base to dispel the effects.

“What a pity. You can dispel the effects within a breath of time with your cultivation base. If the effects lasted longer, maybe these fruits might be worth something.” Shaking his head, he turned to leave. However, it was at that moment that his expression flickered, and he looked down at his bag of holding.

A moment before, he had sensed a certain aura inside the bag suddenly change. After scanning the bag of holding with divine sense, a strange expression appeared on his face. Waving away the surrounding members of the Shuiyue Clan, he pulled out a little palm-sized turtle shell, which was the potential relic of eternal indestructibility he'd acquired from Song Junwan's immortal's cave. Before, the turtle shell had seemed as hard as a rock. After all, whatever was inside the shell was long since dead. However, because of the fragrant aroma of the old fruit tree, the shell had changed, and whatever was inside now seemed different, somehow soft and pliable.

Suddenly, a green little tail popped out of the back of the shell. Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide as four little limbs emerged, and

then an emerald green head....

“It’s alive?” Gasping, he looked closer. Closer examination revealed that the head and limbs were all limp and lifeless. They almost just looked like mere decorations.

Something about it seemed strange, but Bai Xiaochun wasn’t sure what. After a moment of thought, he shook the turtle shell back and forth a bit. When the head and limbs smacked into the shell, knocking sounds rang out....

Chapter 266: I'm Back!

He didn't stay very long in the Shuiyue Clan. As evening fell, the cautious and respectful clan members threw a big ceremony. Later, Bai Xiaochun strutted out of the clan, then flew up into the air. A few hours later, he was getting close to the Luochen Mountains.

By now, the idea of finally going home surged strong in his heart. Taking a deep breath, he sped toward the mountains, carefully sending divine sense ahead of him to scan the path. Soon, he realized that there was something different about the mountains.

There was a strange aura lurking within them, something that caused Bai Xiaochun's heart to jitter fearfully.

"What's going on...?" he thought. More cautious than ever, he proceeded along until it was late in the night. At that point, he was nearing a ravine that led into the mountain range, and that was when he saw something completely shocking.

A faintly glowing screen of light was visible, stretching high up into the heavens, almost like a gigantic wall!

That wall of light rose up from the mountains, climbing as far as the eye could see, completely separating the territory of the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect. There was no need for Bai Xiaochun to perform any tests to determine how powerful that wall was. He was sure that if he tried to force his way through it, he would instantly be destroyed in body and soul.

Face flickering, he confirmed that the shield wall contained the fluctuations of Spirit Stream Sect magic.

“The Luo Chen Mountains are the Spirit Stream Sect’s strongest defense against the Blood Stream Sect!” Heart trembling, he thought back to some of the rumors he’d heard about the Luo Chen Mountains when he was in the Spirit Stream Sect.

Supposedly, the mountains formed the main line of defense that had been erected by the Spirit Stream Sect 10,000 years ago.

“Back in the Blood Stream Sect, I didn’t get the sense that much was happening in the outside world. But the truth is that the war has reached the point that this shocking shield has already been put up. That’s very telling.” After a moment of thought, Bai Xiaochun approached the ravine, then turned back and looked in the direction of the Blood Stream Sect.

A long moment passed. Finally, he checked the area to make sure he was alone, then took a deep breath and slowly reached up and put his hand on his face. After a pause, he removed the mask, revealing his true facial features!

He put the mask away and waved his sleeve to dispel the bloody aura of the Blood Stream Sect. Then he pulled in all the fluctuations of his Undying Live Forever Technique. A moment later, the aura of the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation erupted from his spiritual seas, and he began to walk toward the light shield.

When he made contact with the shield, a shocking presence gripped him, something that left him feeling icy and numb. From the feeling he got, he could be wiped out at any moment. He immediately stopped in place, unmoving, his anxiety mounting.

After a few breaths worth of time passed, the icy presence slowly faded away, and he could move again. Taking a step forward, he passed through the shield.

“I doubt that was the divine sense of one of the patriarchs,” he thought. “It was probably the formation automaton of this spell formation!” Fear lingered in his heart as he looked back at the shield. Taking a deep breath, he looked around at vegetation that was no longer crimson, but rather, lush and emerald green.

The feeling he got was completely different than the Blood Stream Sect. Here, he could sense the aura of the Spirit Stream Sect!

“Bai Xiaochun is back!” he murmured. With that, he blurred into motion, flying through the air and simultaneously unleashing the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation. As he did, violet light shone out around him, filling the area with the same color.

His third eye opened on his forehead, and his view of the world suddenly became brighter and more colorful. Now that he didn’t need to conceal his techniques, he performed an incantation gesture and pointed out, drawing on Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning. Heaven and earth shook as he waved his sleeve, causing water vapor to roil about, which was the Waterswamp Kingdom.

He threw his head back and laughed uproariously. The feeling of not having to be worried about anything filled him with joy. The pressure and mixed emotions he had felt in the Blood Stream Sect were now gone, and he began to think about everyone he knew in the Spirit Stream Sect.

“Uncle Li, Big Fatty Zhang, Hou Xiaomei, Hou Yunfei, Xu Baocai, Elder Brother sect leader, Bruiser. I’m back!!” Spirits high, he shot through the air at top speed.

Eventually he stopped to rest a bit, and pulled out the turtle-wok. The mere sight of it left him sighing deeply.

“I didn’t dare to use it in the Blood Stream Sect. But now, I can finally perform fourfold spirit enhancements!!” Bai Xiaochun was very excited about the prospect. He had already collected plenty of material to create four-colored flame, and therefore, didn’t waste any time.

Without any hesitation, he took out all of his magical items and began to perform spirit enhancements. He was especially excited to enhance his signature little wooden sword. After the enhancement, it didn’t look like wood anymore, but rather, gold!

As for the Golden Crow Sword, it didn’t change very much, but the light that shone off of it was more dazzling than before. Before long, almost all of his magical items had been enhanced.

As for the lamp that the Song Clan patriarch had given him, he

enhanced that too. As the silver designs glittered on its surface, he held it in his hand, and his soul trembled. The fluctuations coming off of the lamp were terrifying to the extreme.

“I’m so powerful I even frighten myself!” he thought, eyebrows dancing up and down. After carefully putting the lamp away, he savored the experience of proceeding along back to the Spirit Stream Sect.

At one point, he suddenly recalled the little turtle, which he pulled out of his bag of holding, then shook back and forth a bit to produce the usual knocking sounds.

After playing around with it for a bit, he found to his surprise that he could actually grab the tail and stretch it out. When he let go, it would snap back into place with a twang.

“Wow, you can do that!? he said, shocked. He tried the same thing with the turtle’s limbs, and even the head, and they all did the same thing.

He even tried throwing it down, and found that the little turtle could actually be used like a weapon. After finding some boulders, he threw the turtle at them, and they shattered. The little turtle, however, wasn’t even scratched in the process.

Bai Xiaochun was starting to get the feeling that this was no simple turtle. As he made his way back to the Spirit Stream Sect, he would often shake it, stretch it, and throw it around. A few days later, he suddenly realized that a faint aroma was emanating out

from the turtle.

It was hard to detect, but after inhaling it, Bai Xiaochun found that his cultivation base suddenly stirred. Then he rotated it, and large amounts of spiritual energy from the area rushed toward him, causing his spiritual seas to emanate shocking fluctuations.

“Whoa!” he exclaimed. He tried to reproduce the effect, but failed. However, after examination, he realized that brief rotation of his cultivation base had resulted in the same progress it would normally take him a month of meditation to produce.

Gasping, he looked closer at the little turtle.

“Don’t tell me this really is the relic of eternal indestructibility...?” he thought, heart thumping in his chest. After thinking about all the marvelous aspects of the little turtle, he once again gently shook it back and forth in his hand.

However, no matter which way he shook it, he couldn’t reproduce that fragrant aroma. Not wanting to give up, he kept shaking it in his hand as he went along. Finally, three days later, the turtle once again emitted a fragrant aroma.

Bai Xiaochun immediately sucked it in, causing his cultivation base to surge, and the surrounding energy of heaven and earth to rush toward him. He was almost like a vortex, sucking in all the local spiritual power.

There were some cultivator clans in the area, and when people saw what was happening, their eyes went wide, and their hearts trembled.

Elated, Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

“Hahaha! Yet again, Bai Xiaochun’s wits come out on top. This little turtle is great. I don’t have to expend any effort at all, and can increase the speed of my cultivation.” At that point, he decided that he would spend time every day shaking the little turtle.

A few more days went by, and he finally caught sight of the Spirit Stream Sect. The three mountain peaks of the south bank rose high into the air, as did the four mountain peaks of the north bank, and Mount Daoseed, which hung high over the Heavenspan River. Scintillating light rose up from all of the mountain peaks, as if they were building up energy....

Powerful pressure and fluctuations rolled out in all directions, with the Spirit Stream Sect being in the middle of it all.

Excited, Bai Xiaochun shook the little turtle back and forth a few times.

“I’m finally back.... I can still remember how everyone could hardly stand to part with me....

“Considering I’ve been gone so long, everyone definitely misses

me.... I wonder if Uncle Li has come out of secluded meditation yet...?” The more he thought about it, the more he was nervous for Li Qinghou.

Giving the turtle a few good shakes, he picked up speed and shot toward the entrance of the sect.

When he got close, four beams of light shot out from the sect, accompanied by a hoarse shout.

“Halt! Who goes there!?”

Four cultivators appeared, one of them in the great circle of Qi Condensation, and the other three in the fifth or sixth level. Even as the words rang out, the glow of magical techniques sprang out of their hands. However, when they caught sight of Bai Xiaochun, their eyes widened.

That was especially true of the cultivator in the great circle, who immediately began to tremble. It was none other than Chen Fei....

“Bai Xiao— er, Sect Uncle Bai!” Thankfully, he was quick to change his wording. Without any hesitation, he clasped hands and bowed. The other three disciples’ jaws dropped, and then they also clasped hands in greeting.

It felt wonderful to finally be home. Striking the pose of someone of the Senior generation, Bai Xiaochun nodded magnanimously and said, “Excellent, all of you. Remember to always work hard at

cultivation.”

With that, he proceeded along into the sect, bringing the group with him.

The Spirit Stream Sect’s grand spell formation didn’t hinder his path at all. As soon as he entered, he saw the south bank stretched out in front of him, bustling with activity. There was Green Crest Peak, Violet Cauldron Peak, and Fragrant Cloud Peak, as well as the servants district at the bottoms of the mountains. A few phoenixes were flying in the air, along with numerous cultivators. To Bai Xiaochun, nothing could have been more familiar. He suddenly felt the urge to make sure that everyone who missed him knew that he was back.

Hovering there in midair, he threw his head back and roared, “Ladies and gentlemen of the sect, I, Bai Xiaochun, am back!!”

His voice echoed about like thunder.

Chen Fei stood off to the side, feeling bad for the south bank.

Chapter 267: You Guys Definitely Miss Me

“Brothers and sisters of the Spirit Stream Sect, Bai Xiaochun is back!”

Bai Xiaochun’s voice echoed like thunder throughout the south bank of the Spirit Stream Sect, and could even be heard on the north bank....

Moments before, the sect had been buzzing with activity, filled with a din of voices. But a moment later, everything went completely quiet. Even the phoenixes flying in the air above the sect shivered and forgot to keep flying.

Because Li Qinghou had gone into extended secluded meditation, Elder Zhou had taken over as the peak lord of Fragrant Cloud Peak. When the thunderous voice interrupted his own meditation, his eyes opened and his jaw dropped.

Zhou Xinqi had been practicing cultivation on Mount Daoseed, and had just finished a session of meditation and was preparing to leave. When she heard the voice echoing back and forth like thunder, her face fell.

Xu Baocai had just been preparing to go visit some friends on Green Crest Peak to flaunt some new exclusive information he’d come across, when he was suddenly interrupted by the booming voice, and his eyes went wide.

Big Fatty Zhang was standing miserably in front of Xu Meixiang

as she berated him. Then they heard his voice, and they both looked up.

All of the cultivators and disciples on the south bank who had been dragged into Bai Xiaochun's antics were struck mute by the words they had just heard....

On Fragrant Cloud Peak, one elder had been in the middle of giving a lecture about cultivation to a group of disciples who seemed to be hanging onto his every last word. When he was interrupted by Bai Xiaochun's booming voice, his face fell. As for the disciples, they didn't seem as shocked, but were clearly moved.

On Mount Daoseed, Zheng Yuandong stood there reading a jade slip, his expression grim. The news in the jade slip was anything but good, and he was just about to go to the Missions Office to announce an important mission, when suddenly, a booming voice interrupted his train of thought. Immediately, he stopped in his tracks, his expression flickering.

Also on Mount Daoseed were two prime elders whose faces fell. They had been among the group whose clothes were ripped to shreds by Bai Xiaochun's gravitational repulsion pearl years ago.

Bai Xiaochun looked around at the south bank, at how quiet it was, at how the birds couldn't even fly, and how even the cultivators who had been speeding through the air had suddenly stopped in place. He was visibly moved.

"Does everyone still remember me...? You guys definitely miss

me. Without me around, your cultivation must have been very, very boring....” Sighing, he looked over at Chen Fei and the other three cultivators. “Don’t you agree, Chen Fei?”

At first, Chen Fei wasn’t sure what to say. Bracing himself, he chose to offer some praise.

“Sect Uncle Bai, you have unrivalled magical powers. You’re completely and utterly famous. Upon returning, your solitary shout raised the spirits of everyone inside and outside of the Spirit Stream Sect!” Chen Fei’s three companions were shocked to hear him say such things. They had already been surprised to see the reaction caused by Bai Xiaochun’s words from moments ago. But then they heard their Elder Brother Chen Fei, who they always took to be cold and distant, suddenly speaking in such a flattering tone. They couldn’t help but gasp.

These three hadn’t been around in the days in which Bai Xiaochun came to be well-known. They had joined the sect in the later days, and had only heard stories about the things he had done. As of this moment, they were exchanging awkward glances.

Bai Xiaochun gave a long chuckle. “Hahaha! You’re right, of course. Everyone misses me to death. Look, a single shout on my part and everyone is at a loss for words.

“Don’t worry, everyone. I’m back. And I won’t ever be leaving again....” Sighing, Bai Xiaochun was just about to shout out again at the top of his lungs, when suddenly countless, heaven-shaking, earth-shattering screams rose up from the three mountain peaks of the south bank.

“The heavens don’t have eyes! Bai Xiaochun is back!!”

“Dammit! Didn’t he go out to get experience? It’s only been a few years, how come he’s back so soon?!?!”

“Not good! The spirit tail chicken population is just getting back to normal....”

“The Apothecary Fiend is back!!”

As the screams echoed out, the phoenixes up in the air let out miserable shrieks and quickly flew away. The cultivators who had stopped flying gasped. Obviously, most of the cultivators who were capable of flying were in the Foundation Establishment stage. When they thought about the terrifying scene in the square when Bai Xiaochun ripped everyone’s clothing to shreds, leaving them stark naked, their scalps went numb with fear, and they fled.

As for the ordinary disciples from the three mountain peaks, when they thought of the miserable scenes from the past, their hearts were filled with grief and indignation.

Zhou Xinqi gritted her teeth, her heart smoldering with hatred because of the words he had just spoken. With a cold snort, she decided to simply continue her session of secluded meditation....

Xu Baocai was scowling on the verge of tears, and had lost any mood to go out. However, as soon as he thought about Bai

Xiaochun's status in the sect, he flew out to go meet him.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times in response to all the screams. Coughing dryly, he rubbed his nose, and then looked over at Chen Fei and his companions.

“Hahaha! What a passionate group, eh...?”

Sweat dripped down Chen Fei's forehead, but even after racking his brains, he couldn't think of what to say next. His three companions looked over at Bai Xiaochun as reverently as if he were a god. They almost couldn't believe that a single sentence from a single person could cause the entire south bank to virtually collapse....

Bai Xiaochun was starting to feel a bit awkward, and even a bit irritated. Back in the Blood Stream Sect, he had been a blood master, and wherever he went, people treated him with the utmost courtesy. All he had to do was speak half a word, or glare, and people would be so scared they would start shaking.

Even as he grumbled inwardly about how unfair it was, a beam of light shot out from Violet Cauldron Peak, which was none other than Big Fatty Zhang, who threw his head back and let loose a long cry.

Hou Xiaomei had been in secluded meditation, but now she burst with excitement as she flew out into the open....

Then there was Third Fatty Hei and Hou Yunfei. The people who had deep connections with Bai Xiaochun felt differently than everyone else, and flew out, delighted.

Zheng Yuandong cleared his throat. Refusing to make an appearance wasn't really an option. As he stood there on Mount Daoseed, looking over at Bai Xiaochun, he thought back to all the mischief he had caused in the past, and chuckled to himself.

It was in that very moment that a roar of delight echoed out from the north bank. Bruiser appeared, fully thirty meters tall, like a little mountain shooting through the air. His heaven-shaking, earth-shattering cry caused all of the countless beasts on the north bank to howl at the tops of their lungs.

The roaring of the beasts shocked the north bank into silence. Many disciples didn't understand what was happening and flew into the air. But then they saw Bai Xiaochun off in the distance on the south bank, and immediately, their jaws dropped. Gasps began to ring out, along with cries of shock.

“Bai Xiaochun!!”

“He's back!!”

Many of the north bank disciples were screaming and backing up; word began to spread like wildfire, sending the entire north bank into a commotion....

Bai Xiaochun laughed heartily, stepping forward to meet Bruiser. Bruiser came to a stop in front of Bai Xiaochun, his eyes wide and his face a mask of joy. Without any hesitation, he shrank back down into the shape he had been when he was born. Then he latched his teeth onto Bai Xiaochun's pant legs and refused to let go, apparently worried that Bai Xiaochun might leave him again to go on adventures alone.

Face beaming with joy, Bai Xiaochun reached down and scooped Bruiser up into his arms. Then he embraced Big Fatty Zhang, who seemed to be bursting with information to tell Bai Xiaochun. Before he could, Hou Xiaomei arrived, eyes fluttering as she looked at Bai Xiaochun. Big Fatty Zhang immediately stepped to the side.

Bai Xiaochun laughed happily again as he looked at Hou Xiaomei. He wasn't the ignorant youth he had been in the past. After everything which had occurred in the Blood Stream Sect, he had matured quite a bit. Suddenly, he was struck by impulse to lean forward and hug Hou Xiaomei.

Hou Xiaomei's face turned scarlet, and she pouted playfully as she pushed him away.

Before long, Hou Yunfei arrived, along with Xu Baocai. There were also many of the disciples whom Bai Xiaochun had helped in the Fallen Sword Abyss. More than a hundred people clustered around him, filled with excitement. After a bit of time, they headed toward Mount Daoseed, chatting and laughing, telling Bai Xiaochun about everything that had occurred in the sect in the years he had been gone.

One of the first things Bai Xiaochun asked about was Li Qinghou. Nobody was very sure about the details, but no one had heard any bad news. Bai Xiaochun felt a bit better hearing that.

Many people were surprised to see such a large group emerge to receive Bai Xiaochun. That was especially true of the people who had suffered at his hands, who were completely incredulous at what they were seeing.

Never could they imagine that a person like that, a person who had annoyed and frustrated so many people in the sect, would have so many friends who truly liked him.

Chen Fei's three companions began to murmur among themselves.

“I've heard a lot of stories about Sect Uncle Bai....”

“Just what kind of person is he anyway?”

“For some reason, now that Sect Uncle Bai is back, the Spirit Stream Sect seems different than before. Things are usually busy, and the fact that war could break out at any time is a pressure that constantly weighs down over our heads. But now... how come that pressure seems to have lifted a bit?”

Chen Fei didn't follow Bai Xiaochun and the others. He watched them leave, feeling a bit conflicted inside. After hearing the comments of his companions, he fell silent for a moment, then

softly said, “He’s Bai Xiaochun. Legacy echelon-designate. Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment expert. Nobody can compare to him. The light which shines from him can cast everyone else into shadow. Most people have a love-hate relationship with him, and yet, everyone believes in him! That’s Bai Xiaochun!”

The three companions said nothing further, but their eyes seemed to flicker with understanding. As Bai Xiaochun made his way off into the distance, their expressions filled with even more reverence than before.

As the entire Spirit Stream Sect was shaken by Bai Xiaochun’s return, a certain person emerged from an immortal’s cave on Irispetal Peak.

It was a young woman, and as she looked over at the south bank, the wind lifted her hair, revealing fair, delicate skin. Her eyes glistened like pools of deep water, and although she wore conservative clothing, it was impossible to conceal her attractive, curvaceous figure. The alluring look in her eyes, though, made it such that any person who got close to her would feel the fires of desire rising up in their hearts....

Covering a smile with her hand, she said in a melodious voice, “So, you’re finally back, big bro....”

Chapter 268: We Believe You....

On the south bank of the Spirit Stream Sect, numerous eyes followed Bai Xiaochun as he flew like the wind toward Mount Daoseed, surrounded by more than a hundred friends.

Occasionally, his laughter could be heard, along with various boasting words.

“Listen, guys, I really experienced some heaven-shaking, earth-shattering things in the past few years. A bunch of people fought me for a Foundation Establishment Pill, and I almost destroyed an entire mountain! One of my flying swords cut down a whole group of Foundation Establishment cultivators! It was completely shocking! My scheming was god-like, and my magic unmatched!

“Numerous powerful experts stood before me, trembling, their heads bowed. In fact, countless Qi Condensation disciples would look at me with wide eyes, their faces draining of blood as they begged for mercy....” His voice echoed out in all directions, loud and proud.

His friends didn’t believe a word of what he was saying. They laughed and even poked fun at him because of his boasting. However, their faces were all covered with smiles, smiles of affection, wistfulness, and anticipation.

To these people, Bai Xiaochun was both a fellow disciple, and a friend who they would trust with their lives!

He was naughty and mischievous, but in critical moments, he could reverse fate. Although he often caused trouble, when lives were on the line, they would unhesitatingly put all trust in him!

He was a Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment expert, the legacy echelon-designate, and to them, he didn't seem wildly arrogant. Although he annoyed people in countless ways, that simply made him less lofty and distant to those close to him. In their hearts, he was always and forever their friend.

That was especially true of Hou Yunfei. Such feelings of friendship were especially strong in him. He looked at Bai Xiaochun, then looked over at Hou Xiaomei, and he smiled broadly, wishing them well in his heart.

Hou Xiaomei's face was bright red, and her heart was pounding. All she could think about was how Bai Xiaochun had hugged her, and as she looked over at him, her eyes glittered brightly.

In fact, they glittered in much the same way Song Junwan's had....

Bai Xiaochun was extremely moved to be surrounded by so many familiar faces. One by one, various memories about the Spirit Stream Sect began to flood into his mind.

He truly felt as if he had come home, and had already forgotten about the screams which he had heard moments ago.

Slapping his chest proudly, he said, “You guys don’t believe me? You listen to me. I, Bai Xiaochun, am totally awesome! One time, a Nascent Soul eccentric even praised me! And then guess what happened? He even took me as his stepson!”

“Oh, we believe you....” Hou Yunfei said, chuckling. Strange expressions could be seen on the faces of Big Fatty Zhang and the others, but they also looked over and assured Bai Xiaochun that they believed him.

Bai Xiaochun was a bit depressed to see them chuckling in such a way. He very much wanted to tell them the truth. He had concocted medicine in the Blood Stream Sect! He had fought to the pinnacle inside the body of the Blood Ancestor! He was the illustrious and infamous blood master of Middle Peak!

But he couldn’t do that. It was very frustrating to not be able to bask in his own glory.

“I’m telling the truth, guys! When I went out to get experience, I got a super impressive title! There was also this super beautiful vixen–” Even as he spoke the words, he looked over and saw Hou Xiaomei’s eyes narrow into slits. “Um, but I didn’t marry her....”

“Which beautiful vixen was that? Please, tell me the details, big bro Xiaochun.”

“Uh....” Bai Xiaochun instantly went on guard. He was almost sure he could sense killing intent rising up in Hou Xiaomei. After all, he had become very sensitive to killing intent due to his

experiences in the Blood Stream Sect.

He was just trying to figure out how to change the topic when, all of a sudden, a huge beam of light shot up into the air from Mount Daoseed, fully thirty meters wide.

Lands shook, mountains were rocked, and even the sky vibrated. The countless layers of clouds overhead began to spin into the form of a huge vortex. Rumbling sounds echoed out as something like a white sun appeared!

As the sun became visible within the vortex, something else took form within it: a huge black raven!

The raven's eyes were closed, and yet, it radiated an energy that could shake heaven and earth. As that energy spread out in all directions, it became a powerful pressure which weighed down on everyone present.

Both the south and north banks of the Spirit Stream Sect went completely quiet.

Even Bai Xiaochun's face flickered. Apparently, he had his own ideas about what was happening, and his expression became very serious as he looked at the pillar of light. His heart began to pound as he peered at the white sun, and the raven, wondering what exactly would happen.

"I know I have a high position in the sect," he muttered

hesitantly, “but there was really no need to go to such lengths to welcome me back....”

Xu Baocai swallowed hard, looking very nervous. Then he heard Bai Xiaochun’s words, and couldn’t help but quietly say, “I heard the first wave was supposed to leave in a few days. From the look of things, they’re leaving now.”

Bai Xiaochun still didn’t understand what was happening, so he grabbed Xu Baocai’s arm and asked, “What’s going on? What first wave? Where are they going?”

“To the Luochen Mountains!” Xu Baocai replied, his expression grave.

Hou Yunfei’s eyes began to shine brightly. After reaching Earthstring Foundation Establishment, his status in the sect was different than before, and he had even become the apprentice of one of the prime elders. As such, he had access to more privileged information than before. “Xiaochun, you’ve been gone for a while, but surely you’ve heard about the war between the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect. It’s on the verge of erupting at any moment. However, we can’t let the war be fought within the immediate vicinity of the Spirit Stream Sect. So, the sect has long since made arrangements for a huge spell formation to be erected in the Luochen Mountains, all for the purpose of fighting the Blood Stream Sect!”

Bai Xiaochun was shaken. For some reason, he had felt as if the war were even further away than before.

“After all the initial preparations are complete, they’ll teleport the first wave of cultivators over to the Luo Chen Mountains!” At almost the same moment that Hou Yunfei finished speaking, a profound and archaic voice echoed out from Mount Dao Seed to fill the entire Spirit Stream Sect.

“First wave disciples, step forward immediately!”

Even as the voice rumbled out like thunder, Bai Xiaochun looked around and saw beams of light flying from both the south and north banks toward Mount Dao Seed.

Some of them were Foundation Establishment cultivators, others were in the great circle of Qi Condensation. Some of the disciples weren’t capable of flight, and sped along on the ground.

Among the beams of light, Bai Xiaochun spotted Ghostfang and Beihan Lie. Their energy clearly surpassed that of ordinary cultivators, and they flew along like shooting stars toward Mount Dao Seed.

Among the more than two thousand cultivators who made up the first wave, a few were prime elders, whose auras erupted out with particular intensity.

Last was a blurry figure who emerged from the vortex up above. He materialized into a middle-aged man, whose cultivation base fluctuations vastly exceeded those of the prime elders, and caused all light to dim.

Bai Xiaochun almost immediately recognized the man. He was the same patriarch who had emerged to help Bruiser, and was also the same person who received the Song Clan patriarch. He was one of the five great patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect, Li Zimo!

People around Bai Xiaochun immediately began to cry out in surprise. “The third generation patriarch!!”

It didn’t take long for the cultivators of the first wave to gather behind the peak of Mount Daoseed. Li Zimo waved his right hand, and the pillar of light erupted, causing a blinding glow to spread out and cover the gathered cultivators. Next, the light flickered, and more than two thousand cultivators vanished.

Moments later, everything went back to normal. However, the pillar of light connecting Mount Daoseed to the heavens remained in place, causing faint rumbling sounds to echo out continuously. As for the other mountain peaks, although no light shot up from them, Bai Xiaochun got the sense that they were pulsing with intense energy that could spill out in the form of light at any moment.

Everyone else in the Spirit Stream Sect was shaken. It was at that point that Bai Xiaochun heard Hou Yunfei’s voice again.

“That’s the first wave. It will only be a few days now until the second wave is teleported out. There are a lot more people assigned to the second wave. I’m among them, actually.”

Bai Xiaochun's heart was already pounding. Looking over at Hou Yunfei, he saw him smiling warmly. At the same time, many of Bai Xiaochun's other surrounding friends began to chime in to explain which wave they had been assigned to.

Bai Xiaochun quickly realized that every single person present, even the Qi Condensation cultivators, and even Hou Xiaomei, were all going to be fighting in the war.

It was obvious that this war was going to be the last stand for the Spirit Stream Sect!

Big Fatty Zhang could sense the atmosphere turning serious, and quickly said, "I heard my master say that the Spirit Stream Sect has been building a spell formation in the Luo Chen Mountains for years now, all for the purpose of defending against a Blood Stream Sect invasion. The power of that spell formation has been built up over generations, and is beyond extraordinary. The Blood Stream Sect might be strong, but it's impossible to say how the fighting will turn out!"

Others began to chime in.

"That's right! The Blood Stream Sect has pushed things too far. If we had agreed to their demands, we would have been forced to live a life of servitude, just waiting around for them to come back and kill us later!"

"The Spirit Stream Sect has been my home from the moment I joined it. Live for the Spirit Stream Sect, die for the Spirit Stream

Sect!”

“We can’t avoid this war. Whether or not we win, we’ll fight to the bitter end!”

Soon, everyone’s eyes began to shine with flickers of killing intent.

Chapter 269: Vow To Slay Nightcrypt

They weren't the only ones to be having such a reaction. Throughout the Spirit Stream Sect, virtually all hearts were pulsing with killing intent. Some chose to hold it in, some gave voice to it. Either way, a spirit rose up that could shake heaven and earth, filling all of the mountain peaks that made up the sect.

Bai Xiaochun had just returned, and hadn't been present for all of the Spirit Stream Sect's war preparations. However, he could well imagine what had gone on. As of this moment, everyone in the sect was completely united in their desire to fight!

Hou Yunfei turned to Bai Xiaochun and said, "Xiaochun, considering you've been gone for a while, you might not have heard the news from the Blood Stream Sect. A terrifying Chosen rose up there, someone named Nightcrypt. He was even promoted to be the blood master of their Middle Peak!"

"What?" Bai Xiaochun had been in the middle of worrying about the war between the two sects when Hou Yunfei's words struck his ears, causing him to narrow his eyes.

"That's right. Beihan Lie, Ghostfang, Shangguan Tianyou, and I all made an agreement. If we catch sight of this Nightcrypt, we'll all join forces to kill him immediately. Xiaochun, when the time comes, you have to help too, alright?!" Hou Yunfei's eyes flickered with the desire to kill. After reaching Earthstring Foundation Establishment, he had changed in fundamental ways. He was now his own man. However, in the end, he continued to value his friendships more than anything else.

Bai Xiaochun's heart was pounding. Licking his lips, he was just about to reply, when the killing intent around him erupted at the mention of Nightcrypt's name. Even Xu Baocai was gritting his teeth in anger.

Big Fatty Zhang's eyes burned as if with fire, and of the group, only Hou Xiaomei seemed to look a little frightened.

"That Nightcrypt is completely vicious," someone said, snorting coldly, "and has killed too many people to count. Based on the news I heard, he loves to drink human blood. In fact, if he doesn't drink blood on a daily basis, he goes on a rampage. I heard it has something to do with the techniques he cultivates."

"He drinks human blood?" Bai Xiaochun said, eyes going wide. It seemed completely incredulous. As far as he could remember, he had never done anything even similar to that.

"I heard that Nightcrypt has a completely twisted personality," someone else said. "He's a total pervert! He even has a bad reputation in the Blood Stream Sect. However, he's so ferocious that nobody there even dares to stand up to him."

"He's a pervert? He has a twisted personality...?" Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. For some reason, these descriptions didn't seem like him at all....

"That's nothing," Xu Baocai said with a growl of hatred. "I heard that he's addicted to refining corpses. How terrifying!!"

Bai Xiaochun's eyes went even wider.

Everyone seemed to want to top the others in terms of what they knew about Nightcrypt.

“In the end, though, he's truly a Chosen. At first nobody knew who he was, and he was only in Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. Despite that, he actually defeated Xuemei and the Middle Peak grand elder. He even crushed Song Que! That's how he became the blood master!”

“I even heard that one of the Blood Stream Sect's patriarchs took him as a stepson....”

“Nightcrypt's Dao of medicine is completely devilish. That's why they call him Plaguedevil....”

As soon as people brought up the Dao of medicine and the Plaguedevil moniker, people began to look over at Bai Xiaochun. His heart was now racing.

“Is this Nightcrypt really so bad?” Bai Xiaochun blurted subconsciously. “Those are all probably just rumors....” However, as soon as he finished speaking, Big Fatty Zhang clenched his hands into fists.

Worried that Bai Xiaochun might not take the matter seriously, he said, “Xiaochun, you have no way of knowing this, but

Nightcrypt's most terrifying aspect isn't his brutality, but his augury magic. There's nothing he can't figure out! With the snap of his fingers, he can come to know anything in the heavens or on earth. In fact, he divined everything there was to know about you! We absolutely have to wipe this guy out of existence!"

Everyone around him nodded gravely.

Bai Xiaochun looked at Big Fatty Zhang with wide eyes, thinking back to everything that had occurred when he came back as Nightcrypt....

Xu Baocai gritted his teeth and said, "That's right. We can't let that bastard live. Dammit! If I could have divine abilities like his, I could die without regret. Based on what I've heard, there are already about ten different cliques in the sect which have formed, all devoted solely to killing Nightcrypt.

"The legacy echelon cultivators released a statement that they vowed to kill him, and even the prime elders have plans in place. I also heard that the sect leader offered a big reward for his head!

"Once the fighting starts, Nightcrypt is going to be killed beyond the shadow of a doubt!"

The closer Bai Xiaochun and his friends got to Mount Daoseed, the more beads of sweat could be seen on his forehead. He felt wronged, of course. During his time as Nightcrypt, he hadn't done anything to offend so many people to the point where they should want to kill him.

That was especially true when he heard that the legacy echelon and the prime elders were planning to kill him, and that his own Elder Brother sect leader was offering a reward for him. Bai Xiaochun's heart was pounding, and even as he prepared to say something, a voice suddenly echoed out from Mount Daoseed. It was none other than Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong.

“Bai Xiaochun, come see me immediately!”

“What?!” Bai Xiaochun immediately got nervous and jumpy, and even reached up to rub his own face and make sure he wasn't wearing the Nightcrypt mask. To the surprise of all his friends, he nervously bid them farewell and then flew toward the hall where Zheng Yuandong awaited him.

After arriving, he hesitated outside for a moment before taking a deep breath and then entering the hall. After looking around, he saw Zheng Yuandong standing with his back to him, hands clasped at his waist.

Flickering lamplight lit the hall, which also seemed to be filled with a pulsating pressure. Bai Xiaochun had been a bit guilty before, but now started to get more nervous.

“Sect Leader, Elder Brother....”

“Bai Xiaochun, what gall you have!” Zheng Yuandong said, spinning in place, his eyes flashing like lightning. His voice boomed like thunder, and his cultivation base flared, emitting the

pressure of the great circle of Foundation Establishment. He was only a hair away from the Core Formation stage!

If it had been a mere matter of cultivation base pressure, Bai Xiaochun wouldn't have been worried at all. But he already feared both Zheng Yuandong and Li Qinghou, and to hear his Elder Brother berating him angrily caused Bai Xiaochun to immediately leap to the conclusion that he knew about the Nightcrypt situation....

“Elder Brother sect leader, I know I made a mistake....” he said, looking like he was on the verge of tears. In his mind, if the sect leader knew that he was Nightcrypt, then the best thing to do was admit fault.

“You're quite the daredevil aren't you?” Zheng Yuandong said furiously. “Do you even think before causing so much trouble? You asked to go out and gain experience, and that was fine, but then you went so far as to hide your aura? Do you know how many villains are out there looking for you? Did you know that the four blood masters of the Blood Stream Sect swore an oath to kill you? If they found you, you would never have been able to escape!!

“The only thing the sect could do was spread word that you were in secluded meditation, and secretly search for you. We turned the whole Eastwood Continent upside down trying to find you!”

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times, then breathed a sigh of relief. Moved, he bowed his head meekly and admitted the error of his ways.

Zheng Yuandong scolded him a bit more, and when he was satisfied with Bai Xiaochun's expression, he snorted coldly. By this point, he could see that Bai Xiaochun's cultivation base was already in the mid Foundation Establishment stage, and his eyes softened a bit. However, he still seemed angry.

"Fine. I'm not going to ask about why you concealed your aura, or where you went. You're not a kid anymore, and you know how to behave yourself.... The real reason I called you here was to assign you a mission!"

Bai Xiaochun could tell from the sect leader's body language that he'd gone a bit too far by leaving and concealing his aura. Trying to look stalwart, he slapped his chest and growled, "Elder Brother, just say the word. Even if it involves climbing mountains of blades and swimming through seas of burning oil, I won't even frown, no matter what you say!"

Bai Xiaochun wanted to put on an impressive show, but he also didn't want to commit to anything specific. Although his words were impressive-sounding, he hadn't actually said that he would accept the mission.

Zheng Yuandong swished his sleeve dramatically and said, "The Spirit Stream Sect is about to go to war with the Blood Stream Sect. Your mission is, should you encounter the chance on the battlefield, you are to cut down the weakest of the Blood Stream Sect's four blood masters, Nightcrypt!"

“Huh?” Bai Xiaochun thought. He felt like he was about to go crazy. The Blood Stream Sect wanted him to kill Bai Xiaochun, and the Spirit Stream Sect wanted him to kill Nightcrypt....

The idea of trying to figure out a way to kill himself was so puzzling that Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but frown.

Zheng Yuandong could see the odd expression on his face, and looked at him suspiciously.

“What's wrong? All of the Blood Stream Sect blood masters deserve to die!”

More nervous than ever, Bai Xiaochun thumped himself on the again and said, “Elder Brother sect leader, don't worry. This Nightcrypt has a twisted personality, and loves to drink human blood. He is vile beyond description. Completely deranged, and deserving of punishment by all living beings. I heard that he seduced the grand elder of Middle Peak, and somehow won the favor of most of the patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect. A person like that is someone I definitely must exterminate!” Although he looked like the picture of righteous fury, inside, he was more anxious than ever.

“So, it turns out you know quite a bit about this Nightcrypt.” Zheng Yuandong looked a bit surprised.

Bai Xiaochun howled inwardly. It seemed that nothing he said today was coming out right. More nervous than ever, he continued, “I, Bai Xiaochun, am devoted to righteousness. During

my wanderings outside the sect, I heard of this maniac Nightcrypt. Elder Brother sect leader, don't worry. I, Bai Xiaochun, guarantee that I will accomplish the mission!"

Zheng Yuandong's gaze slowly softened.

"With your Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivation base, and the fact that you're already in mid Foundation Establishment, you shouldn't have any trouble cutting down Nightcrypt on the battlefield. I'll assign some people to work with you, some of the prime elders and legacy echelon cultivators. They'll make sure you get your chance!

"Remember, you must accomplish this mission and kill Blood Master Nightcrypt. If you do, then you'll be able to join the legacy echelon even without reaching Core Formation!

"The legacy echelon is the true foundation of the Spirit Stream Sect. No matter how bad things get, all of the sect's resources will be focused on preserving the echelon!" The implication behind those words spoken caused Bai Xiaochun to feel shaken, and yet, also caused warmth to rise up in his heart.

Chapter 270: Thoughtful

The way he heard it, his Elder Brother sect leader was saying that even if the Spirit Stream Sect lost the war, there was still a way for him to keep on living.

Perhaps because of his Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivation base, he was already part of a select group of people who would remain safe. However, if he managed to cut down blood masters in battle, then it would ensure that his rank in the sect rose even higher!

“You just got back,” Zheng Yuandong said slowly, “so go pay your respects to our Master. Then rest a bit. As for the arrangements for the battlefield, you’ve been placed into the fourth wave....”

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. Clasping hands formally to Zheng Yuandong, he didn’t immediately leave, but instead asked about Li Qinghou. Li Qinghou hadn’t offered him much of an explanation before going into seclusion, and back then, Bai Xiaochun had assumed it was nothing more than an ordinary session of meditation. Never could he have imagined that he was actually trying to break through to Core Formation. That was no simple task.

“Your Uncle Li has already reached Core Formation,” Zheng Yuandong said with a smile. “He’s now in the legacy echelon. He’s currently in recovery, and should come out any day now.”

Eyes flashing with excitement, Bai Xiaochun clasped hands and then rushed away.

After leaving the hall, Bai Xiaochun went to pay his respects to the portrait of his Master. Then he returned to his own immortal's cave on Mount Daoseed. Bruiser was waiting there for him, and immediately ran up and started tumbling around at his feet.

“Did you recognize me last time I was here?” Bai Xiaochun asked, petting Bruiser a few times.

Bruiser nodded and then let out a few yips.

“So, what did you think? Is your dad awesome or what? I went completely wild in the Blood Stream Sect. Nobody there ever dared to provoke me.” Bai Xiaochun was feeling very pleased with himself as he bragged about his accomplishments. However, it was then that he realized that Bruiser had matured even more. Shockingly, his cultivation base was on the verge of reaching late Foundation Establishment. Bai Xiaochun immediately felt sour inside.

“Your cultivation is going a bit too quickly, isn't it?” he said. It didn't seem fair. He had worked long and hard to reach mid Foundation Establishment, and had even risked his own life. All Bruiser had to do was fool around all day, and he got the same result.

Bruiser appeared to be very proud of himself. Looking at Bai Xiaochun, he made some barking sounds that no one else would be

able to comprehend, but Bai Xiaochun, having raised him, could understand. Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide, and he gasped.

“The peak lord of Irispetal Peak fed you medicinal pills every day!? The founding patriarch frequently came to adjust your qi passageways? The old dragon came and let you drink his life blood?”

“What? You went to the arcane pocket realm? Y-y-you....” Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide as he glared jealously at Bruiser.

“Okay, tell me the truth. Did you go steal any bras while I was gone?”

Bruiser howled softly in response. The two of them chatted back and forth until evening fell. However, worried that Bruiser's cultivation base might eventually exceed his own, Bai Xiaochun finally called an end to the chatting and sat down to meditate and work on his Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation.

Over the course of the following days, quite a few people came to visit, but after that, things quieted down.

After spending time reminiscing with so many acquaintances, Bai Xiaochun came to realize that the Spirit Stream Sect had changed while he'd been gone.

Back before he'd left, everyone was focused primarily on their cultivation. Although there were some conflicts and rivalries, it

was always possible to hear people chatting happily. Everyone had always seemed relaxed. But now, silence seemed to prevail, and pressure seemed to constantly weigh down on the sect.

A storm was coming, the war, and all of the disciples were wrapped up in preparing for it.

Thankfully, because of that pressure and seriousness, the killing intent of the cultivators grew more intense. The survival of their sect was on the line, and however deep the cultivators sank into the pressure, that was how explosive their performance would be on the battlefield.

The Spirit Stream Sect was stronger now than it had ever been!

Virtually all of the items in the market outside the sect had been purchased. Furthermore, because so many disciples were buying things, prices had climbed.

That was especially true of spirit medicine, paper talismans, and other items designed for warfare. As far as magical items went, they eventually sold out completely. And when it came to the disciples from Violet Cauldron Peak who could perform spirit enhancements, they were constantly busy, and the lines only continued to grow longer.

Quite a few people started coming to Bai Xiaochun to ask for medicine concocting services. Even though they knew that terrifying things could result, they still wanted his help.

The more Bai Xiaochun came to understand the situation in the Spirit Stream Sect, the more his mood sank, and the more often he frowned. Currently, he was sitting on a boulder near his immortal's cave, a vantagepoint that allowed him to see the entire sect.

He could see all of the familiar mountains, the rushing Heavenspan River, and couldn't stop wondering what the result of all the fighting would be....

"The Middle Reaches, and the Sky River Court...." he murmured. The chance to take over the position occupied by the Sky River Court was something that could arouse an indescribable thirst among sects of the Lower Reaches.

"Is it really worth it...?" he said, sighing. From the bottom of his heart, he truly hoped that the two sects wouldn't actually go to war. Perhaps other people thought of the Blood Stream Sect as a vicious, brutal, and devilish sect. But as far as Bai Xiaochun was concerned, they had treated him well.

Even as Bai Xiaochun sighed, a soft voice spoke out behind him.

"Maybe the Sky River Court isn't worth it in and of itself. But the patriarchs' hope of breaking through to the next level is involved. Plus, the sect itself would then have a chance to grow even stronger. Once all of the other current disciples have access to the spiritual energy of the Middle Reaches, it would only take a few dozen years or so for them to rapidly increase their cultivation bases. When you consider all that, it changes the story, doesn't it?"

Taken by surprise, Bai Xiaochun turned to look over his shoulder, and saw someone standing there in a long green robe, pulsing with powerful energy, and smiling. It was Li Qinghou.

Li Qinghou looked very different from how Bai Xiaochun remembered him. He seemed more reserved and more dignified, and as Bai Xiaochun looked at him, he got the sense that there was an enormous vortex inside of him, something that, if it were unleashed, could shake heaven and earth in enigmatic ways.

Bai Xiaochun had never even sensed such fluctuations from the prime elders. Eyes widening, he shouted, “Uncle Li!!”

With that, he leapt to his feet and rushed over to hug Li Qinghou.

Li Qinghou laughed and tousled his hair.

“Yeah, you’ve grown up quite a bit, haven’t you?” In Li Qinghou’s eyes, Bai Xiaochun would always be that young boy who had lit an incense stick thirteen times on top of a mountain.

Li Qinghou’s words almost caused tears to well up in Bai Xiaochun’s eyes. Back in the Blood Stream Sect, he had been forced to hide his identity, but had never forgotten about Li Qinghou and his kindness.

After returning to the Spirit Stream Sect, he had been worried that something went wrong in Li Qinghou’s secluded meditation.

However, now that he could see that he truly had reached Core Formation, it filled him with incredible excitement, even more excitement than if he had just concocted a high-level medicinal pill.

“Xiaochun, the war is not as simple as you might imagine.” Li Qinghou sat down, and Bai Xiaochun sat down next to him. “In addition to everything I just mentioned, don’t forget about the reserve powers at the sect’s command. When it comes to having control over the Lower Reaches, and the glory that would come with it, there are many factors involved.

“The war between the Profound Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect is reaching a conclusion. The Pill Stream Sect has suffered major losses, and more than half of their disciples have already defected to the Profound Stream Sect. Although the Profound Stream Sect has also suffered significant losses, they’re already in the process of recovering. The Pill Stream Sect has retreated to their sect headquarters, and it won’t be long now before the two sects become one, and they’ll be even more powerful than before.

“At this point, the Profound Stream Sect has two problems. One, they have to completely defeat the Pill Stream Sect. Two, they have to reorganize their sect and smooth out any internal conflicts. At the moment, the Profound Stream Sect is at its weakest, and has no choice but to press the Pill Stream Sect hard to defeat it. As for the Blood Stream Sect, they have been delaying in the hopes that the Spirit Stream Sect will meet their demands and allow the sect to be sealed.”

Bai Xiaochun hesitated for a moment, trying to decide if he

should bring up a certain topic. “Do we really have to fight? Isn’t there some other way?”

“Don’t think too deeply into things,” Li Qinghou replied softly. “This war is really unavoidable. Any sect that aspires to get to the Middle Reaches will have to go to war eventually. If we don’t fight now, if we compromise, we will be bringing certain disaster down on ourselves in the future. We will wheeze and gasp our way to death over a thousand years. Does that really compare to going out in a blaze of glory in battle?!”

“We can’t prevent the war from happening, and neither can the Blood Stream Sect. There is no other option. If we claim to have given up on the opportunity to better our own sect, people won’t believe us. Even oaths sworn between the sects will be worth little.

“The only way to end things without war would be for both sects to somehow come to trust each other in this moment of deadly crisis.

“However, it doesn’t seem likely that such a thing could occur.” Li Qinghou shook his head and looked over at Bai Xiaochun.

“Don’t think too much into it. Remember, you stay behind me when the time comes to fight. I fear that many people are going to die....” Li Qinghou sighed softly, then rose to his feet. Seeing that Bai Xiaochun seemed to be lost in thought, he reached down and clasped his shoulder.

“Come on, let’s go. I want to take you to see someone from the

Senior generation. My own Master!”

Bai Xiaochun looked up in surprise. This was his first time hearing anything about Li Qinghou having a Master. From what he knew, the only person who could be a Master to Li Qinghou would have to at least be a prime elder, or perhaps even one of the five patriarchs.

After taking a moment to compose himself, he followed Li Qinghou off of Mount Daoseed. As they rose higher, Bai Xiaochun was surprised to find that Li Qinghou was actually flying up into the air behind Mount Daoseed.

There didn't seem to be anything behind Mount Daoseed except the flowing waters of the Heavenspan River.

Chapter 271: True Emptiness, the Most Wonderful Possession

Without looking back, Li Qinghou murmured, “[Possession without possession is the most wonderful possession. Emptiness without emptiness is the true emptiness....](#)”

Bai Xiaochun was shaken by the words. Clearly, they contained profound meaning, and yet, he had no idea what that meaning was. However, Li Qinghou only seemed more impressive because of it.

Before long, they were in the air behind Mount Daoseed. Even as they neared their apparent destination, Bai Xiaochun still didn't see anything out of the ordinary. After a moment of thought, he opened his third eye. Li Qinghou sensed what he was doing, and looked back at him, eyes shining with praise. Then, he stopped in place, hovering there while he waited to see what would happen.

As Bai Xiaochun examined the area with the Heavenspan Dharma Eye, he saw nothing. Therefore, he decided he might as well unleash some of the power of his three spiritual seas. Pouring their power into his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, and adding in some of his Heaven-Dao aura, he once again looked around.

Pain stabbed into his third eye, but at the same time, his view of the world changed. Just barely, he could now see the vague image of a majestic mountain floating in the air behind Mount Daoseed.

“A mountain....” he blurted in shock. Unable to sustain the use of

his Heavenspan Dharma Eye any longer, he closed it. Panting, he looked over at Li Qinghou, an expression of complete incredulity on his face.

Suddenly, an ancient voice spoke out of nowhere. “What you just saw is something that only the sect leader, the legacy echelon, and the prime elders know about. The Spirit Stream Sect’s ninth mountain peak!”

Along with the voice, an old man emerged out of thin air. He had long white hair, and wore a flowing blue robe.

His face was ruddy, and on his forehead was a red, finger-nail sized birthmark. Despite his white hair, his face wasn’t very wrinkled, and his eyes shone with a piercing light. Clutched in his right hand was a four-colored jade pendant that glowed with dazzling light.

The air around him immediately began to ripple and distort, and the clouds in the sky began to churn. Shocking fluctuations flowed out from him, fluctuations which seemed to Bai Xiaochun to be like pressure from heaven. Even more shocking was the murderous aura which surrounded him, making him seem less like an old man and more like an ancient wild beast!

“Greetings, Master,” Li Qinghou said softly, clasping hands in formal greeting.

Despite having never seen the old man before, from his energy and murderous aura, Bai Xiaochun instantly guessed who he was.

Taking a deep breath, he clasped hands and bowed. “Bai Xiaochun offers greetings, Patriarch!”

The old man looked Bai Xiaochun up and down, a smile on his face that, because of his murderous aura, seemed particularly ferocious.

“You’re not in the legacy echelon, and thus, have seen things you have no right to see. Admit your sin immediately, child!” The man’s murderous aura almost immediately seemed to wrap around Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun shivered, and his face drained of blood. To him, it felt as if he were surrounded by death and destruction, leaving him scared witless.

“Master, you’ve frightened Xiaochun,” Li Qinghou said, sounding a bit embarrassed.

Bai Xiaochun really was frightened. The combination of the old man’s smile and his murderous aura caused all of the hair on Bai Xiaochun’s body to stand on end. He felt like he was in the grip of death, and it even felt as if his blood qi wanted to explode out of him to compare itself to the old man’s murderous aura.

The old man chuckled darkly, waving his hand so that a field of mist sprang up, surrounding him and ensuring that only a vague outline of his form was visible.

“Very well,” he said from within the mist. “But I’m going to remember this, child. If you make any mistakes in the future, punishment will be waiting for you!”

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times, then stuck his chin up and tried to look as obedient as possible. Inwardly, though, he couldn’t help but feel a bit of disdain. From what he could tell, the old man was just trying to scare him and teach him a lesson. Bai Xiaochun himself had used such methods back when he was acting as blood master in the Blood Stream Sect.

“Sir, since you’re my uncle’s Master, then that makes you my Sect Grandfather. Sect Grandfather, please accept the formal greetings of the younger generation!” Bai Xiaochun wasn’t very impressed, but still bowed deeply. Looking up, he patted his bag of holding to produce a medicinal pill bottle, which he held up above his head with both hands.

“Sect Grandfather, since this is our first meeting, sir, I would like to present you with the most precious spirit medicine I possess. Everyone who has consumed it has praised it to no end. The wonderful uses for this spirit medicine are virtually endless. Sect Grandfather, this gift is the sincerest expression of my familial piety, and I sincerely hope that you will accept it....” As he spoke, he kept his eyes fixed on the old man in the mist, and especially the four-colored jade pendant he held, which was obviously some sort of precious item.

Li Qinghou already felt a headache coming on. For any other person to offer a gift to someone of the older generation would be something relatively commonplace. However, when it came to Bai

Xiaochun, Li Qinghou could already tell that something different was going on. Then he realized what Bai Xiaochun was looking at, and smiled wryly.

This was clearly not a situation of offering a gift to the older generation, it was obviously him asking for a gift to be given to him....

As Li Qinghou smiled wryly, the old man's jaw dropped. After looking at Bai Xiaochun for another long moment, he was fairly certain he understood what Bai Xiaochun was thinking, and suddenly laughed.

“Ah, so you want a gift from me? Very well, I accept the medicinal pills, and will give you this jade pendant!” With that, the four-colored jade pendant flew out from the mist to hover in front of Bai Xiaochun. At the same time, the spirit medicine flew from Bai Xiaochun's hand into the mist.

Bai Xiaochun was actually surprised. This wasn't at all what he had intended. In fact, the unexpected gift of the jade pendant left him feeling a bit embarrassed. However, he didn't hesitate at all to reach out and grab it, his heart swelling with excitement. After examining it closely, he realized that it was anything but ordinary. Furthermore, the power inside of it reminded him very much of the lamp that the Song Clan patriarch had given him.

“That's a spirit treasure that can be used by a Core Formation cultivator,” the old man said, smiling. “Your cultivation base is a bit low, but if you catalyze the treasure with your Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment aura, you should be able to use it.” With

one more look at Bai Xiaochun, the old man turned to leave.

“Qinghou, this kid isn’t bad at all. Why don’t you go ahead and pass on the [Magic Plant Arsenal](#) incantation to him?”

“Many thanks, Master!” Li Qinghou clasped hands and bowed. His entire purpose in coming here had been to gain his Master’s approval to pass on the Magic Plant Arsenal to Bai Xiaochun.

After all, Bai Xiaochun was not his apprentice, but rather, the apprentice of another Master in the sect.

Having gained the patriarch’s approval, Li Qinghou shot a glare at Bai Xiaochun, then led him back to Mount Daoseed. Outside of Bai Xiaochun’s immortal’s cave, Li Qinghou gave him a jade slip that contained the secret magic of the Magic Plant Arsenal.

“The Magic Plant Arsenal isn’t a type of control magic. Instead, you will be able use the power of plants and vegetation to create battle prowess. Every type of plant and vegetation has innate spiritual qualities that you can incite, thus creating a certain level of power!

“Of course, that’s only the first step. By combining different types of medicinal plants, you can create something like a spell formation, unleashing even greater power. With the Magic Plant Arsenal, you can create weapons almost instantly!

“The truth is that the spell formation I just mentioned isn’t really

a spell formation, but rather, a pill formula. Not the type of pill formula that you use with a pill furnace, but rather a formula to create weapons that can unleash the deadly power of plants and vegetation!”

It was a technique that required a certain level of skill with plants and vegetation. Considering the level of Bai Xiaochun’s Dao of medicine, he almost immediately understood what Li Qinghou was talking about, and in fact, didn’t need any further instruction. With the jade slip Li Qinghou had just given him, he only needed the most important parts explained, and could cultivate the rest of it on his own.

Most important of all was that the jade slip contained the weapon formula, which had been pieced together over successive experiments performed by eighteen past cultivators of the Spirit Stream Sect!

Around the time evening fell, Li Qinghou prepared to leave. Before he did, he thought back to the medicinal pill Bai Xiaochun had given to his Master, and asked, “What kind of spirit medicine did you give to Patriarch Ironwood?”

Bai Xiaochun blinked guiltily, but having no other option than to tell the truth, he stuck his chin up and proudly said, “Patriarch Ironwood? Oh, I gave him the most precious type of medicinal pill I have in my bag of holding! It’s the most famous pill in the Spirit Stream Sect, which I myself created!”

As soon as Li Qinghou heard this, his expression flickered with disbelief. A moment passed, and then he hesitantly asked,

“Aphrodisiac Pills?”

Bai Xiaochun nodded, feeling a bit guilty, and when he saw Li Qinghou’s ashen face, he suddenly started to get nervous.

“Hey, that pill is great,” he said, “and that’s no lie. Really, everybody loves it. Even the old dragon from the north bank praised it incessantly. After all, the patriarch is already getting pretty old, isn’t he...?”

Mind spinning, Li Qinghou glared at Bai Xiaochun one last time and then flew at top speed toward the ninth mountain peak....

Bai Xiaochun still felt a bit guilty, and continued to mutter to himself after Li Qinghou left. “I didn’t say anything that wasn’t true! That pill really is the most precious one I have! What gives that old fogey the right to go scaring people! I didn’t do anything to him!”

Bai Xiaochun was actually a bit scared, and after some thought, decided it wasn’t a good idea to stay in one place. Calling Bruiser over, he left his immortal’s cave and headed toward the north bank.

By this point it was dark. Bai Xiaochun and Bruiser slipped noiselessly into the north bank, and were soon in the Beast Conservatory. At that point, he started to relax.

“With Bruiser and the old dragon here, even if Patriarch

Ironwood tries to come teach me a lesson, I'll at least have some backup to help me!" Sighing, Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but muse that life had been much better in the Blood Stream Sect. As the Blood Devil, all he had to do was snap his finger, and any patriarch who came to teach him a lesson would have his cultivation base instantly reduced by half.

This is an expression that comes from ancient Chinese philosophy. I searched for quite some time, but wasn't able to find an existing English translation of this exact passage, although some of the terms (emptiness, for example) are fairly common Buddhist terminology. Frankly, this kind of stuff is difficult to understand even for native Chinese speakers. Beerblade helped me do some research, and afterward, his response was: "Dude, even after reading the explanations, I still don't understand it." I think my version captures the meaning of the characters, grammar, syntax, etc. As for the deeper meaning of the saying itself, and what it means within the context of the story, you'll have to work that out on your own.

In the past I translated this as Magic Plant Soldiers, but decided to change the name

Chapter 272: With Bruiser On My Side, The Spirit Stream Sect Is Mine

Sighing, Bai Xiaochun pushed away his memories of the Blood Stream Sect, then sat down cross-legged in one of the rooms in the honor guard station in the Beast Conservatory. He wanted to call Bruiser over to keep him company, but soon realized that after returning to the north bank, Bruiser was suddenly nowhere to be found.

“Bruiser’s definitely up to no good again!” When he thought about all the things that Bruiser had done in the past, and the fact that they now had almost equal cultivation bases, not only did he feel it to be unfair, it also made him nervous.

“This won’t do! I have to spend as much time as I can cultivating. I have to break out of mid Foundation Establishment and into late Foundation Establishment!” Taking a deep breath, he produced the little turtle and began shaking it back and forth.

The turtle’s head, limbs, and tail flapped and flopped against its shell as Bai Xiaochun shook it. It almost looked like a rag doll.

After shaking it for quite a while, though, no fragrant aroma appeared. Bai Xiaochun was not happy.

“I suffered untold trials and tribulations, experienced untold danger, all to get this little turtle. So what if I got tricked into thinking it was a relic of eternal indestructibility? At least this fragrant aroma can benefit me!” Glaring at the turtle shell, he

shook it even harder, causing more knocking sounds to ring out. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, some streams of fragrant aroma wafted out from inside.

Bai Xiaochun's spirits were instantly lifted. Taking a deep breath, he absorbed the fragrance into himself through his mouth and nose, then began to work with the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation. Almost immediately, the energy of heaven and earth in the area began to rush toward him, creating an invisible vortex. At the same time, a sound like a roaring wave could be heard, as something very similar to a Tideflow began.

Because of the explosive influx of energy, the fourth of his nine spiritual seas began to show signs of crystallization.

Simultaneously, the cup of Heavenspan River water that he'd absorbed continued to melt and fuse into his fourth spiritual sea. Bai Xiaochun was more excited than ever.

"It's working! Hahaha! This little turtle isn't completely useless after all!" Bai Xiaochun settled his qi and cleared his mind, then immersed himself in the process of crystallizing his fourth spiritual sea. As time progressed, it grew more and more stable.

After an entire night passed, it was only about twenty percent complete, and he was starting to get a bit anxious. However, there was nothing else he could do. Patience was required when it came to provoking changes in the fourth spiritual sea.

Three days passed by in a flash. Bruiser had returned, mouth

overflowing with a pile of multi-colored bras. He'd been about to jump on Bai Xiaochun to wrestle with him, but when he realized that he was in the middle of cultivation, a serious expression gleamed in his eyes, and he placed himself outside the door to stand guard.

To Bruiser, none of the people or beasts in the Spirit Stream Sect, nothing in heaven and earth, was more important than Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun was his own heaven!

If anyone attempted to interrupt Bai Xiaochun's cultivation, or do anything else harmful to him, Bruiser would protect him with his life!

All of the battle beasts on the north bank could sense how serious Bruiser had gotten, and as a result, the north bank became very quiet. The beasts' masters were shocked to find that the beasts began to, of their own initiative, fly over to the Beast Conservatory, seemingly to stand guard at its borders.

That was especially true of the beasts which resided in the Beast Conservatory itself.

One evening, when Bai Xiaochun's fourth spiritual sea was about ninety percent crystallized, Ghostfang Peak on the north bank and Green Crest Peak on the south bank apparently reached their highest level of energy buildup, and glowing light shot up from them into the air, just like it had with Mount Daoseed. Within moments, rumbling that could shake heaven and earth filled the air, and two pillars of light appeared in the sky.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Deafening rumbling could be heard as the ground quaked. The sky trembled as the two pillars of light shot through the clouds, causing the vortex up above to grow even more massive.

All of the disciples in the sect detected what was happening and looked up, eyes shining. Almost immediately, conversations broke out.

“The second wave is going to leave soon!”

As the pillars of light continue to cause everything to shake and rumble, quite a few people headed toward Green Crest Peak and Ghostfang Peak! Numerous beams of light could be seen racing through the air as the Spirit Stream Sect’s second wave of teleportations began!

The first wave, which had left only a few days before, had been led by Patriarch Li Zimo, and had been made up of around 2,000 people. That group was already stationed in the Luo Chen Mountains. As for the second wave, it contained far more people than the first wave, nearly 5,000.

They included Xu Song, Gongsun Yun and Hou Yunfei, as well as some of the other Chosen. There were also quite a number of Inner Sect disciples, and even Outer Sect disciples.

All of them had very serious expressions on their faces, and were clearly ready to fight for the Spirit Stream Sect. As the light on the two mountains grew brighter, Foundation Establishment cultivators appeared, along with some of the prime elders.

After the prime elders, a few figures appeared who shone with golden light. Although it was impossible to make out their features clearly, they emanated fluctuations which far surpassed the prime elders. They couldn't quite match up to the patriarchs, but the boundless sensation they gave off caused the cultivators of the Spirit Stream Sect to feel completely shaken.

“Those golden figures. Could they be...?”

“Legacy echelon cultivators!!”

It only took a few moments for the golden figures to become the focus of all attention. Soon, people realized that the golden figures seemed to stir the qi flow of the entire Spirit Stream Sect.

Their every move and action caused the cultivators to tremble, and filled their hearts with boundless veneration and passion.

They were none other than legacy echelon cultivators, not the entire contingent, only a few of the whole force. Each of them was a Chosen among Chosen in their generation, the focus of all attention.

Along with the legacy echelon cultivators, one of the five

patriarchs also appeared. He looked like a young man, but his eyes radiated something profoundly ancient. From the feeling he gave off, he had existed for innumerable years.

“I am Patriarch Redmoon!” he said, his expression hard and cold.

“For the Spirit Stream Sect, we will all...” Before he could finish speaking, the voices of countless Spirit Stream Sect disciple joined together to complete the sentence.

“Fight!!”

Seeing the fighting spirit of the disciples caused Patriarch Redmoon to throw his head back and laugh. Flicking his sleeve, he caused the light shining up from the two mountain peaks to explode, and the power of teleportation to erupt out. It only took a moment for all of the 5,000 cultivators to vanish.

As for the cultivators who remained behind, it wasn't possible for them to give vent to their desire to fight. Instead, they looked around at the remaining five mountain peaks, which were glowing brighter and brighter.

They all knew that the next time one of the mountain peaks erupted with light, it would mean that the third wave was leaving.

As the teleportation of the second wave concluded, Bai Xiaochun was in secluded meditation in the Beast Conservatory, his fourth spiritual sea already ninety-seven percent crystallized.

Two hours later, his eyes snapped open, and they flickered with dazzling light. Rumbling sounds filled him as his fourth spiritual sea became completely crystallized!

Bruiser immediately detected that Bai Xiaochun had opened his eyes, and burst into the room. When he laid eyes on Bai Xiaochun, he threw his head back and let out a joyful howl.

A broad smile could be seen on Bai Xiaochun's face, and he was just about to say something when all of the beasts in the Beast Conservatory responded to Bruiser's howl, and joined in.

That wasn't the end of it. All of the beasts who had arrayed themselves outside of the Beast Conservatory also joined the howl. Apparently, Bruiser's actions had a powerful inciting effect on the emotions of all the other beasts.

The sound of countless howls filled the entire north bank, as if all the beasts were congratulating him. The cultivators there were completely shaken. However, the howls didn't last for long before they faded away. Even still, Bai Xiaochun was deeply moved.

Eyebrows raised, he looked at Bruiser and murmured, "I... I just made a little breakthrough, there's no need to make such a ruckus...."

Bruiser dipped his head in embarrassment.

Heart beginning to pound, Bai Xiaochun asked, “Bruiser, can you really control all of those battle beasts?”

When he saw Bruiser nod in response, his mind began to spin, and his eyes went wide. Even back when he had visited the Spirit Stream Sect as Nightcrypt, he’d gotten the feeling that the battle beasts took orders from Bruiser.

However, he’d been unable to look into the matter more closely at the time. That memory, plus what he had seen after returning, led him to a very shocking conclusion.

Now that he had confirmed his suspicion, it left him reeling. However, after a bit of time passed, he came to accept the situation.

“So that’s what a beast king can do, huh?” he murmured enviously. Suddenly, he felt very pleased with himself, and his eyes began to shine brightly. With Bruiser on his side, he controlled nearly half of the Spirit Stream Sect.

That thought got him more excited than ever. Throwing his head back, he laughed uproariously. Finally, he was starting to feel the same way he had back in the Blood Stream Sect.

Chapter 273: Zhou Xinqi, It's Destiny

Although he felt wonderful for a moment, his feelings soon changed. On the one hand, he was happy that Bruiser was so powerful, but on the other hand, he was worried that he was falling behind.

“If my Bruiser is strong, then I have to be strong too!” Gritting his teeth, he pulled out the little turtle and started shaking it back and forth violently in the hopes of continuing his cultivation.

Despite shaking it for an entire hour, until his entire arm was sore, the floppy little turtle didn't emit any fragrant aroma whatsoever.

There was nothing Bai Xiaochun could do, and he was starting to feel like the little turtle was completely useless. Eventually, he decided to give up. Sitting there with his chin resting on his palm, he began to think.

Despite how intelligent Bruiser was, he couldn't figure out why Bai Xiaochun seemed to be in such conflict. However, seeing that he was being ignored, he decided to go out and play for a bit.

Having been so busy guarding Bai Xiaochun over the past few days, he'd lost many opportunities to go run around, so now that he had a chance, he flew out of the door, howling....

Bai Xiaochun watched Bruiser speed away, and sighed. Frowning, he continued to think.

“I have to come up with a way to increase my cultivation base. I have to get some inspiration regarding spirit medicine.... Just what spirit medicine could help me do what I want...?” After reviewing all of the medicine formulas he’d mastered, he still couldn’t think of anything suitable to increase his cultivation base.

Just when he was about to admit defeat, his head shot up, and he smacked his thigh. Eyes shining, he said, “The River-Defying Pill!!

“Yeah! I forgot about the River-Defying Pill!!” Excited, he quickly smacked his bag of holding to produce the jade slip that contained the formula for the River-Defying Pill. He also began to flip through the Frigid School Medicine Manual. Before the enlightenment from the Holy Pill Wall Fragment, he didn’t understand much of the Frigid School Medicine Manual, but now that wasn’t the case.

After studying the medicine manual for a bit, and then looking over the River-Defying Pill jade slip, he continued to ponder the matter.

“You don’t need any types of plants or vegetation,” he murmured, “only water from the Heavenspan River. Furthermore, you don’t need a pill furnace. You use your own body as the pill furnace....” Back when he originally saw the formula, he thought it was very strange, to say the least. However, as his skill in the Dao of medicine increased, and he absorbed more Heavenspan River water with the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, his understanding grew.

Although he didn't completely comprehend all aspects of the formula, he definitely understood more than before.

After some more thought, his eyes flickered, and he walked to the actual north bank of the Heavenspan River.

The banks of the river were a restricted area in the sect. Not even Inner Sect disciples were permitted access to them. Only Foundation Establishment cultivators, who were also elders of the sect, were allowed to go there, and only a few times per year at that. By nearing the Heavenspan River itself, they were able to absorb some of its shocking spiritual energy to improve their cultivation.

However, the spiritual energy there was so powerful there that even Foundation Establishment cultivator weren't permitted to stay very long. If they did, the spiritual energy in their bodies could be thrown into utter chaos.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun arrived, he noticed two cultivators sitting cross-legged not too far away, practicing cultivation with the spiritual energy from the Heavenspan River. It was a man and a woman. The woman wore a sea-blue robe, and was very beautiful, with delicate, fair skin and eyelashes that fluttered slightly as she meditated. As soon as Bai Xiaochun saw her, he smiled.

"I was just wondering why something seemed missing after I got back. I haven't seen Sect Niece Xinqi this entire time! So, it turns out she's been hiding over here."

The young woman was none other than Zhou Xinqi.

After examining Zhou Xinqi for a moment, he looked at the man sitting next to her, and frowned. For some reason, he almost couldn't believe his eyes when he saw that it was Shangguan Tianyou!

Bai Xiaochun wasn't sure what technique Shangguan Tianyou had been cultivating, but his previously flowing black hair was now golden. He'd already been so attractive that he made other men jealous, but his new hair color, in combination with his exquisite facial features, made him even more handsome.

Furthermore, his energy was different. In fact, he was so eye-catching that most people would likely forget all about Bai Xiaochun in his presence, and take Shangguan Tianyou to be the ultimate Chosen.

Even more annoying to Bai Xiaochun was that Shangguan Tianyou had a mark on his forehead that looked very similar to Bai Xiaochun's Heavenspan Dharma Eye. However, instead of forming the shape of an eye, it looked like a sword!

Sword qi emanated from the mark, causing Shangguan Tianyou to look very much like a sharp, unsheathed sword!

"I remember hearing that Shangguan Tianyou always benefited from good fortune. Not only does he have shocking latent talent, people always said that he's the reincarnation of some sword

immortal. It seems those weren't just rumors after all." Even as he pondered the matter, it struck him that, considering how close Shangguan Tianyou and Zhou Xinqi were sitting to each other, it seemed that feelings must have developed between them while he was away.

That thought left Bai Xiaochun even more annoyed than before. Sticking his chin up, he gave a cold harrumph, and decided that in the future, he would have to find an opportunity to show Zhou Xinqi exactly what kind of person Shangguan Tianyou really was.

Looking away from the two, he ignored them and picked a different area of the river bank to collect some Heavenspan River water.

Before cultivating the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, the only way Bai Xiaochun would have been able to take away some of the golden water would have been to use some sort of magical device.

But now that he had the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, he simply calmed himself, and then prepared to use some of the water to try to refine a River-Defying Pill.

Off in the distance, Shangguan Tianyou's eyes slowly opened, and as he looked over at Bai Xiaochun, they flickered with venomous animosity. Bai Xiaochun had always been a thorn in his side. Whether it was in the Chosen battles before they all reached Foundation Establishment, or in the Fallen Sword Abyss, or in the robe-shredding incident, it all caused Shangguan Tianyou to feel deep hatred for Bai Xiaochun.

Next to him sat Zhou Xinqi. Although it looked like she was in the middle of meditating, she hadn't completely retracted her divine sense, and had become aware of Bai Xiaochun the moment he showed up. Frowning, she also opened her eyes and looked in his direction.

Her feelings regarding Bai Xiaochun had changed over time. Originally, she had viewed him as a zealous and enthusiastic disciple. However, his terrifying talents in medicine concocting, plus the truth about the Chicken-Thieving Fiend, made it so that she wasn't really sure exactly how she felt about him.

Of even greater significance was that, after all the years that had passed, she had long since come to the realization that Fragrant Cloud Peak's mysterious little turtle was none other than Bai Xiaochun.

There was no other explanation for how Bai Xiaochun had made his rise in the Dao of medicine. That answer made her heart felt like it was being twisted in two directions, and the collision between her perceptions and reality was a heavy blow to her.

Then there was how Bai Xiaochun loved to get people to call him Sect Uncle, which was even more annoying to Zhou Xinqi. Seeing that he had simply come to the Heavenspan River to collect some river water, she decided to just ignore him. However, even as her eyes were closing, they suddenly went wide.

Unexpectedly, Bai Xiaochun wasn't using any magical device to

collect the water. Instead, he had reached his right hand out and was about to plunge it directly into the river.

Regardless of how she felt about him, they were fellow members of the same sect, and she didn't want to see him hurt.

“Bai Xiaochun, what are you doing!?” she cried. “You can't touch the Heavenspan River water! If that water touches Foundation Establishment cultivators like us, don't you know what will happen!? You'll—”

Shangguan Tianyou looked on, chuckling coldly in his heart, his eyes flashing with derision. He was actually looking forward to seeing Bai Xiaochun's arm dissolved by the river water, and wasn't very pleased that Zhou Xinqi was interfering.

However, even as his displeasure rose, and Zhou Xinqi called out, Bai Xiaochun's hand entered the river water, and then emerged with about a cup's worth of golden water in his hand. He looked over at Zhou Xinqi.

Looking at her expectantly, he said, “I'll what?”

It felt wonderful to be able to make such a scene right in front of Shangguan Tianyou.

Zhou Xinqi's jaw dropped as she looked at the Heavenspan River water cupped in Bai Xiaochun's right hand. Some of it was even dripping back down into the river itself.

Shangguan Tianyou's eyes were as wide as saucers, and his mind was reeling. He was very well aware of how terrifying the water of the Heavenspan River was, and yet, Bai Xiaochun had just reached his hand in and scooped some out.

"You..." Zhou Xinqi said incredulously.

Bai Xiaochun examined the expressions on their faces, and his heart swelled with joy, especially when he looked at Shangguan Tianyou. With that, he lifted his hand up to his mouth and sipped some of the water. Then he stuck his chin up into the air and coolly said, "Possession without possession is the most wonderful possession. Emptiness without emptiness is the true emptiness...."

It was the same expression he had heard from Li Qinghou a few days before. Back then, it had sounded completely and utterly profound, and the truth was, he still didn't know what it meant. However, considering how shaken he had been when he'd heard it, he had decided that he should use it on someone else. Now that he finally had the chance, he suddenly felt completely abstruse and philosophical.

A tremor ran through Zhou Xinqi. At first, she thought she understood what he meant, but the more she thought about it, the more confused she was. Either way, Bai Xiaochun suddenly seemed even more marvelous to her than he had before.

Shangguan Tianyou's eyes flashed brightly as he glared in disbelief at Bai Xiaochun. Even though he didn't understand what

Bai Xiaochun had just said, he was sure that the words contained deep and profound meaning.

However, he simply couldn't believe that such a profound statement about the Dao could possibly come out of the mouth of someone like Bai Xiaochun, and so naturally at that.

Bai Xiaochun swished his sleeve. "Zhou Xinqi, you have a good heart. It was destiny that you should offer me such a heartfelt warning. Likewise, the words I have spoken to you this day are another destiny, if you can understand them...."

Giving her an aloof smile, he strolled away, his voice seemingly resonating with ancient profundity as he said, "Possession without possession is the most wonderful possession. Emptiness without emptiness is the true emptiness... therefore... emptiness is the most wonderful possession."

As Zhou Xinqi watched Bai Xiaochun walking away, her inner vision of him suddenly changed completely....

Although none of the three of them noticed, there was a monkey standing next to the riverbank some distance away, accompanied by an old man, who was none other than the founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream Sect.

"The little punk doesn't even know what that sentence means," the founding patriarch said with a chuckle. "And yet he throws it around anyway."

The look in the monkey's eyes was different from the look in the founding patriarch's eyes. Somewhere deep within them was hidden a profound, mysterious gleam.

Chapter 274: Once Upon A Time, I Was Also A Crazy Teen!

After leaving the bank of the Heavenspan River, Bai Xiaochun was in very high spirits. He decided that he needed to remember that saying; it was definitely very useful.

“Hmmmmph! In the future, whenever I see things I don’t like, I can use that phrase to scare people. It will definitely put people in their place!” After returning to the Beast Conservatory, he thought some more about how to refine the River-Defying Pill, and after hesitating a bit, he gritted his teeth and started working.

To make the River-Defying Pill, he needed to use his own body as the furnace. On the second day of his efforts, he screamed, and then poofing sounds could be heard, after which he flew out of his room.

Even after emerging out into the open, more poofing sounds could be heard coming from behind him.

“How could this be happening...?” he said. His insides felt like they were completely filled with swirling gas. The process of expelling it frightened Bruiser so much that he fled. Before long, the entire honor guard station was filled with a noxious odor.

Bai Xiaochun was scowling on the verge of tears. The effects of the gas continued for almost the entire day before fading away. Bai Xiaochun was so frightened that he didn’t dare to perform any more tests.

“That thing is definitely not meant to be concocted by people. Terrifying! I always blow up furnaces when I concoct medicine. But if I use myself as the furnace to concoct a River-Defying Pill, then what happens if there’s an explosion...?” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Bai Xiaochun felt more terrified than before. Worried that he might lose his poor little life, he decided to give up.

“I’m definitely not going to concoct that pill!” When he thought about the day of misery he had just endured, he suddenly had an inkling of what it must feel like to be a bystander to his own pill concocting.

Even as he stood there sighing, several beams of light appeared outside of the Beast Conservatory. It was Big Fatty Zhang, Third Fatty Hei, and Xu Baocai. Almost Immediately, they detected the noxious odor filling the honor guard station.

“What’s that smell?” Big Fatty Zhang said, eyes wide.

“Is that...?” Xu Baocai looked shocked. Then he seemed to think of something so outrageous that he immediately dismissed the notion.

Third Fatty Hei was actually a slender young woman. Her skin wasn’t very fair, but she was tall and heroic-looking. At the moment, even she was frowning.

Bai Xiaochun started to blush, and then cleared his throat.

“Oh, that’s Bruiser. He ate some bad meat the other day.”

Bruiser was currently standing off in the distance, and when he heard what Bai Xiaochun was saying, he was about to howl. However, a glare from Bai Xiaochun caused him to sit down dejectedly and stare at the group.

Seeing that Big Fatty Zhang and the others were still suspicious, Bai Xiaochun quickly changed the subject.

“So anyway, what are you guys doing here?”

Declining to press Bai Xiaochun about the noxious odor, Big Fatty Zhang looked over and said, “We came to bid you farewell. Tomorrow, the third wave will teleport away, and we three are part of it.”

When Bai Xiaochun heard that, his heart trembled. Big Fatty Zhang, Third Fatty Hei, and Xu Baocai had all experienced significant advances in their cultivation base while he was in the Blood Stream Sect. As of this point, all of them were Inner Sect disciples.

None of them had reached Foundation Establishment yet, only the great circle of Qi Condensation. People like that wouldn’t be of much use on the battlefield. However, a large group of them together would be able to power a spell formation, something that could unleash terrifying energy.

Unsure of what to say, Bai Xiaochun maintained his silence. The entire group felt as if a great weight were settling onto their shoulders.

“We might not necessarily lose this war,” Third Fatty Hei said. “Since we have to fight, then we might as well work together to cut down the enemy!” Her words seemed to lift the spirits of Big Fatty Zhang and Xu Baocai.

Bai Xiaochun looked around at his friends, and then thought about the comrades who had died in the Fallen Sword Abyss. He simply couldn’t imagine what it would be like to see Big Fatty Zhang and his other close friends falling in battle. He didn’t want to see anybody die in the fighting. He didn’t want any war. He just wanted everyone to keep living together happily.

“Don’t look like that, Xiaochun,” Big Fatty Zhang said. “We’re not necessarily going to die. Come, come. We haven’t had a drink together in a long time. Let’s get drunk!” Laughing heartily, he produced a flagon of alcohol from his bag of holding. Everyone sat down and began to drink.

Time passed, and as they chatted, the heavy mood from before lifted. Laughing the whole time, Big Fatty Zhang talked about all of Bai Xiaochun’s misadventures when he had joined the sect. Eventually, he reached the subject of the spirit tail chickens.

“Now hold on,” Bai Xiaochun said. “Those spirit tail chickens are just delicious.... Man, I miss them.”

“I blame you two for dragging me into that!” Third Fatty Hei said, her face flushing. She had also participated in the Chicken-Thieving Fiend scandal, and had been severely berated by her Master because of it.

Xu Baocai beat his chest in lamentation regarding the matter of the blood notice he’d given to Bai Xiaochun. At some point, somebody suggested that they actually go steal a chicken, and before they knew it, they had rushed over to the south bank. A short while later, they had a few chickens in hand, which they began to roast over an open flame.

As evening fell, Big Fatty Zhang suggested that they go back to the Ovens. The Ovens crew was delighted to see everyone, especially the fatties from years before who were still working there. Without any hesitation, large amounts of food and alcohol were produced.

As the sound of laughter and chatting rose up into the air, Hou Xiaomei arrived. Bai Xiaochun pulled her over to sit next to him, and as she drank, her lovely face grew more flushed, and as a result, more attractive.

Chen Fei even showed up, albeit uninvited. The night wore on, and soon, Bai Xiaochun was drunk.

Feeling more relaxed than ever, he pointed at Third Fatty Hei and yelled, “Third Girly, you bastard, I always thought you were a dude! I can’t believe you turned out to be a girl!”

Third Fatty Hei glared at him, then snorted coldly and took a drink.

“Hey, Big Fatty, do you remember that Elder Sister with the pock-marked face? You know, the one who brought me here to the Ovens? You said something about the magpies singing. You had a huge crush on her. Remember? Well, what happened? Come on, tell us the truth!”

“Xu Baocai, that blood notice of yours scared your Sect Uncle Bai half to death!”

“Chen Fei, you mamma’s boy, I can’t believe you tried to ambush me. Hummmphh!”

“Bai Xiaochun, whenever we split the food loot, you always ate the most!”

“Yeah, that’s right! By the way, did you know that the story about making the bowl bottoms thicker has become a legend here in the Ovens!?”

“Hahaha! Remember when we blocked the paths to the finish line...?”

“I’m sorry for what I did, Sect Uncle Bai...”

Everyone was jumping into the conversation.

Eventually, Big Fatty Zhang pulled out his wok, placed it down next to him, and excitedly yelled, “I would rather starve to death in the Ovens–”

“–than go climb the ladder in the Outer Sect!!” Bai Xiaochun finished at the top of his lungs. Third Fatty Hei and the other fatties all howled in response.

Although Xu Baocai wasn’t from the Ovens crew, he also joined in. Even Chen Fei was moved, and soon, everyone was yelling at the tops of their lungs.

At one point, Bai Xiaochun raised his flagon of alcohol and said, “Fruits and herbs of a magical nature; Nibble the edges but spare the stem; Slice the meat thin when there’s some to butcher; As for the bones, leave some flesh on them; Spirit congee? Water it down until it’s thin; Fine wine? Half a cup will do you in!”

“Wait, hold on, hold on!” Big Fatty Zhang said. “We can’t just have six lines of truth. We need to add two more lines. Let’s see. Make the bowl bottoms thicker by a thumb. Give all the chickens to Bai Xiaochun!”

Big Fatty Zhang roared with laughter and slapped Bai Xiaochun’s shoulder. Then he staggered off to the side and slumped down to the ground, completely drunk.

It was rare to have a situation where everyone completely enjoyed themselves. However, a war was coming, and nobody was sure whether or not they would live to see the end of it. Therefore, they spent the night forgetting about their worries, drinking and yelling and laughing.

The sound of the commotion drew more attention, and people rushed over to see what was happening. Before long, a raucous party was underway in the Ovens.

Hou Xiaomei remained glued to Bai Xiaochun's side. Of course, the effects of the spirit alcohol were something that even cultivators couldn't ignore, and slowly, she was getting drunk too.

By the time the third watch came, the Ovens was getting quiet, but Bai Xiaochun forced his eyes to remain open. Looking around at the quiet scene around him, his eyes began to shine.

Picking up a flagon of alcohol, he guzzled down a mouthful, then slowly looked at all the unconscious figures around him. It was almost as if he were trying to commit their faces to memory. His grip on the alcohol flagon grew tighter, as if he were trying to forever brand this one moment of time into his heart. Or perhaps it was because there was a burgeoning determination inside of him to change the world around him into something else....

Eventually, his legs wobbled, and he slumped down into sleep. However, he continued to grip the flagon so hard that veins bulged out on the back of his hand.

At dawn, brilliant pillars of light climbed up from Irispetal Peak and Violet Cauldron Peak. Rumbling filled the air as numerous figures flew toward the mountain peaks.

Big Fatty Zhang, Third Fatty Hei, Xu Baocai, and Chen Fei were among them. There were also legacy echelon cultivators and patriarchs. The third wave of nearly 30,000 cultivators was soon gone, teleported away.

Bai Xiaochun lay there in the Ovens, watching as Big Fatty Zhang and his other friends left. An intense determination burned deep in his eyes.

Hou Xiaomei was still by his side. “Big bro Xiaochun...” she said softly. “I’m in the fourth wave.”

Bai Xiaochun clasped her hand in his. Voice soft but determined, he said, “I’ll always be here for you!”

Now that the third wave had left, the Spirit Stream Sect was almost half empty. At the same time, the sect’s spell formations were almost completely activated.

A few days later, Sunset Peak, Archway Peak, and Fragrant Cloud Peak, the final three mountain peaks, all erupted with heaven-shaking, earth-shattering pillars of light.

As of this point, all of the spell formations in the Spirit Stream Sect had been fully activated, and the sect was completely locked

down tight.

Patriarch Ironwood appeared, along with the remaining legacy echelon cultivators and prime elders. Zheng Yuandong was there, along with Li Qinghou, Xu Meixiang, and the other peak lords.

Most of the elders, Inner Sect disciples, and Outer Sect disciples also appeared. This was the fourth wave.

There would be a fifth wave, with the most powerful reserves of the sect, but this fourth wave was the largest so far. There were nearly 50,000 people present.

Bai Xiaochun looked at the pillars of light and took a deep breath. As he emerged from the Beast Conservatory, Bruiser followed him, and he didn't look as frisky as usual. Apparently, he realized that war was coming. He and Bai Xiaochun then shot toward the nearest pillar of light.

A large crowd was present. When Bai Xiaochun showed up, and people recognized him, many of them edged closer to him. Although he was naughty and mischievous, the stories about what he had done in the Fallen Sword Abyss proved that when danger came, he was the person to trust!

The Spirit Stream Sect had chosen the Luo Chen Mountains as the battlefield, where they could rely on their spell formation. In the region between the sect and the mountains, eight lines of defense had been set up to fall back on in case the Luo Chen Mountains were lost.

This war would not be one of schemes and plots. It was a battle in which veins of steel were a necessity. People would be fighting to the death, and they would make it hard for the Blood Stream Sect to push them into retreat. They would show that picking on the Spirit Stream Sect was something that could not be done lightly!

Soon, everyone was present, and the teleportation began!

Brilliant light shot up into the air. It was as if a huge hand had grabbed everyone from the three mountain peaks and then carried them to the border with the Blood Stream Sect. The destination was...

The Luo Chen Mountains!

Chapter 275: Luochen Grand Spell Formation!

The Luochen Mountains marked the boundary between the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, and they stretched so far that it was impossible to see either end of the mountain range. When the spell formation built into the mountains was first activated, it wasn't possible to see the actual shield with the naked eye. But now, it was completely eye-catching, rising all the way up to connect with the heavens, an imposing sight that would shake anyone who looked at it.

Occasional ripples of power would spread out across the shield, as well as loud cracking sounds. Clearly, the destructive power of the shield had everything in the area completely locked down.

This was the Luochen Grand Spell Formation that the Spirit Stream Sect had set in place thousands of years in the past!

Numerous figures could be seen hovering in the air above the mountains, radiating cultivation base power that exceeded Foundation Establishment. All of them had their divine sense spread out to stand watch over the direction leading to the Blood Stream Sect.

The three initial waves of disciples had set up camp on the ground, a camp which spread out far and wide. The Outer Sect disciples were the most numerous of the bunch, and had been assigned to run drills with various spell formation arrangements. Occasionally, the rumbling caused by their activities would send powerful ripples out in all directions.

At a glance, it was possible to see dozens of spell formations run by Outer Sect disciples. The first three waves had brought quite a number of people to the mountains, but that only made it easier to imagine how many more formations would spring up after the fourth wave arrived.

The Inner Sect disciples were arranged according to the mountain peaks from whence they originated. They were also powering spell formations, formations which were vastly more powerful than those of the Outer Sect disciples. Such Inner Sect spell formations emanated powerful ripples which distorted everything in the area.

In addition to all of that, there were ranks upon ranks of war chariots. The chariots were crafted from the hardest metals, and each one featured a huge spike jutting out the front, thirty meters long and a meter wide at the base!

The chariots were also inlaid with countless spirit stones; not the low-grade type, but rather, high-grade spirit stones! The chariots were so large and powerful that they required several cultivators just to operate.

The sight of hundreds of such war chariots was fear-inspiring, to say the least.

In another location, numerous enormous boulders were being magically formed together to create gigantic puppets fully 300 meters tall!

There were already over a hundred such puppets fully formed, and every step they took caused the Luo Chen Mountains to tremble. Also present were countless enormous battle beasts from the north bank, many of whom soared about in the air, emitting occasional roars.

The secret forces which had long since been sent out into Blood Stream Sect territory were active, looking for new information to send back to the Spirit Stream Sect. Even the spies in the Blood Stream Sect itself had been mobilized. Although such spies couldn't accomplish very much, they were successful in some of their efforts.

There were also enormous stone tower shields rising up from various boulders throughout the mountains. Although the layout of the tower shields seemed random, it was possible to imagine how, once they were all connected, they could defend against an incredibly powerful attack.

Everyone was very busy with all of their preparations. There was another area within the Luo Chen Mountains, a district large enough to fit tens of thousands of individuals. There, a huge spell formation had been carved into the ground, which was being guarded by over a thousand cultivators. Moments ago, it had begun to glow with bright light.

The ground began to quake, causing all of the various Spirit Stream Sect disciples in the mountains to look up. Then, three massive pillars of light shot up from within the spell formation, reaching high up into the heavens.

The Luo Chen Mountains were shaking as the pillars of light distorted the air around them. Moments later, the light faded away, and tens of thousands of people became visible on the spell formation!

Bai Xiaochun was among them!

This was the fourth wave of cultivators to be teleported into the mountains!

Teleportation was often an uncomfortable thing, and as soon as the group of people appeared, various reactions could be seen on their faces. Bai Xiaochun's face went a bit pale, but other than that, he didn't seem affected. Instead of gaping around at the mountains around him, he located Hou Xiaomei in the crowd and hurried over to her.

Because of his status, it was easy to make his way through the throngs of people. No one got in his way. Soon, he was in front of Hou Xiaomei, whose face was ashen as she swayed back and forth unsteadily. Zhou Xinqi was there, holding her arm. As soon as Bai Xiaochun reached her, he poured some spiritual power into her to help her acclimate.

"You'll be fine," he said. "Teleportations are usually like this." When he saw her pale face, he felt hurt inside. For some reason, his time in the Blood Stream Sect had made him a lot more sensitive on an emotional level....

Zhou Xinqi looked at Bai Xiaochun, and then stepped back to let him take over. Shangguan Tianyou was also nearby. Eying Bai Xiaochun coldly, he snorted.

Hou Xiaomei breathed in and out a few times, and soon recovered. Looking over at Bai Xiaochun, she suddenly felt a bit disquieted. She had been working very hard at her cultivation, worried that she might not be able to keep up with Bai Xiaochun. However, he only seemed to get further and further away. She feared that if she let up even the slightest bit, that he might get so far away she would be forever separated from him.

She reached out, grabbed his hand, and squeezed it tightly.

Now that Hou Xiaomei had recovered, Bai Xiaochun looked around at the Luochen Mountains. Clearly, they had changed. On his way back to the sect, he had sensed that things were different, but hadn't been able to pierce through to see the true details of the matter. However, now it was very clear.

Everything looked different!

He saw the powerful figures hovering high up in the air. He saw the glittering shield. He saw all of the spell formations powered by disciples of the sect. He saw the war chariots, the stone puppets, the tower shields. He saw familiar faces everywhere, even Big Fatty Zhang and his other friends.

Other disciples began to guide the fourth wave cultivators to their places in the various spell formations. Everyone had an

assignment.

Of course, the fourth wave consisted of tens of thousands of disciples, so the arrangements took time. Most of the new arrivals had to wait patiently until they were told what to do. It was the same with Bai Xiaochun, who simply stood there looking at everything, shaken.

Clearly, the preparations for the battle were not yet complete, and he could only imagine how awe-inspiring it would be when they were!

The sight of everything caused his heart to tremble, especially considering that there were many things that the Spirit Stream Sect normally kept secret, which were now out in the open for everyone to see.

For example, when Bai Xiaochun looked at the Outer Sect disciples drilling in their spell formations, he could easily see the similarities between their formations and the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Art and Heavenspan Elephant Control Art. Clearly, anyone who cultivated either of those two techniques would have no problem participating in the spell formation.

The only thing they would need to work on would be cooperating with the others who were part of the formation. Furthermore, Bai Xiaochun could tell that the Outer Sect spell formations weren't simple, and that they contained the potential for numerous transformations and variations.

As for the Inner Sect disciples, it was similar with them. Although the Spirit Stream Sect might seem soft on the outside, they were really a sect born for battle!

Only a battle sect would have the fortitude to defy the Blood Stream Sect, despite being weaker than them. They would rather go out in a bloody battle than yield!

As for the Luochen Mountains, they were even more marvelous than he'd realized. In addition to increasing the battle prowess of the Spirit Stream Sect, there also seemed to be something else lurking within them, something shocking. Bai Xiaochun opened his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, and was instantly taken aback.

Inside of the mountains themselves existed a spell formation that caused Bai Xiaochun's scalp to tingle. It was a self-destruct spell formation!

It was a trap, designed to send a message to the Blood Stream Sect in the event that they won: You may be able to defeat us, but you will feel the pain down into your bones, an agony that you will never be able to forget!

Bai Xiaochun took a deep, alarmed breath. Meanwhile, Hou Xiaomei stood next to him, trembling, clearly shaken by what she was seeing. She looked over in the direction of the Blood Stream Sect, but from her vantagepoint, could see nothing but the crimson lands stretching out as far as the eye could see.

"Big bro Xiaochun," she said softly, "I heard that everyone in the

Blood Stream Sect is like that Blood Master Nightcrypt from Middle Peak. They're brutal, and kill people like scything wheat! They usually spend their time in their sect fighting and killing each other. If you're not careful, you'll get cut down in an instant. You have to be careful when you fight them." According to her understanding, the Blood Stream Sect was a place rife with an aura of death. That was especially true considering the shocking tales of Nightcrypt which had been circulating recently. It was only natural for her to point to him as an example of what the sect as a whole was like.

Bai Xiaochun's astonishment from before was giving way to more negative feelings now. Slapping his chest, he stuck up his chin and said, "Don't worry, Xiaomei. When Bai Xiaochun is around, Nightcrypt wouldn't dare to show his face!"

As far as he was concerned, that was no exaggeration. In fact, it couldn't be closer to the truth.

Hou Xiaomei smiled in response, and although she didn't quite believe him, she pretended that she did. As always, her eyes were filled with an adoration that left Bai Xiaochun feeling quite comfortable.

Even as he reveled in the lovely feeling, he looked over at Zhou Xinqi and said, "Sect Niece Xinqi, fear not. I'll protect you."

Zhou Xinqi almost couldn't reconcile this version of Bai Xiaochun with the one she'd seen on the bank of the Heavenspan River. Sighing, she said, "You still have it in you to brag, even here? What's the point?"

Shangguan Tianyou gave a cold harrumph. Eyeing Bai Xiaochun, he slowly said, “Bai Xiaochun, Nightcrypt belongs to me! I’m going to cut his head clean off of his shoulders!”

That soured Bai Xiaochun’s mood immediately. Glaring at Shangguan Tianyou, he was just about to respond when suddenly, his heart trembled as an icy sensation filled him from head to toe. Turning, he saw a young woman looking at him through the crowd.

She was cloaked by her long, black hair, and was actually quite pretty. She was none other than Gongsun Wan’er.

As soon as she realized Bai Xiaochun was looking at her, she turned to look back at him. Their eyes met, and she reached up to cover her mouth as she laughed. Although they were some distance apart, for some reason, the sound of her laughter filled Bai Xiaochun with an incredible sense of danger. Something inside was screaming at him that this young woman was deadly!

Chapter 276: Daoseed Ninth Formation

Bai Xiaochun's pupils constricted. This was his first time seeing Gongsun Wan'er after returning to the Spirit Stream Sect, and for some reason, she seemed completely different than he remembered!

The previous Gongsun Wan'er had been pretty, but not charming. The young woman he was looking at now, though, seemed to be charming down to her bones, charming in a way that would make you shiver inside.

Her facial features were the same as before, but she seemed completely different, so different that Bai Xiaochun's scalp was tingling on the verge of explosion.

Her cultivation base fluctuations were being concealed, but something about her caused his eyes to narrow. Even his blood qi seemed to become sluggish inside of him.

"Something's off!!" Even as Bai Xiaochun's heart began to pound, Gongsun Wan'er turned and vanished into the crowd. Despite craning his neck and looking around, he was unable to find her again.

Slowly, the alarm he had felt began to fade away. However, he was still very certain about what had just occurred.

"How could Gongsun Wan'er have changed so much!?" Panting, Bai Xiaochun thought back to when he'd looked into her eyes, and

how he'd heard her melodious laughter. For some reason, that laughter seemed familiar to him.

Of course, he had known Gongsun Wan'er for quite some time. However, there was something about the familiarity of the laughter that seemed very different.

Apparently, Hou Xiaomei could sense Bai Xiaochun's astonishment. She followed his gaze into the crowd, but didn't see Gongsun Wan'er.

"What's wrong, big bro Xiaochun?" she asked.

Bai Xiaochun shook his head and declined to offer any explanation. Instead, he simply stood there thoughtfully. Slowly but surely, the tens of thousands of cultivators in the spell formation were being led to the spots that had been arranged for them. Soon, it was Shangguan Tianyou's turn.

One of the Inner Sect disciples from the north bank approached him, clasped hands formally, and said, "Sect Uncle Shangguan, as set forth by sect decree, you will take command of the third of Green Crest Peak's Foundation Establishment spell formations. Your will shall preside over the third spell formation. Please, Senior, accompany me, and I will show you the ins and outs of the formation."

With that, he began to lead Shangguan Tianyou away, under the eyes of many observers.

Most of the people who had just arrived were being sent to spell formations belonging to whichever mountain peak they had come from. It was a bit different with Shangguan Tianyou, though. He was proclaimed as the leader of a spell formation, which led to quite a lot of hushed discussion.

“Sect Uncle Shangguan really does live up to his reputation. The sect obviously has high hopes for his future. They even made him the leader of Green Crest Peak’s third spell formation....”

“I was just looking around, and realized that each area in the Luochen Mountains is set aside for one of the mountain peaks. Each mountain peak has several dozen Outer Sect spell formations, a dozen or so Inner Sect spell formations, plus spell formations for the peak lord and elders. Presumably, Shangguan Tianyou is going to the spell formation for Chosen....”

“After coming back from the Fallen Sword Abyss, Sect Uncle Shangguan spent most of his time in secluded meditation, except for that time he went to challenge Ghostfang. Nobody is sure who won or lost, though....”

Bai Xiaochun’s lips twitched a bit in response to what was happening, unconvinced that Shangguan Tianyou was as amazing as people made him out to be.

Despite the buzz of conversation, Shangguan Tianyou’s expression was the same as ever as he strode along. He was used to being the focus of so many gazes. Turning to the north bank Inner Sect disciple who was leading the way, he coolly asked, “Who might be the leaders of the second and first spell formations?”

“Sect Uncle Shangguan,” the disciple replied respectfully, “from what I’ve heard, the second spell formation will be led by the elder of Green Crest Peak, and the first spell formation will be controlled by none other than the peak lord.” Shangguan Tianyou nodded, then turned to look at Bai Xiaochun and snorted coldly.

Moments later, a different disciple approached Zhou Xinqi, clasped hands, and bowed.

“Sect Aunt Zhou, I’ve come to lead the way, ma’am. You are to be the leader of Fragrant Cloud Peak’s third spell formation.”

Zhou Xinqi nodded silently. She and Shangguan Tianyou both left the teleportation spell formation, and Bai Xiaochun watched them go. Zhou Xinqi didn’t bother him much, but for some reason, he found Shangguan Tianyou very grating.

“I can’t believe that guy gets to be one of the leaders. I guess that in addition to the Inner Sect and Outer Sect spell formations, all of the mountain peaks have spell formations for the Foundation Establishment cultivators, huh? Well what about me? Where am I supposed to go?” Even as he pondered the question curiously, one of the Inner Sect disciples from the south bank approached in a beam of light.

Before he even got close, he yelled, “Is Sect Uncle Bai here...?”

He was actually sweating, and his voice was so loud that everyone in the area heard him, even Shangguan Tianyou and Zhou Xinqi,

who both stopped in their tracks and looked over.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes began to shine, and he took a few steps forward, waving to the Inner Sect disciple.

The disciple saw him and flew over, and before he even landed, was clasping hands and bowing, his eyes shining with reverence and worship.

“Greetings Sect Uncle Bai! The sect leader has commanded that you will not be a part of any of the spell formations from the south or north banks. Instead, you will lead the Mount Daoseed Foundation Establishment formation!” Quite a few people heard the words spoken by the Inner Sect disciple, and conversations sprang up almost immediately as people looked over at Bai Xiaochun.

“He's going to lead the Mount Daoseed Foundation Establishment formation?”

“Ah, that's how it should be. Sect Uncle Bai has a Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivation base. Putting him with any of the other seven mountain peaks would be a complete waste of talent. Only Mount Daoseed is suitable for Sect Uncle Bai!”

The gazes which fell upon Bai Xiaochun were those of respect and envy. Clearly, Bai Xiaochun was very important, so important that the sect valued him far more than people like Shangguan Tianyou and Zhou Xinqi.

Zhou Xinqi looked at Bai Xiaochun, then looked away and walked off. Although Shangguan Tianyou's expression was the same as ever, his hands were clenched into fists. To be so blatantly compared to someone else caused him to grit his teeth, swish his sleeve, and then fly away.

Bai Xiaochun felt wonderful. Although Hou Xiaomei was sent to a location with other south bank Outer Sect disciples, Bai Xiaochun and Hou Yunfei arranged for her to be sent to a central location, and also be protected at all times.

With that, Bai Xiaochun followed the south bank Inner Sect disciple away. Soon they were in the middle of the ranks of the Spirit Stream Sect forces, where nine large spell formations had been burned into the ground. Each of the spell formations was fully 3,000 meters across, and emanated intense ripples and blinding light. They even seemed to be in sync with the grand spell formation that filled the entire mountain range.

Hundreds of disciples were working away busily at the spell formations, making adjustments and preparing them in various ways. The auras of the spell formations only continued to grow more and more shocking with every moment.

There were already quite a few people seated cross-legged in most of the spell formations. As for where everyone sat, those positions had already been decreed by the sect leadership, and couldn't be altered.

Closer examination revealed that within each spell formation, eight positions for cultivators were arrayed in an eight trigrams

formation. In the middle were three other positions for the leaders.

Bai Xiaochun recognized most of the cultivators in the various spell formations. They were all Foundation Establishment elders, and many of them nodded in greeting when they saw Bai Xiaochun look their way.

Bai Xiaochun was assigned to the ninth formation. The one difference between that spell formation and the other eight, was that it only had one leadership position.

“According to the orders of the sect leader, Sect Uncle Bai, you are the sole leader of the ninth spell formation, the Mount Daoseed formation!” The disciple who had been leading Bai Xiaochun clasped hands respectfully and then left. Bai Xiaochun made his way into the ninth formation and sat down in the spot in the center set aside for the leader.

At the moment, no other Foundation Establishment elders had arrived to fill in the other spots of the ninth formation. As such, Bai Xiaochun closed his eyes and opened his cultivation base to begin getting used to the spell formation.

Almost immediately, the spell formation formed a resonance with Bai Xiaochun’s Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation. Because of that, he instantly felt as if he had become one with the formation.

His mind began to vibrate, and he was suddenly filled with the sensation that all he had to do was stand up, and he would

transform into an enormous giant.

The feeling caused his mind to spin. Simultaneously, an intense light shot up from the ninth formation.

Quite a few of the Foundation Establishment elders in the other surrounding spell formations noticed what was happening, as did other cultivators in the area. The tens of thousands of cultivators from the fourth wave who were still being sent out to the various formations were all shaken, and looked over.

Soon, gasps could be heard. The light shining from Bai Xiaochun's location in the ninth formation was creating the image of a 600-meter-tall giant. As it took shape, it was gradually possible to make out the facial features of the giant. They belonged to none other than Bai Xiaochun!

Big Fatty Zhang, Third Fatty Hei, Xu Baocai, Hou Yunfei, and all of his other friends in the different locations in the Luochen Mountains looked over in shock at the giant.

Ghostfang was sitting in position in the third formation of Ghostfang Peak, meditating. Then, his eyes snapped open, and he looked over at the giant.

Beihan Lie, Xu Song, and the recently arrived Shangguan Tianyou and Zhou Xinqi were all looking in the same direction.

As for Gongsun Wan'er, her eyes shone with a strange light.

Bai Xiaochun was a bit dazed at first. He clearly felt as if he had become a giant, as if his thoughts were the giant's thoughts. Apparently, this giant was an external incarnation of himself!

The feeling of incredible power that coursed through him caused him to throw his head back and let loose a long, piercing cry. The heavens shook as if they had been struck by lightning, and everything in the area began to shake and tremble.

He tried to wave his arms, but his unfamiliarity with this form caused the giant to destabilize and then slowly collapse. Even still, the scene which had just played out left everyone who had seen it shocked.

Even the prime elders and legacy echelon cultivators up in the sky had been paying attention.

“So that's Bai Xiaochun...”

“He only just stepped into the spell formation, yet can already unleash its power in an external incarnation....”

“It seems Bai Xiaochun's techniques can form a direct resonance with Spirit Stream Sect spell formations!”

“No wonder the sect leader arranged for him to have sole leadership of the ninth formation. Normally, three cultivators are required to create the spell formation incarnation. He can do it by

himself!”

Chapter 277: Complete Spell Formation!

After Bai Xiaochun's giant incarnation faded away, a brief silence followed, and then, a massive uproar filled the Luo Chen Mountains.

"That was Sect Uncle Bai!!"

"Heavens! Didn't Sect Uncle Bai just get here? I can't believe he can already unleash the power of the spell formation...."

Everyone was shaken. Some felt enthusiasm, but others weren't very happy. Quite a few were jealous!

Shangguan Tianyou's hands were clenched painfully tight. Gritting his teeth, he forced himself to calm down, then sent his cultivation base power out to familiarize himself with his own spell formation.

He wasn't the only one that was paying close attention. Ghostfang, Beihan Lie, Xu Song, Gongsun Yun, and many others had already been outdone. During the following days, they did further research and experimentation, and began to follow Bai Xiaochun's example. Soon, more and more giants began to appear.

Eventually, the tens of thousands of people from the fourth wave were all sent to their spots in the various spell formations. The other eight formations in Bai Xiaochun's area were now almost completely full. As for his own ninth formation, the other eight people had all shown up one after another. None of them were

strangers to Bai Xiaochun; they were all disciples whom he had helped greatly in the Fallen Sword Abyss.

After realizing that they had been assigned to work with Bai Xiaochun, they excitedly went about helping him with the giant incarnation, which grew more and more powerful.

As all of the groups worked together and grew more familiar with powering the spell formation giants, the Luochen Mountains filled with increasingly shocking energy.

As the giants appeared, they roared and moved about, sometimes even unleashing magical techniques. All light in heaven and earth dimmed. Even the Outer Sect formations with over a hundred people in them also formed giants which unleashed battle prowess similar to the great circle of Qi Condensation.

The Inner Sect spell formation incarnations surpassed Qi Condensation, and were similar to Foundation Establishment cultivators. And then there were the formations with the Chosen like Shangguan Tianyou, who radiated the power of the great circle of Foundation Establishment.

As for the first and second spell formations from each mountain peak, they were the strongest, and brimmed with power equivalent to Core Formation!

The three mountain peaks from the south bank and the four mountain peaks from the north bank were all on equal footing!

The smallest of the giants was roughly 150 meters in height. At first, many of them had semi-translucent bodies, making it possible to see the cultivators sitting cross-legged inside.

Toward the end, though, the giants became so solid that it was almost impossible to see anyone inside. The sight of so many giants in the Luochen Mountains was shocking to the extreme!

Already, the central ninth spell formation, the Mount Daoseed formation, was far more powerful than the formations of any of the other mountains.

Every time it appeared, the power of the Foundation Establishment cultivators within it caused the battle prowess of the giant incarnation to emanate fluctuations that, despite not being of the Core Formation level, were strong enough to fight a Core Formation cultivator!

Furthermore, when Bai Xiaochun's giant incarnation appeared, it released a Heaven-Dao aura that caused thunderous rumbling to fill the air. Sparks of electricity even showered about in all directions.

Bai Xiaochun was located in the giant's dantian region, with the other eight cultivators being located in other fixed positions within the body. On a few occasions after forming the giant incarnation, Bai Xiaochun sent it flying up into the air to unleash a fist strike that would shake everything in the area. Sometimes the giant would perform an incantation gesture, drawing upon the combined cultivation base power of eight people to summon an enormous violet cauldron. Based on the terrifying power, it was

obvious that this giant could fight toe to toe with the Core Formation stage.

Bai Xiaochun had never experienced anything like this before, and he could only throw his head back and let out a piercing howl.

Another three days passed.....

At high noon, the sky vibrated, and a column of light shot up into the air that far surpassed the light which had accompanied the cultivators of the fourth wave.

As the ground quaked, all cultivators of the sect looked up into the sky.

Everyone, even Bai Xiaochun, watched as the blinding pillar of light slowly shrank into the form... of an enormous... white sun!!

The instant the white sun formed, all of the surrounding air twisted and distorted, filling with fissures and rifts.

Within the sun could be seen the image of a raven, which apparently formed the core of the sun. Although its eyes were closed, it radiated a sense of intense might!!

Beneath the raven floated... a mountain!

It was none other than... the ninth mountain peak of the Spirit

Stream Sect!!

The pressure weighing down from that mountain caused all of the Luochen Mountains to tremble.

A handful of legacy echelon cultivators flew out, as well as prime elders. Then, an old man appeared who, despite not being physically imposing, emanated the loftiest of airs.

He was none other than... the Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch!

Countless voices joined together in a thunderous roar as all cultivators in the mountains clasped their hands and offered formal greetings.

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

“Greetings, Patriarch!!”

The earsplitting sound of their calls shook everything like thunder from the heavens.

Four other figures floated up from the mountains to join him, which were the other patriarchs that had led the previous four waves of cultivators out of the sect.

The founding patriarch looked over the forces of the Spirit

Stream Sect, and then spoke in words that echoed out into every corner of the mountains, to reach every cultivator present. “The Blood Stream Sect... has already fully mobilized. They will be here soon!”

Everyone, including Bai Xiaochun, felt shaken upon hearing those words.

“There will be deaths in this war. Even I may perish. However, any of us who fall in battle will be heroes of the Spirit Stream Sect for all eternity!

“This war is a fight for the survival of the Spirit Stream Sect!

“This war will determine the peace and security of our sect for the next 1,000 years!

“This war is something the entire world of cultivation is paying attention to. The Spirit Stream Sect... may go out fighting, but we will never live a life of humiliation!!

“Power up the final formation!

“Let’s show the Blood Stream Sect exactly how strong and decisive the Spirit Stream Sect is!!”

The cultivators felt their blood boiling in response to the founding patriarch’s words, and joined together to shout, “Fight!!”

Now that the founding patriarch had officially declared the war to have begun, the spell formation which filled the Luo Chen Mountains sprang to life, sending boundless light shining up into the sky.

RUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Up in the sky, the ninth mountain peak towered high, seemingly capable of propping up the heavens. It was surrounded by nine shining magical symbols, each of them different, but all of them fully 3,000 meters tall. Lightning danced back and forth across the symbols, casting out light that filled the sky. At the same time, countless fist-sized magical symbols also appeared, spreading out like waves to cover the sky above the mountains.

Amidst the lightning and the magical symbols were nearly a hundred ancient figures, all of whom emanated shocking auras. These were all of the Spirit Stream Sect's prime elders!

The prime elders all had serious expressions on their faces. They looked like transcendent beings, their cultivation base fluctuations causing heaven and earth to dim, and causing a powerful wind to kick up.

However, even more eye-catching than them was a group whose numbers had slowly been filled over the past 10,000 years.... The seventeen legacy echelon cultivators, Li Qinghou among them.

Those seventeen cultivators hovered above in the sky, shining

with light that, from a distance, made them seem like seventeen stars that emanated heaven-shaking, earth-shattering pressure!

Above the seventeen star-like legacy echelon cultivators were... the five patriarchs who lived on the ninth mountain peak. Each of them possessed a Dharma Idol of incredible stature, something that could easily suppress prime elders or legacy echelon cultivators. The power they exuded seemed capable of crushing the heavens and shaking the earth. It was godlike!

The founding patriarch's Dharma Idol was clearly visible. It had three heads and six arms, and seemed as tall as the sky. The founding patriarch alone seemed far more glorious than all of the other four patriarchs combined.

Now that the spell formation had been fully activated, the shield of light that rose up to protect the Luochen Mountains began to crackle with lightning. As the lightning spread out to fill the shield, it transformed into an enormous wall of lightning!

On the surface of the lightning wall could be seen nine faces, each one of them 300 meters tall. Their eyes were closed as if in meditation, and they seemed to radiate solemnity and power. If you looked closely... you would see that, unexpectedly, one of those faces... was Bai Xiaochun's!

Bai Xiaochun almost stopped breathing when he saw that. Now that the Luochen Mountains Grand Spell Formation was fully activated, Bai Xiaochun could sense that his ninth formation was somehow fused with the mountains as a whole.

The sight of his own face on the wall left him shaken and completely shocked.

The ranks of war chariots were now complete. There were hundreds of them, and the black spikes which jutted out from them emanated terrifying power that seemed capable of exploding out at a moment's notice.

Also present were numerous stone puppets that all seemed poised on the brink of unleashing their power. With a single command, they would leap onto the battlefield and wreak havoc.

As for the countless battle beasts of the north bank, they were everywhere, filling sky and land, with the four spirit beast guardians of the four mountains leading them.

Then there were the enormous tower shields, which were now completely arrayed, creating an impenetrable defense for the Spirit Stream Sect disciples who remained behind them.

As for the spell formations, the disciples poured power into them, causing rumbling to echo out as giants appeared, coming from seven different directions.

Each of the seven mountains had dozens of spell formations for the Outer Sect disciples. As a result, hundreds of figures began to gather; some were human giants, others looked like giant beasts. Roars filled the air as ripples spread out in all directions.

The Inner Sect disciples' spell formations were all activated. Although they didn't have as many as the Outer Sect disciples, theirs were far more powerful. That was especially true of the spell formations set aside for the Chosen, which were even more shocking.

Just as the south and north banks were different, the incarnations of the spell formations were different, some taking the form of human giants, others of giant beasts.

The nine centrally located spell formations also erupted with terrifying fluctuations as they were powered by Foundation Establishment cultivators.

There were also hundreds of Foundation Establishment cultivators not assigned to spell formations, who were prepared to either fight or join the spell formations as their comrades fell.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be very impressive. But now that the Luochen Mountains spell formations were all activated, a shockingly bright light began to shine out above the ninth mountain peak!

Two beams of light appeared, both of which were magical items!

The first beam of light was a profoundly ancient violet cauldron!! As soon as the cauldron appeared, intense pressure weighed down on the entire area, causing everything to tremble.

Within the second beam of light was... a sword! It glittered with silver light that indicated that it had benefited from a tenfold spirit enhancement. It was... the Heavenhorn Sword!

Ten silver designs covered the body of the sword, making it dazzlingly shocking. The mere sight left everyone shaken, and it was obvious that once this sword was unleashed in attack, it could shatter the heavens and decimate the earth!

Chapter 278: The Blood Stream Sect... Arrives!

A roar echoed through the air as an enormous dragon appeared. It was pitch black, with protruding scales and blood-red eyes. It seemed completely and utterly ferocious and deadly.

It was none other than... the Heavenhorn ink dragon!

Bai Xiaochun was completely shaken by what he was seeing, and all of the other disciples of the Spirit Stream Sect felt their minds reeling. Whether it was the ninth mountain peak, the white sun, the legacy echelon cultivators, or the spell formation giants, all of them were things no one had ever seen before.

These were... the true reserve powers of the sect.

This was what the power of a sect truly looked like!

Even as everyone was trembling mentally, the black raven that sat within the white sun suddenly emitted a deafening cry.

Waaahhh!

It almost sounded like a crying baby, and was so loud that rumbling sounds filled heaven and earth. An arc-shaped shockwave shot through the Luochen Mountains, speeding across heaven and earth toward the territory of the Blood Stream Sect.

The shockwave was like an invisible blast of fury that swept across everything in its path. It flew onward for about 30,000 meters until it seemed to hit an invisible obstacle, whereupon cracking sounds filled the air. Suddenly visible was a mirror-like object which shattered into countless pieces.

In response, enormous blood clouds billowed out in all directions. Even the air collapsed as the true world beyond that 30,000-meter mark was revealed.

Blood clouds churned relentlessly, connecting heaven with earth, and within them, countless howling sounds could be heard.

Vicious faces were visible within the blood cloud, faces of both men and women. As the blood cloud neared the Spirit Stream Sect, the howling reached a thunderous level, and blood-colored light spread out near and far, staining all creation with the color of blood.

A rain of blood began to fall, and lightning crashed. Where the rain fell, seas of blood rose up, like a massive flood. Soon, rumbling sounds could be heard as blood-colored battleships became visible on the seas of blood, sending blood splashing about as they surged forward.

At the same time, an army became visible, an army filled with refined corpses and gargoyles.

The Blood Stream Sect... had arrived!!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes narrowed slightly as he peered at the world of blood outside the Luo Chen Mountains. Within the swirling blood clouds and boundless blood sea were, not only battleships, but endless numbers of blood-colored war chariots!

The Blood Stream Sect's war chariots were different than the Spirit Stream Sect's. They were made from bones, and were terrifying and bizarre in appearance!

The blood-colored war chariots were manned by countless Outer Sect disciples, all of whom abounded with killing intent. Madness flickered in their eyes, and as they closed in, they stared at the Spirit Stream Sect disciples, whose hearts trembled in response.

The bloodthirsty gazes of the Blood Stream Sect disciples were filled with such brutality and murder that anyone who saw them would be shocked.

In addition to the war chariots and the battleships, the sea of blood also contained numerous blood giants. They were completely hairless, and were apparently formed from nothing but blood. Each step they took caused the seas beneath their feet to howl. Clustered around the blood giants were countless other disciples of the sect.

A seemingly endless army filled heaven and earth. It was a spectacular sight.

Up above were the blood clouds, and down below were the blood

seas. Between them was endless darkness that seethed and churned as if it were alive.

It was only when lightning shot down from the clouds that the darkness was illuminated, to reveal dozens of ancient and barbaric giants, clad in battle armor, faces expressionless. Atop the heads of the giants sat cold-faced cultivators who emanated the fluctuations of Core Formation!

Furthermore, the feeling they gave off was not that of ordinary Core Formation. The blood qi that rippled off of them was especially intense, and at a single glance, Bai Xiaochun was able to tell that they surpassed the level of the blood masters. And yet, each and every one of them showed signs that in the past... they had been blood masters!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide as he realized that these were cultivators whose position in the sect surpassed prime elders. They occupied the highest position under the patriarchs. They were... the blood rippers!!

When blood masters reached Core Formation, they became blood rippers!

The dozens of blood rippers traveled along within the boundless darkness. However, on either side of the darkness were the hundreds of prime elders of the Blood Stream Sect, who bristled with divine abilities as they flew along.

Beyond them were more than a thousand Foundation

Establishment cultivators, who flew along in beams of light, clustered around the boundless darkness. The presence of so many powerful cultivators only made the blood rippers seem more majestic.

In the vanguard position ahead of the boundless darkness were four major forces. One of them was made up of countless gargoyles formed into the shape of a gigantic black head. Sitting atop the head were none other than the Nameless Peak blood master and grand elder!

The second major force was an enormous coffin, surrounded by countless refined corpses. Atop the coffin could be seen the blood master and grand elder of Corpse Peak, who sat there cross-legged, looking around with expressionless eyes.

The third major force was an enormous hand formed from blood and flesh that emanated shocking fluctuations of power. Sitting cross-legged in the palm of the hand were the grand elder and blood master of Lesser Marsh Peak.

The final major force was made up of an enormous blood sword. Matchlessly sharp, it emanated a blood-colored glow, and seemed capable of slashing rifts into the air itself. Atop that blood sword... could be seen a single person.

It was none other than Song Junwan, dressed in battle garb, an unsightly expression on her cold, elegant face. Clearly, the disappearance of Nightcrypt made it so that the forces of Middle Peak couldn't match up to the other mountain peaks. Considering that they were going to war, that effect was even more

pronounced.

Down below, within the blood sea, were countless Outer and Inner Sect disciples. As they neared the Luochen Mountains, they ceased their war cries, and instead shot forward in silence, radiating intense, murderous auras.

Up above, the Foundation Establishment elders would occasionally flick their sleeves as they flew along, causing gale force winds to spring up and send the Outer and Inner Sect disciples flying along. The disciples didn't show any alarm or fear. As they flew into the air, they gathered into special formations that looked like blood-colored spheres of flesh.

When they landed back down, they would bash huge craters into the ground, after which the spheres would break apart into hundreds of disciples who would then continue to speed along.

The blood-colored spheres of flesh were shocking to the extreme, especially considering that the disciples who made them up seemed to be completely fearless, not even afraid of dying. They were like locusts, sweeping across the land in breathtaking fashion!

These blood spheres were one of the Blood Stream Sect's powerful battle magics!

Bai Xiaochun's scalp was tingling. As the blood master of Middle Peak, he knew a lot about the Blood Stream Sect, and yet he was shocked to discover that the sect had many secrets even he was unaware of.

When he looked at Song Junwan sitting proud and alone atop the huge blood sword, mixed emotions filled his heart, and he felt anxiety rising up within him.

Clearly, the Blood Stream Sect was already more impressive than the Spirit Stream Sect, and yet that was only their ordinary disciples and cultivators. Their true power reserves, and the patriarchs, were within the blood clouds up above!

Vicious faces were concealed within those clouds, including eight figures who could shake heaven and earth. They were breathtaking people who no one would ever think to look down upon!

Each of those eight people had vortexes spinning around them, causing anyone who looked in their direction to see nothing but terrifying distortions.

Within one of the eight vortexes was a gargantuan, pitch-black gargoyle, atop whose head sat an old man with eyes like lightning.

In another of the vortexes was a grand lich, the same terrifying corpse which had been awoken recently. On the shoulder of the grand lich was none other than the Blood Stream Sect's Patriarch Droughtflame.

Patriarch Limitless was in another vortex, his body surrounded by 100,000 blood swords that could slash forests and destroy moons.

The Song Clan patriarch could be seen in another of the vortexes, standing atop a blood-colored banner. The banner was inscribed with golden magical symbols that pulsed with an electric, blood-colored light that spread out to fill the blood cloud and the blood sea.

All eight of the Blood Stream Sect's patriarchs were present. One of them, the one in the lead position, had taken the form of a blood-colored giant. Most noteworthy of all was that the giant's right hand clearly resembled the hand that the Blood Stream Sect was built upon.

That patriarch was none other than the Blood Stream Sect's... current arch-patriarch!

The Blood Stream Sect had eight patriarchs, but the Spirit Stream Sect only had five!

And yet, the terrifying strength of the Blood Stream Sect had yet to be fully revealed. Surrounding the arch-patriarch was an enormous, blood-colored tree, which radiated boundless ancientness. That tree was one of the Blood Stream Sect's most precious treasures!

There was also a blood-colored mirror, fully 300 meters across. Countless images could be seen within the mirror, and all of them seemed to be emitting soundless howls, and were on the verge of bursting out into the open. Then there was the Blood Stream Sect's third precious treasure, two blood-colored lodestones which had

been linked together into pair of blood-colored manacles!

The Blood Stream Sect's precious treasures also surpassed the Spirit Stream Sect's!

However, their ultimate reserve power was even more bizarre and fantastic. Perched high above the army, above the patriarchs and above the blood clouds, was... a shocking scarecrow!

At first, the scarecrow looked ordinary in nature, but closer examination revealed that it held a patch of human skin in its right hand, and had a steelyard balance in its other hand. A twisted smile could be seen on its face, and anyone who saw it would feel their heart pulsing with fear.

The arrival of the Blood Stream Sect included blood clouds in the sky, blood seas on the ground, and a swath of mysterious darkness. It was a terrifying sight to behold. It was as if a fiendish devil were looming over the Luochen Mountains, emitting intense pressure that could crush anything it encountered. Anyone who got in the way of the Blood Stream Sect would be destroyed in body and soul!

The cultivators of the Spirit Stream Sect felt their minds spinning, and yet, there was no time to unleash any emotion other than their explosive desire to fight!

Their will seemed to fuse with the Luochen Mountains, exploding out to join the magical symbols and lightning in the air, causing intense rumbling sounds to instantly fight back against the terrifying aura of the Blood Stream Sect.

Chapter 279: Because I'm The Blood Master Of Middle Peak!

Bai Xiaochun looked out at the Blood Stream Sect, at all of the familiar faces. Song Que was there, as were Song Junwan, Xu Xiaoshan, Jia Lie, Master God-Diviner, the three blood masters, and others.... There was also the Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Limitless, within the blood clouds.

The only person he didn't see in the crowd was Xuemei.

However, there was no time to think about her right now. At the moment, the sea of blood was only about 15,000 meters away from the Luo Chen Mountains.

At this distance, he could see the murderous expressions on the faces of all the Blood Stream Sect cultivators. He saw the killing intent in Song Junwan's eyes, and he saw how the gazes of the Song Clan patriarch and the others in the blood cloud flashed like lightning. Clearly, all of them were ready to kill and ready to die.

It was in that moment that the light of spell formations rose up from the Spirit Stream Sect. The giants roared, and the hundreds of war chariots emitted blinding light as they vibrated on the verge of springing into motion.

Bai Xiaochun looked over and spotted Big Fatty Zhang in one of the giants, and although he couldn't quite see his face, based on what he knew of him, he knew that it was covered with a ferocious expression.

Lightning danced in the air above the Spirit Stream Sect forces, and the magical symbols glowed with dazzling light. The seventeen stars that were the legacy echelon cultivators floated there majestically, and the prime elders were already preparing their divine abilities.

The founding patriarch slowly raised his right hand. When it fell... they would attack in full force!

The host of cultivators from the Blood Stream Sect was just as prepared. Within the blood cloud, the arch-patriarch, the old man in giant form, stared at the Luochen Mountains, his eyes glinting with ferocious light. Clearly, he was on the verge of giving the final order to attack!

The distance between the two armies grew shorter and shorter. 15,000 meters. 9,000 meters... 6,000 meters... 3,000 meters!

The fighting would break out at any moment!!

The founding patriarch's arm was just about to fall. The arch-patriarch's mouth opened to speak.... And within the dantian region of the ninth formation's giant incarnation, Bai Xiaochun could be seen, his eyes completely bloodshot, his heart twisting with anxiety.

He did not want these two sects to go to war, nor did he wish to see people die. From a young age until now, all he cared about was living forever. He wanted to keep on living, and he wanted all the

people he knew to keep on living with him.

His anxiety began to turn into madness, and in that moment of deep apprehension, he howled a howl that could shake heaven and earth. He had already decided it was time to put his life on the line. Just as the two sides were about to clash... he shot out alone from within the ninth formation giant!

Nobody could ever have anticipated that he would fly out alone in such away. In the heat of the moment, when everyone was focused completely on the fighting which was about to take place, no one could have imagined that they would see Bai Xiaochun flying out of the ninth formation in a beam of light, a pair of wings fluttering at his back as he sped out of the Luo Chen Mountains!!

The glowing shield that protected the Luo Chen Mountains was designed to defend against the Blood Stream Sect, and would do nothing to members of the Spirit Stream Sect!

Before anyone could react, Bai Xiaochun was hovering in the air outside of the Luo Chen Mountains!

Everyone in the Spirit Stream Sect was completely and utterly shocked, and immediately began to cry out in alarm.

Big Fatty Zhang's eyes went wide, and his mind spun. He simply couldn't imagine what Bai Xiaochun was doing flying out alone.

“Xiaochun, what are you doing?! Get back here!!!”

Hou Xiaomei was in one of the giants, and as soon as she saw what was happening, a tremor ran through her, and she screamed, “Big bro Xiaochun, you....”

Third Fatty Hei and Xu Baocai both gasped, and their eyes went wide. They almost felt like their minds were being struck by lightning. Zhou Xinqi was in control of one of the spell formation giants, and although she almost couldn't believe what was happening, she cried, “Bai Xiaochun....”

Li Qinghou was one of the legacy echelon cultivators high up in the air, shining like a star. However, when he saw Bai Xiaochun fly out into the open, his eyes went wide as if with madness. “What are you doing, Bai Xiaochun?!?!”

He wasn't the only one who almost went crazy. Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong reacted with a similar shout of anger, and even the founding patriarch gasped in disbelief.

Ghostfang, Beihan Lie, Xu Song and all the other Chosen were dumbstruck. A tremor ran through Shangguan Tianyou, and at the same time, a spark of joy flickered in his heart as he realized that Bai Xiaochun would almost certainly be killed.

All of this takes some time to describe, but from the instant that Bai Xiaochun flew out until the crowd reacted, only a moment passed. Even as everyone gaped in shock, Li Qinghou and the patriarchs prepared to fly out and retrieve Bai Xiaochun.

Out beyond the border of the mountains, right between the two sects, Bai Xiaochun roared, “Stop! No fighting, everyone! Listen to me!!”

Despite his words, no one seemed inclined to stop. Furthermore, it only took a moment for the shocked members of the Blood Stream Sect to realize who they were looking at.

“Bai Xiaochun!!” Song Que was the first. Madness rose up in his eyes, and threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Without any hesitation, he launched into motion. “Have a death wish, huh? Allow me to make your wish come true!!”

Song Que wasn’t the only one to react in such a way. More Blood Stream Sect disciples recognized Bai Xiaochun, and were instantly delighted. Roaring with laughter, they all charged in his direction.

“Is this Bai Xiaochun a complete moron, or what? I can’t believe he flew out alone!”

“It doesn’t matter why, and it doesn’t matter if it’s a trap, I’m gonna kill him!”

“Hahaha! Bai Xiaochun’s in the open now, and he’s not gonna make it back alive!” Numerous figures flew out from the Blood Stream Sect. As for the blood masters near the boundless darkness, they had already discussed among themselves how to kill Bai Xiaochun during the fighting. However, they knew that, considering how important he was to the Spirit Stream Sect, it wasn’t likely they would have a chance to fight him alone.

And yet, Bai Xiaochun had just foolishly flown out by himself, only to shout infantile words about stopping and not fighting. Laughing at the tops of their lungs, the three blood masters flew out as quickly as bolts of lightning.

Even Song Junwan was spurred into action. Master God-Diviner, Jia Lie, and numerous others were all striving to be the first to attack Bai Xiaochun.

“Kill Bai Xiaochun!!”

The two armies weren't very far away from each other to begin with, placing all the people who wanted to kill Bai Xiaochun very close. As that happened, the Song Clan patriarch laughed.

“Very amusing,” he said, taking a step forward. Just as he was about to attack and kill Bai Xiaochun, the Spirit Stream Sect's Patriarch Ironwood teleported out to block his path.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Patriarch Limitless flew out, and yet, Patriarch Li Zimo gave a cold snort and rushed to block him.

The Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch flew out with a grim face and a murderous aura. His intention was to grab Bai Xiaochun and bring him back behind the shield, but before he could get close, a teleportation interrupted him as the Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch appeared in front of him!

No words were spoken. Everyone immediately unleashed attacks. Countless giants sprang out from the Luochen Mountains, driven by Hou Yunfei and other friends of Bai Xiaochun. They along with Li Qinghou all had one goal: save Bai Xiaochun!

“Bai Xiaochun, get back here!!”

Bai Xiaochun could see that his words were being completely ignored. The patriarchs were already starting to fight, and the Blood Stream Sect army was moment away.

There he was in the middle of the battlefield, watching as both sides prepared to slam into each other. As for the cultivators who were coming to try to kill him, they were only about 300 meters away. Jia Lie was using some unknown method to fly at incredible speed, putting him among the closest of the group.

Bai Xiaochun was starting to get very nervous. Eyes shining madly, and clearly throwing caution to the wind, he roared at the Blood Stream Sect cultivators, “Back down, all of you!!”

In response the Blood Stream Sect cultivators laughed at the tops of the lungs.

“Bai Xiaochun, I was under the mistaken belief that you were a true Chosen, but it turns out that you’re just a lunatic!”

“Hahaha! I can’t believe you think we’re going to retreat! Who do

you think you are?”

“Bai Xiaochun, you might be the Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivator of the Spirit Stream Sect, but on this battlefield, you’re going to be a corpse in a matter of moments!”

After hearing Bai Xiaochun’s words, the three blood masters were convinced that he was a complete madman....

Jia Lie threw his head back and laughed uproariously, pushing forward with even greater speed. He didn’t necessarily want to be the person to kill Bai Xiaochun; he just wanted to be the first to land an attack on him. What a great story that would make in the future!

“Are you kidding me?” Jie Lie cried. “You Spirit Stream Sect scoundrel! What gives you the right to tell us what to do?”

Bai Xiaochun’s face was grim as he stared at the incoming Blood Stream Sect cultivators. Slapping his bag of holding, he produced his Nightcrypt mask. Flicking his sleeve, he said, “What gives me the right? I’m the blood master of Middle Peak!”

Those words brimmed with murderous intentions, with veins of steel, with madness, with devilishness. As he placed the mask onto his face, a shocking aura erupted out to fill the world!

Chapter 280: Patriarchs, Stop This War!

“What gives me the right? I’m the blood master of Middle Peak!”

Two sects were on the verge of war, and were literally moments away from fierce fighting. But then, Bai Xiaochun’s voice rang out loud and clear for everyone to hear. His words were backed by a towering blood qi that erupted out in all directions, making his voice indescribably awe-inspiring!

He wasn’t attempting to be sinister, but because he was wearing his Nightcrypt mask, he naturally reverted to the way he had been in the Blood Stream Sect. His voice was cold and ghastly, and a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering murderous aura raged around him, causing everything to go silent.

The implication behind the words he had just spoken was something no one could ever have predicted. Both sects were immediately shaken, their hearts battered by great waves of shock that threatened to overwhelm them.

From a distance, the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect looked like two enormous clouds, one white and one red. Parts of those clouds were already starting to intersect, and yet... they now ceased moving. Everyone slowly looked over... at the spot between the two sects, the spot where numerous Spirit Stream Sect cultivators were rushing to provide defense, and numerous Blood Stream Sect cultivators were speeding with murderous intentions. Everyone was now looking at... Bai Xiaochun!

Jia Lie, who as one of the closest to Bai Xiaochun, felt as if his mind were being struck by lightning. Eyes widening, he began to tremble, and forgot to breathe. He was completely struck mute. Echoing in his mind were the words Bai Xiaochun had just spoken... and his eyes were now faced with... the blood master of Middle Peak, Nightcrypt!

“You’re... Nightcrypt...?” he said, trembling. Ever since the trial by fire for blood master, Jia Lie’s fear of Nightcrypt had fermented, and now, he was completely dumbstruck.

The blood qi and murderous aura swirling around Bai Xiaochun made it so that he didn’t need to offer any proof. Jia Lie was immediately convinced... beyond the shadow of a doubt... that this was Middle Peak’s Blood Master Nightcrypt!

He wasn’t the only one to give voice to his shock. Not too far away from him was Master God-Diviner, who had just been bubbling with excitement at the thought of killing Bai Xiaochun and growing his reputation. However, as soon as Bai Xiaochun put that mask on, he turned into something that haunted Master God-Diviner’s nightmares: Nightcrypt.

“Night... Nightcrypt!” he shrieked. “This is... impossible!!”

Those two weren’t the only ones among the charging Blood Stream Sect disciples. Moments ago, vicious, murderous grins had covered their faces, but now they were gasping. Their eyes were as wide as if they had been struck across the face with a piece of wood.

“Y-y-you....”

“How... how is this even possible?!?!”

“Heavens! Nightcrypt the Plaguedevil... is Bai Xiaochun...?”

“I can’t believe they’re the same person!!”

Xu Xiaoshan was so surprised he almost bit off his tongue. Never before in his entire life had he witnessed anything this outrageous. It almost seemed more unbelievable than the hallucinations he’d experienced on Corpse Peak. In fact, he was nearly convinced that he was seeing things.

Then there was Song Que, who’s killing intent had previously been raging. Now, everything was reversed. His mind almost couldn’t keep up with what was happening, and he hovered there, mouth gaping, trembling, eyes blanker than they had ever been in his life.

It was a difficult thing for him to accept. As far as Song Que was concerned, Nightcrypt was an enemy, and Bai Xiaochun was an even more so an enemy. Unexpectedly, those two enemies were actually one and the same....

The battlefield instantly went silent. Even the patriarchs of the two sects forgot to fight, and simply looked down at Bai Xiaochun.

The Song Clan patriarch's expression was that of shock and other mixed emotions. Patriarch Limitless seemed surprised and suspicious. The Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch, as well as Patriarch Ironwood, seemed incapable of believing the preposterous scene which was playing out in front of their eyes.

The legacy echelon cultivators and the blood rippers were just as shocked as everyone else. As for the three blood masters who Bai Xiaochun had previously sworn an oath with, they felt like their minds were about to explode.

"Nightcrypt... is Bai Xiaochun?" murmured the blood master from Lesser Marsh Peak. He suddenly felt as if his world had been turned upside down.

The Blood Stream Sect cultivators weren't the only ones to be shaken. Once Bai Xiaochun put on the mask and turned into Nightcrypt, the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators felt as if lightning and thunder were bashing their minds. Gasps rose up within the Luochen Mountains, along with countless cries of surprise, alarm, disbelief, and incredulity!

Shangguan Tianyou had been laughing coldly as he waited in anticipation for Bai Xiaochun to be killed. But now, his eyes were on the verge of popping out of his skull. As he panted, his mind devolved into a complete blank.

Ghostfang, Gongsun Yun, Beihan Lie, and the other Chosen of the Spirit Stream Sect were all profoundly shaken. That was especially true of Zhou Xinqi, whose eyes couldn't have been wider. To her, it seemed as if the world of this moment was a

completely preposterous place.

She suddenly remembered what Bai Xiaochun had said to Hou Xiaomei, that when Bai Xiaochun was around, Nightcrypt wouldn't dare to show his face.

"This... this...." Zhou Xinqi felt as if everything around her was devolving into chaos.

Some distance away, Hou Xiaomei was gaping in shock. She almost couldn't reconcile that the grand and lofty Bai Xiaochun that existed in her heart was also the most terrifying of all cultivators, Nightcrypt.

She wasn't the only one who had such a reaction. Hou Yunfei, Big Fatty Zhang, and Third Fatty Hei were all left completely speechless.

As for Li Qinghou... he suddenly felt as if he didn't even know Bai Xiaochun, and could do nothing more than stare in shock.

Even as everyone reeled, Bai Xiaochun looked at the hosts from the Blood Stream Sect, swished his sleeve, and then spoke in an infinitely cold and raspy voice, "How dare you fail to offer greetings to a blood master!"

Even as the words left his mouth, he drew upon his Undying Live Forever Technique, causing the energy of a blood master to ripple out. All cultivators from Middle Peak instantly felt an unstoppable

pressure weighing down upon them!

It was a profound and dignified pressure that instantly changed the feeling of the battlefield for them.

Trembling, Jia Lie was the first to fall to his knees to kowtow. Then came Master God-Diviner. As the moments ticked by, the previously maddened disciples of Middle Peak began to drop to their knees. As the shocked Spirit Stream Sect cultivators looked on, even Song Que was forced by Bai Xiaochun's blood master pressure to drop down and kowtow.

“Greetings, Middle Peak Blood Master!”

More and more such cries rang out, until all of the Middle Peak cultivators were on their knees, trembling, even the ones further back within the army.

At a broad glance, it was possible to tell that the number of people who were prostrating themselves to Bai Xiaochun... made up a full twenty percent of the army. That was all of Middle Peak!

There was only one person that Bai Xiaochun didn't cause any pressure to weigh down upon. That person was about 30 meters away from him, trembling, eyes filled with disbelief, pain, and other mixed emotions.

She was the grand elder of Middle Peak, Song Junwan!

Her reaction was different from the reactions of the others. Mostly, she felt pain. After Nightcrypt had gone missing, she had barely been able to sleep. She had poured all the resources at her disposal into searching for him. She had even implored the Song Clan patriarch to help. Just when the war was about to be fought, she had sat alone atop the huge blood sword, thinking about Nightcrypt, and wondering where he was. From the moment he had gone missing, her heart had been filled with a bitter melancholy.

Never could she possibly have imagined that it would be on this very battlefield, under these circumstances, that she would once again lay eyes on him.

Everything was quiet as Song Junwan looked at Nightcrypt. After a long moment, she spoke, her voice laced with bitterness and pain. “Just... who are you? Are you Nightcrypt, or Bai Xiaochun? Who... who are you?!?!”

She was trembling, her eyes were bloodshot, and it was impossible to prevent the emotions she felt from ringing out in her words.

Bai Xiaochun didn't respond immediately. Even he wasn't completely sure how he felt about Song Junwan. However, when he saw the tears welling up in her eyes, he softly replied, “I'm... I'm both!”

Song Junwan's tears flowed down her cheeks... then dropped slowly down to the ground below.

“You’re both...? So everything was a sham....” She felt like a fool. As she thought back to everything that had occurred between herself and Nightcrypt, her heart filled with stabs of pain. Weakness flooded through her, and she began to weep like a helpless child.

Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth and looked up at the patriarchs of the two sects. Raising his voice, he said, “I am Bai Xiaochun, legacy echelon-designate of the Spirit Stream Sect. I’m also the blood master of Middle Peak, Nightcrypt. Patriarchs, stop this war. Fighting isn’t the only way to solve the problems we face!

“Both sides need something that can be a basis for trust between the two sects. Well... can’t I be the basis of that trust!?!?” His words spread across most of the battlefield, and the cultivators who heard them said nothing in response.

The Song Clan patriarch hovered in mid-air, hesitating. Although he couldn’t quickly accept the fact that Nightcrypt was Bai Xiaochun, one thing was for certain: it didn’t matter who Nightcrypt was, he was still the blood master of Middle Peak, and he cultivated Middle Peak’s magics. However, despite how much the sect cared about Blood Master Nightcrypt, they wouldn’t allow a blood master to interfere with matters that could affect the survival of the sect as a whole.

The Song Clan patriarch was just about to say something when Patriarch Droughtflame suddenly began to laugh coldly.

Eyes glittering, he cried out in a sinister voice, “Blood Master Nightcrypt has been captured by the Spirit Stream Sect. What a vile and shameless act, Spirit Stream Sect! How dare you attempt to use our own blood master against us! Today, I will eradicate you, destroy your legacies, and exterminate every member of your sect!! Men, bring the blood master back into the blood clouds!”

With that, he waved his sleeve. The fighting... was now about to break out again!

Chapter 281: Blood Stream Sect, Stand Down This Instant!

Patriarch Droughtflame's reaction came very quickly, and almost immediately reversed the unfavorable situation which had just sprung up because of Bai Xiaochun.

By defaming the Spirit Stream Sect, he gave the Blood Stream Sect cultivators a reason to sink back into rage.

The three blood masters' eyes glittered, and it was the same with Song Que and the other important figures in the sect. Three of the blood rippers, as well as some of the prime elders, unhesitatingly shot toward Bai Xiaochun.

The Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch laughed coldly. "Complete hogwash! Bai Xiaochun is a Heaven-Dao cultivator of the Spirit Stream Sect. However, he is young and naïve, and was clearly bewitched by your demonic magic! How dare you try to kidnap him right in front of me! Men, get Bai Xiaochun back to the mountains! I'll personally expel the Blood Stream Sect's demonic magic from within him!"

Almost immediately, cultivators from the Spirit Stream Sect side sprang into action, including Li Qinghou, who shot forward at top speed toward Bai Xiaochun.

Legacy echelon cultivators closed in, along with prime elders, barreling toward the Blood Stream Sect forces, preparing to unleash powerful attacks to fight over Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was again the focus of the entire battlefield. Although he wasn't of supreme importance to either sect, neither was willing to give him up easily.

The Blood Stream Sect wanted to fight for Nightcrypt, to dispel the disadvantage that had appeared. As for the Spirit Stream Sect, they wanted Bai Xiaochun back, and to cause the Blood Stream Sect's disadvantage to worsen.

Rumbling echoed out through heaven and earth as the fighting once again broke out.

Up in the sky, the patriarchs were unleashing attacks. The legacy echelon cultivators were fighting with the blood rippers. Prime elders from both sides were unleashing magical techniques and items, causing bright light to fill the sky.

The Blood Stream Sect's grand lich let loose a terrifying howl, and numerous refined corpses raced into motion. As they moved along, corpse auras spread out everywhere. Among those corpses, Bai Xiaochun could see some that belonged to him, and knew that he could force them to stand down. However... a few corpses among an army like that didn't count for much. They were like a few grains of sand in a sea.

When it came to the gargoyles, they cackled madly as they swept out from the Blood Stream Sect forces in preparation to attack.

Then there were the countless blood swords. As a blood master,

Bai Xiaochun could suppress Middle Peak, but... there were multiple past blood masters who were now blood rippers. Although their level of control of the mountain peak couldn't match up to the current blood master, by combining forces and drawing upon the support of the patriarchs, they quickly suppressed Bai Xiaochun's blood master powers, allowing the Middle Peak cultivators to fight once more.

Rumbling filled heaven and earth as the body cultivators from Lesser Marsh Peak sprang into action.

The Spirit Stream Sect's spell formation giants roared into action as they charged toward the Blood Stream Sect. Killing intent erupted from Shangguan Tianyou's giant, and it was the same with those controlled by Ghostfang, Gongsun Yun, Beihan Lie, Xu Song and Zhou Xinqi.

Countless battle beasts from the north bank howled as they flew out, a tide of beasts that was shocking to behold. The Heavenhorn ink dragon roared, black flames erupting from his mouth, filling the sky and creating a sea of fire.

Down below, more spell formation giants pounded across the ground toward the Blood Stream Sect army. As they closed in on each other, magical battle equipment was unleashed, causing everything to shake and tremble.

Higher up in the sky, the Spirit Stream Sect's white sun and the Blood Stream Sect's scarecrow both began to emanate shocking fluctuations.

A bitter look could be seen in Bai Xiaochun's eyes. Even revealing his status as blood master wasn't enough to prevent the war from being fought. He looked around at all of the familiar faces fighting, and it made him feel like he was being torn apart inside.

"Why do we have to fight...?" he murmured. "This war obviously doesn't have to happen! Am I just not strong enough...? Is that why nobody will listen to me?" As he looked around, he realized the truth of the matter. Although both sects cared deeply about him, he simply wasn't strong enough, and definitely not important enough, to influence a massive, deadly war like this.

However, as far as he was concerned, if one sect wiped the other out, he would definitely see many familiar faces cut down, regardless of who came out victorious.

As he stood there trembling, he realized there was no backing down now. Nor did he need to. His cultivation base erupted as he flew up into the air, to once again stand between the two sides and roar, "I said... you people aren't allowed to keep fighting!"

His voice echoed out like thunder, and caused a few people to hesitate. However, the majority ignored him. As for Song Que, his smile grew even colder, and inside, he was mocking Bai Xiaochun.

Master God-Diviner, Jia Lie and everyone else from Middle Peak were now freed from Bai Xiaochun's blood master powers. Thanks to the blood rippers, they were now free to fight. Eyes flickering, hearts filled with all sorts of thoughts and feelings, they sprang

into motion.

Only Song Junwan maintained her silence, and didn't attack. Because of the tears which still filled her eyes, her grief seemed even more profound than before.

Bai Xiaochun waved his sleeve, brushing away the first round of attacks levied against him. Bloodshot eyes filled with madness, he roared, "Didn't you people hear me!? I said... you're not allowed to keep fighting!!"

Unfortunately, his words were like a pebble tossed into a well, which would cause a few ripples on the surface of the water, but nothing more.

The Song Clan patriarch sighed and said, "Nightcrypt, my son, don't waste your words. Your position makes you overly sensitive, so just leave the battlefield. There's no need for you to fight in this war. You... can't control what's happening here."

Meanwhile, Patriarch Ironwood was fighting him with utter ferocity.

The Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch sighed inwardly, then said, "Xiaochun, since the Blood Stream Sect is determined to fight, then any words you speak are useless. I understand how you feel, so just go back to the Luochen Mountains. There's no need for you to join in the fighting."

The Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch attacked with greater force than before, even drawing upon some of his magical items.

Booms rose up into the air, and shockwaves spread out across the battlefield. Bai Xiaochun was shaking visibly as he looked around at the fighting. Finally, he lifted his right hand. He knew what he had to do now, and that it would likely be a disaster for the Blood Stream Sect. Memories from the Blood Stream Sect flitted through his mind, and yet, he had no other choice.

Filled with resolve, he threw his head back and let out a piercing howl.

That howl contained the fluctuations of his cultivation base, the power of his Undying Live Forever Technique, and even more importantly, the accumulation of all the madness he felt in his heart.

His blood qi erupted, rumbling out to form a gigantic blood-colored column of light that shot up into the air. Voice resonating with matchless dignity and splendor, he roared, "Blood Stream Sect, stand down this instant!!"

With that, he shoved his right hand out in the direction of the Blood Stream Sect.

Instantly, rumbling sounds filled heaven and earth, and the blood-colored light which surrounded him began to spread out rapidly. The heavens shook and the earth quaked as, in the blink of an eye, the light covered everything on the entire battlefield!!

The sky shook as a huge blood-colored vortex sprang into being, which then transformed into an indescribably large blood-colored arm. The arm filled the sky, and mirrored Bai Xiaochun's own gesture, shoving toward the army from the Blood Stream Sect!

A matchless and awe-inspiring power immediately emanated out from the arm, causing intense pressure to instantly spring out.

Many people had already taken note of the huge hand. When the patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect saw it, and especially the taciturn arch-patriarch, their faces immediately fell.

The shoving motion of the hand instantly caused the cultivators of Lesser Marsh Peak to tremble. Their faces went pale and filled with expressions of astonishment as they realized that all of the techniques they cultivated were being thrown into utter chaos. It was like some unheard-of sealing mark were suddenly crushing down onto them!

In the blink of an eye, the battle prowess of all Lesser Marsh Peak cultivators was unexpectedly reduced by half!!

It wasn't just the Lesser Marsh Peak cultivators that were affected. Corpse Peak, Middle Peak, and Nameless Peak cultivators were all shocked, and began to cry out in alarm.

“What's going on...?”

“My cultivation base is destabilizing!!”

“How is this possible!? My... my cultivation base is actually being sealed!!”

It wasn't just the cultivators on the battlefield who were affected. The refined corpses, the gargoyles, the blood swords, everything suffered from the crushing pressure. Screams of terror rang out. Even the blood clouds began to dim, and the blood swords began to dry up.

As for the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs, their hearts and minds were spinning. To their shock, they found that even their cultivation bases were being suppressed!

Their very essences were being affected, making it impossible to fight back against the pressure!

Anyone who practiced any cultivation that was connected to the Blood Ancestor... could not avoid this curse!!

Chapter 282: I Really Get It!

The blood masters of Lesser Marsh Peak, Corpse Peak, and Nameless Peak were shaking visibly, and blue veins were bulging out on their necks and faces. They could instantly sense an indescribable pressure crushing down onto them, wresting away their blood master powers!

Their ability to control the cultivators of their own mountain peaks was being taken away, and there was nothing they could do to stop it. In the briefest of instants, they went from occupying a high and lofty position, to being nothing more than ordinary cultivators.

The grand elders of the same three mountain peaks were equally cowed.

Song Junwan's face paled, and her eyes shone with disbelief. The fact that Bai Xiaochun and Nightcrypt were one and the same was a development that had shaken countless people, but that shock was like nothing compared to what they were experiencing now.

“Impossible!!”

“I'm the blood master of Corpse Peak!!”

“What exactly is going on? I can't believe a simple gesture on his part can suppress all of us!!”

Considering the blood masters and grand elders were reacting in that way, there was no need to even considering how the other cultivators felt. Master God-Diviner, Jia Lie, Song Que, Xu Xiaoshan, and everyone else in the Blood Stream Sect were completely rocked. It didn't matter what they wanted to happen; they had all cultivated based on the Blood Ancestor, and as such, were now being crushed by Bai Xiaochun!

Bai Xiaochun waved his hand, causing a vortex to spring up and an enormous blood-colored arm to appear, and that one act changed the entire situation on the battlefield!

Boundless and shocking rumbling sounds echoed out as everyone from the Blood Stream Sect, including Outer Sect disciples, Inner Sect disciples, the cultivators who inhabited the four mountain peaks, the prime elders, and even the blood rippers and patriarchs, were affected.

All of them were shaken, and their faces fell. It would be an understatement to say that in their world, the sun and moon had gone dark!

All of the Blood Stream Sect's glory and power was fading. No longer did they have the advantage in any sense of the word. They were weakening, and because of the sudden turnaround, countless disciples' minds began to collapse. Chaos instantly gripped the Blood Stream Sect.

As the chaos spread, it quickly became apparent that the Blood Stream Sect was on the verge of collapsing.

It was in that moment that someone, it was impossible to say who, suddenly let out a cry of terror that echoed in all directions.

“The Blood Lord!! This is the power of the legendary Blood Lord!!”

“Heavens! Nightcrypt.... Bai Xiaochun.... I can’t believe he’s actually become the Blood Lord!!”

“Blood Devil....” Such cries began to echo out one after another. Everyone was shaking inwardly, and those who hadn’t been quick to realize what was happening were dumbstruck as they heard what the others were saying. The patriarchs up the sky felt their strength fading away, and their faces flickered as they began to cry out.

“I can’t believe the Blood Devil is real!!”

“The Blood Lord has come! Nightcrypt acquired the Blood Lord legacy!!”

“How... how can we keep fighting now?!?!”

Amidst the chaos, the cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect all began to look up into the sky at the person who was single-handedly suppressing all of them: Bai Xiaochun!

Bai Xiaochun's hair was whipping about in the wind as he hovered there. Although he looked slightly more impressive than a blood master, he still didn't seem capable of altering the tide of a deadly battle such as the one which was about to be fought.

And yet....

Everything had already changed. Someone who could single-handedly suppress an entire sect was not a person who could be disregarded. He was not a person who could be ignored!

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. With the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators behind him, he stared out at the Blood Stream Sect, and although his raspy voice wasn't very loud, it somehow filled the entire battlefield.

"Now will you people listen to me...? Blood Stream Sect, if you really want to exterminate the Spirit Stream Sect, then you'll have to do so over my dead body!" Bai Xiaochun's energy erupted, causing blood-colored light to shoot high into the sky. At the same time, the pressure weighing down on the Blood Stream Sect increased, and his words seemed to crash like thunder in their ears.

The refined corpses were trembling, and one by one, began to bow their heads. The grand lich's eyes seemed to burn with sparks of flame as it threw its head back and roared, flying through the air to stand in front of Bai Xiaochun.

His emerald zombie let out a similar howl, causing countless

green hairs to shoot out into the surrounding zombies. In response, the other zombies' pupils dilated, and they suddenly turned on their masters in the Blood Stream Sect!

Things weren't over yet. Among the cloud of gargoyles was one seemingly ordinary gargoyle who suddenly let out an ear-piercing cry, causing all of the other gargoyles to similarly turn on the Blood Stream Sect and bare their fangs!!

Now, not only had the Blood Stream Sect's cultivators been suppressed, more than half of the power at their disposal had been taken away from them!

The Blood Stream Sect patriarchs looked at Bai Xiaochun with ashen faces and unprecedentedly complex expressions.

“He's the Blood Lord!”

Whether it was the arch-patriarch, Patriarch Limitless or even the Song Clan patriarch, the complex emotions in their eyes were completely beyond description. Had they known earlier that Nightcrypt was the Blood Lord, then the war definitely wouldn't have ended up like this.

There were mixed attitudes in the Blood Stream Sect regarding the legendary Blood Devil. Some people longed for him to appear, others did not. If the Blood Lord turned out to be an ordinary disciple, then he could be easily controlled and restricted, and could be forced to only do things that would benefit the Blood Stream Sect.... But now, contrary to all expectations, Bai Xiaochun

turned out to be the Blood Lord.

The Song Clan patriarch maintained bitter silence. The arch-patriarch seemed to be in a daze. Nobody knew what to think. As for Patriarch Limitless, he said nothing, and yet a bizarre light flickered in his eyes. Off to the side, Patriarch Droughtflame had his head bowed low, making it impossible for anyone to read his expression.

Song Junwan was in the crowd, looking at Bai Xiaochun with a smile that was vastly more bitter than the bitterness in the hearts of anyone around her. As she looked up at Bai Xiaochun, she was struck with the sensation that the gap between them was only continuing to grow wider.

She slowly bowed her head. She wanted to be able to hide, to be able to flee; as of this moment, she had no desire whatsoever to even see Bai Xiaochun.

When Bai Xiaochun saw the silence of the Blood Stream Sect, the mixed expressions on the faces of the patriarchs, and the gloominess of Song Junwan, his heart prickled with pain. However, there was nothing else he could do.

He had been nervous from the very beginning until now. Finally, from what he could tell, there was no way that the fighting could continue.

“There isn’t any need to fight each other,” he said softly. “I can represent the Spirit Stream Sect on your behalf to—”

However, before he could finish speaking, a droning sound rose up into the air from the Spirit Stream Sect side of the battlefield as intense fluctuations sprang up from the grand spell formation in the Luo Chen Mountains!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide, and he looked over his shoulder to see that all of the patriarchs had strange expressions on their faces!

That was especially true of the founding patriarch, whose eyes glittered with brilliant light. He had been shaken by everything which had occurred; never could he possibly have imagined that Bai Xiaochun would not only be a blood master, but would also have become the Blood Stream Sect's legendary Blood Lord!!

The importance of someone like that couldn't be understated. Not only could he suppress the Blood Stream Sect and reverse the tide of battle, he could provide them with an opportunity the likes of which could rarely be come across!!

To see that opportunity right in front of them caused the five patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect to be completely shaken. Of course they cared about Bai Xiaochun, but at the same time, this was a matter that pertained to the survival of their sect. In a moment like this, they were willing to betray their consciences for the benefit of the sect! After exchanging glances with the other patriarchs, the founding patriarch threw his head back and laughed.

“Excellent! Bai Xiaochun, you have performed a great service for the sect today. Henceforth, you are a member of the legacy echelon, and are also the junior patriarch!”

“Spirit Stream Sect, attack! Exterminate the Blood Stream Sect!!” The founding patriarch immediately waved his hand, and the four other patriarchs shot in the direction of the Blood Stream Sect’s patriarchs. At the same time, the spell formation in the Luo Chen Mountains began to shine with glittering light, and the giant incarnations, after a brief pause, charged forth, roaring. Countless battle beasts from the north bank howled. That group of battle beasts comprised roughly thirty percent of the prowess of the Spirit Stream Sect, and they were currently pouring out to cover heaven and earth.

This was an opportunity to mobilize the entire sect to inflict heavy losses on the Blood Stream Sect, and create a foundation for the Spirit Stream Sect that would last for 10,000 years.

The Blood Stream Sect was completely shaken. Almost simultaneously, all of them let out unyielding roars. However, there was nowhere to retreat to, and their hearts were all filled with grief, as well as profound hatred for Bai Xiaochun.

“I despise you, Nightcrypt!!”

“Who cares about blood masters and Blood Lords? You say you represent the Spirit Stream Sect? Hahaha! Nightcrypt... you’re nothing!”

“Nightcrypt, even if I die in battle today, my ghost will haunt you for generations to come!!”

As their bitter laughter rang out, the three blood masters, the prime elders, and the blood rippers drew upon all the battle prowess they could muster. As for the patriarchs, they gritted their teeth and let out anguished howls.

Bai Xiaochun stared in shock at the Spirit Stream Sect patriarchs. Never could he have imagined that the Spirit Stream Sect would choose to attack in this moment. Staggering backward, he suddenly began to laugh, a laughter that almost seemed to be weeping.

“How naïve of me. I thought that suppressing one side would end the war. How wrong I was....

“I get it now... I really, truly get it.... I overestimated my position. I misjudged my own status. Well then, Spirit Stream Sect, you’re my family, but as of this moment, I need to show you the true limits of my power!”

Looking up, his hair whipping about him, he waved his right hand in the direction of the Spirit Stream Sect....

He was calling someone!

“Bruiser!!”

Chapter 283: Now Can You People Listen?!

In almost the same instant that the words left Bai Xiaochun's mouth, Bruiser raised his head from amidst the boundless cloud of battle beasts in the Spirit Stream Sect army, and then let out a roar that could shake heaven and earth.

As his roar echoed out, he began to grow larger. 9 meters. 30 meters. 60 meters. 90 meters!!

In the blink of an eye, he transformed into something like a small mountain, bristling with intense energy, with black flames roiling out from beneath his feet. He had the head of a dragon and the body of a horse, and as of this moment, was bursting with heaven-shaking, earth-shattering power!!

That was power that only a beast king could possess!!

This was none other than beast king energy!

Incredible rumbling echoed out as Bruiser shot forward with lightning speed, then spun to a halt in front of Bai Xiaochun and let out a deafening howl.

Although there were mixed emotions in his eyes, he didn't hesitate. Regardless of the circumstances, he would do anything that Bai Xiaochun asked of him, even if that meant fighting against the Spirit Stream Sect. As long as he was with Bai Xiaochun, he didn't care!

There was only one important person in his life, and that was his father. Back when he'd lacked the power to even live, that person had offered soft, warm comfort, and that was something that Bruiser would never forget for his entire life.

His roar contained the power of a beast king, and caused all of the Spirit Stream Sect's battle beasts to shiver, and then turn toward their masters and howl.

The cry of countless battle beasts caused brightly colored light to flash in heaven and earth. Everyone in the Spirit Stream Sect was completely, utterly shocked, and began to cry out in astonishment.

“This....”

“What are you doing, Bai Xiaochun?!?!”

“Heavens! Bruiser, you....”

The Spirit Stream Sect was struck by chaos. Their ranks began to dissolve, and the sudden change on the part of the battle beasts ensured that the forces of the north bank were completely thrown out of order. Even more shocking was that, after a brief moment of hesitation, the Heavenhorn ink dragon looked down at Bruiser, and then sped into motion. A moment later, he was right next to Bruiser, staring out at the Spirit Stream Sect.

Countless shouts of alarm rose up. The patriarchs, the prime

elders and the legacy echelon cultivators all felt like they were going mad, and their eyes shone with intense disbelief.

To them, Bai Xiaochun was a Heaven-Dao expert and the legacy echelon-designate. If he reached Core Formation, it would be virtually impossible to find anyone who could be a match for him.

However, at a single word from him, Bruiser caused all of the north banks' battle beasts to change sides. This sudden turn of events was something that, regardless of Bai Xiaochun's status or position, no one could ever have possibly predicted would happen!

As of this moment, the Spirit Stream Sect as a whole was just as shaken as the Blood Stream Sect had been moments ago.

Shangguan Tianyou's hands were clenched into fists, and rage burned in his eyes. Mixed emotions could be seen on the faces of Ghostfang, Beihan Lie, Gongsun Yun, Xu Song, and all of the other Chosen.

Zhou Xinqi was struck mute, and Hou Yunfei's eyes were wide. As for Hou Xiaomei, her jaw dropped, and her heart began to pound rapidly.

Big Fatty Zhang, Third Fatty Hei, Chen Fei, and Bai Xiaochun's other friends were all dumbstruck, completely and utterly shaken, even left reeling, by Bai Xiaochun's actions.

Mixed feelings could also be seen in Li Qinghou's eyes. However,

as he continued to look at Bai Xiaochun, those feelings coalesced into a gleam of approval.

“Xiaochun has grown up,” he murmured.

As the Spirit Stream Sect was shaken, and as the founding patriarch and other leaders looked in astonishment at Bai Xiaochun, Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. The Blood Stream Sect was at his back now as he looked up at the patriarchs.

His heart burned with grief; he didn't want these two sets to go to war! After a moment of silence, he said, “If you want to exterminate the Blood Stream Sect, then just like I said before, you'll have to do it over Bai Xiaochun's dead body!”

Although his voice sounded sad, the determination therein was plain for all to see, and left everyone shaken.

The patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect were trembling. The blood rippers, prime elders, and the three blood masters were all shaking, strange and indescribable emotions rising up in them as they looked at Bai Xiaochun.

Xu Xiaoshan, Song Que, and Jia Lie had similar reactions. In this most critical of moments, Bai Xiaochun was stepping forward bravely on their behalf, causing warm feelings to suddenly rise up in their hearts.

As they looked at Bai Xiaochun standing there, his back to them

as he faced the Spirit Stream Sect, using his own life to protect theirs, he once again became Nightcrypt from Middle Peak!

A tremor ran through Song Junwan as she looked up at Bai Xiaochun; once again, a bright glow appeared in her eyes.

As of this moment, all eyes on the battlefield were fixed solely on Bai Xiaochun!!

No one could afford to ignore his words now. Now, they had to pay attention!

He had single-handedly changed the course of the battle. He alone had suppressed the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect alike!

“Now will you people listen to me...?” he asked quietly, looking at the patriarchs of both the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect. Although his words seemed laced with sadness, they also contained something that made it impossible for anyone to refuse him.

He suddenly seemed far more powerful and glorious than anyone could have imagined, someone who could force everyone else to stay their hands.

“Why are we doing all this fighting and killing? What is the point of all this death? We’re all cultivators of the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world, right? Is the point of our cultivation

really just to kill people?!?!?” In response to his words, the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators sank into further silence, as did the Blood Stream Sect.

The only sound on the battlefield was Bai Xiaochun’s voice.

“Cultivation is supposed to be about living forever, right? Magical techniques are supposed to be used to protect ourselves, aren’t they? If we can avoid all the death and killing, then couldn’t we find some better solutions to our problems? Why don’t we at least give it a try?!?” Although he started out speaking quietly, his voice continued to grow louder and louder until he was yelling. Pain stabbed at his heart, and his eyes were completely bloodshot. He looked around at all the familiar faces, and could see people who were bleeding and wounded from the little bit of fighting which had already taken place.

The pain he felt grew stronger.

“I’m just a cowardly cultivator who’s scared of death. But you know what? It’s not just the idea of my death that scares me! I don’t want to see my family die! I don’t want my fellow sect members to die, and I don’t want my friends to die!!

“I don’t want anybody to die, not in the Spirit Stream Sect, and not in the Blood Stream Sect either!!” As his voice grew louder and louder, the cultivators from the Spirit Stream Sect bowed their heads. In the Blood Stream Sect, numerous clenched fists slowly relaxed.

The patriarchs of both sects heard Bai Xiaochun's words, and it gave rise to complex feelings within their hearts.

"I didn't have to jump out in the middle of you two. I could have just stood by and watched you kill each other. Whether the Blood Stream Sect or the Spirit Stream Sect won in the end, I would have survived. After all, I'm a blood master of the Blood Stream Sect, and I'm essentially in the legacy echelon of the Spirit Stream Sect!

"But I didn't want that! If all of you hate me and blame me, that's fine, as long as I can stop you from killing each other!" As he yelled, tears welled up in his eyes.

His words shook many people down to their hearts. The look in Song Junwan's eyes grew softer. Hou Xiaomei, Zhou Xinqi, Hou Yunfei, Big Fatty Zhang, Song Que, Xu Xiaoshan....

Many cultivators on both sides had to agree that what Bai Xiaochun was saying made sense, and their gazes also softened.

"Spirit Stream Sect, you know that this war will likely end with ninety percent of the disciples dying. Maybe the sect wouldn't be destroyed, but it would be a disastrous setback. The sect might even lose the qualifications to remain in the Lower Reaches." Turning his head, he looked at the Blood Stream Sect.

"Blood Stream Sect, even if you won, it would be a brutal fight. Afterward, you would have to face the Profound Stream Sect, and then the Sky River Court. Do you really think you could win? What will your chances be? Even if you do win, what good will it do to be

one of the weakest sects in the Middle Reaches? It wouldn't be long before you were wiped out!" Bai Xiaochun wasn't being polite in anything he said. He was simply stating the objective truth of the situation. Nor was he giving anyone a chance to try to refute his arguments. More and more cultivators were lowering their heads thoughtfully.

"I know for a fact that the Spirit Stream Sect doesn't really want this war, and neither does the Blood Stream Sect. You just feel that you have no other options. You have to fight for the chance to become a Middle Reaches sect.

"But why don't we just join forces? Why don't we become one big sect? That would make us even more powerful! We can wipe out the Profound Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect, or maybe even absorb them to become stronger than ever. Then we can go wipe out the Sky River Court, and earn our spot in the Middle Reaches."

He clenched his hands into fists, getting more excited as he shouted, "There are plenty of resources available for Middle Reaches sects. There's more than enough for us all. Cooperate, and everyone benefits! Fight together! Share victories and losses! Why won't that work?!"

"Spirit Stream Sect, Blood Stream Sect, let's form a new sect! We can make a sect the likes of which has never been seen before! We can be the most powerful of all sects, a sect that can shake all other sects!!"

As his words echoed out into the hearts of the cultivators of the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, it led to profound

thoughts within their minds.

The patriarchs of the two sects maintained their silence. Everything Bai Xiaochun was saying made sense. In the past, there had been no common ground that would ensure that they could trust each other. Even if they merged together into a larger sect, each side would always be suspicious of the other, and the possibility of a betrayal would always loom in their hearts.

But now, they had that common ground in Bai Xiaochun. With him, their two sects were now inextricably linked.

Chapter 284: Droughtflame Attacks!

Only when Bai Xiaochun had unleashed all his threatening methods was everyone finally left with no choice but to listen to each and every word that came out of his mouth.

To the Spirit Stream Sect, he was a Heaven-Dao expert, a legacy echelon cultivator that could control all of the north bank's battle beasts. Because of that, he was someone the sect could not and would not take lightly. In fact, he surpassed everyone in a way that had nothing to do with his cultivation base. He had the potential to eventually become the backbone of the entire sect.

As far as the Blood Stream Sect was concerned, as soon as Bai Xiaochun revealed his Blood Lord powers, that made him more important than anyone else in the sect.

A mere thought on his part could either increase the Blood Stream Sect's battle prowess by thirty percent, or reduce it by half.

When the Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch looked at Bai Xiaochun, he couldn't help but think of the shocking Blood Ancestor who lay beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River.

"I wonder if the Blood Lord can actually control the body of the Blood Ancestor?" he thought. Hesitation gripped his heart; he didn't dare to try to suppress the Blood Lord or take any unnecessary risks. The slightest slip could send the entire Blood Stream Sect into destruction!

“If we form a new sect, where will the headquarters be?” asked Patriarch Ironwood of the Spirit Stream Sect.

Bai Xiaochun’s idea was becoming clearer in his own mind, and his eyes shone with bright light, a light that appeared to be the desire to do battle!! “If we make a new sect, the headquarters won’t be located in any of the old sects’ locations. The river branch occupied by the Sky River Court will be our new headquarters!”

Now that the identities of Bai Xiaochun and Nightcrypt were merging together, everyone saw him in a much different light than they had before!

“With my Blood Lord powers, I can increase the battle prowess of the Blood Stream Sect by thirty percent. With my control over the battle beasts of the Spirit Stream Sect, I can unify their powers to make them even more formidable!

“With our two sects joined together, we will be like two infinitely sharp blades! We can absorb the Profound Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect, and then we’ll be even stronger! We can dominate the Sky River Court and take over the Middle Reaches!!

“The Middle Reaches will be an unfamiliar place to all of us, but if we put our roots down there together, we will always be able to trust each other!” As Bai Xiaochun spoke, the patriarchs of the two sects looked on, sighing occasionally, thoughtful expressions on their faces.

As of this moment, they both knew that fighting wasn’t an

option. Bai Xiaochun was too important to both the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect. Only a person like him had the potential to be the link between the two sects, an opportunity for them to truly join together.

After all, not only did the Blood Stream Sect have full faith in Bai Xiaochun, but so did the Spirit Stream Sect.

Silence prevailed as countless individuals stood there in thought. Slowly, people began to whisper among themselves and discuss the matter in low tones. Moments ago, the two sides had been facing off with proverbial swords drawn, but now, that mood began to fade.

At long last, Bai Xiaochun was starting to relax.

But then...

Patriarch Droughtflame, one of the eight Blood Stream Sect patriarchs, the very same patriarch who had presided over the summoning of the grand lich, suddenly looked at Bai Xiaochun, his eyes flickering with profound killing intent.

“Complete and utter nonsense!” he said, his voice as cold as ice. “You obviously killed Nightcrypt and took his place! You’re trying to deceive us all. Prepare to die!”

Even as his words rang out, he sprang into motion, shooting at incredible speed toward Bai Xiaochun. As he did, he extended his

right hand, and his Nascent Soul cultivation base erupted with heaven-destroying, earth-extinguishing power. Everything began to shake violently as an enormous vortex sprang up around him.

As the vortex spun, a massive and deadly aura erupted, transforming into sword qi which instantly shot toward Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun was locked in place, immobilized and incapable of even struggling. At the same time, an intense, unprecedented sensation of deadly crisis rose up inside of him.

He had never felt as if he were closer to death. He was being attacked by a Nascent Soul patriarch, whereas his cultivation base was in mid Foundation Establishment....

The difference between the two was like the difference between an ocean and a puddle!

However, the killing move had not been unleashed yet. That came in the form of Patriarch Droughtflame's outstretched palm!

His palm caused everything to shake violently as intense flames raged out, scorching everything in the vicinity as they formed into the shape of a huge hand. The flaming hand radiated a power of extermination that could kill anything in body and soul. It could eradicate souls!

Patriarch Droughtflame's attack on Bai Xiaochun came without any warning whatsoever. Not only did the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators not expect it, but even the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs were completely unprepared. Faces fell on both sides.

“Droughtflame, stay your hand!!” cried the Blood Stream Sect’s arch-patriarch, his voice filled with urgency and rage. He instantly reached out with his right hand to try to stop Patriarch Droughtflame.

However, his cultivation base was currently suppressed, and although he could reach Patriarch Droughtflame, he couldn’t stop him, only slow him down a bit.

The arch-patriarch’s eyes flickered with cold light; Bai Xiaochun was too important. If he died, the two sects would most certainly be forced to fight each other!! They would be bereft of anything that could mitigate their conflict!

Their connection would have been severed!

The Song Clan patriarch’s eyes widened, and his killing intent flared. Regardless of anything, Bai Xiaochun was his adopted son, and for someone to try to kill him right out in the open was something he couldn’t tolerate. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, summoning a raging beam of sword qi that slashed toward Droughtflame.

Unfortunately, his cultivation base was also suppressed by half, and his sword qi quickly collapsed. Patriarch Droughtflame’s hand of flame dimmed slightly, but continued to rumble toward Bai Xiaochun.

At the same time, the founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream

Sect let out a roar of rage and performed an incantation gesture with his right hand. Instantly, an enormous iron manacle appeared, which grew to 300 meters in size as it shot to intercept Droughtflame's attack.

When it hit the flame hand, it did far more damage than the arch-patriarch or the Song Clan patriarch. The gigantic hand collapsed by half. And yet, because Patriarch Droughtflame had attacked so quickly, and thus gained the initiative, even all of those successive attacks couldn't stop him completely!

Even as cultivators from both sides howled in alarm and rage, the half-destroyed flaming hand bore down on Bai Xiaochun.

“Xiaochun!!”

“Nightcrypt!!”

Bai Xiaochun's face drained of blood as he watched the fire closing in on him. As the sensation of imminent death filled him, he let out a roar that could shake heaven and earth.

Blue veins bulged out on his head, and cracking sounds filled him. It felt like his bones were about to shatter because of the intense pressure weighing down on him. As of this moment, he was sure that the chances of him making it out of this alive were very, very small!

However, he wasn't willing to resign himself to such a fate. His

eyes suddenly flickered with red light. Roaring, he managed to perform a double-handed incantation gesture, causing a violet lamp to appear in his hands, which he brandished in the direction of the flames.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Violet flames shot out from the lamp, spreading out in all directions and forming the shape of an enormous face which rushed to meet the flames. That violet lamp was the gift that the Song Clan patriarch had given to Bai Xiaochun. Despite how powerful it was, though, it couldn't match up to an old eccentric like Patriarch Droughtflame!

When the sea of flames formed by the violet lamp hit the incoming flaming palm, more of the palm was destroyed, and yet it continued on toward Bai Xiaochun!

Blood sprayed out of his mouth from the force of the incoming attack, which sent him tumbling backward. He started to cough up more blood, but then gritted his teeth and swallowed it back down. With that, he extended his right hand, which held a four-colored jade pendant. Four-colored light glittered out in all directions, creating a four-layered shield.

In that instant, the broken hand of flames slammed into the shield, causing numerous cracking and popping sounds to echo in the air as the four shield layers were destroyed.

With each shield layer, the flame hand's power was reduced, and

yet, they couldn't stop it completely. In the blink of an eye, the shields were gone. In response, the patriarchs of both sects, as well as countless other friends of Bai Xiaochun, all shouted out in fury!

The flaming hand destroyed everything in its path as easily as a hot knife cutting through butter. However, in the very moment before impact, Bai Xiaochun extended his right hand to reveal a paper talisman.

It was none other than....

[The Godpower Talisman!](#)

He slapped the talisman down onto his chest, and let out a roar that echoed out in all directions. His hair flew around wildly as his Undying Live Forever Technique erupted. Rumbling could be heard that shook heaven and earth as two enormous heavenly demons appeared behind him. They threw their heads back and roared as, thanks to the power of the Godpower Talisman, Bai Xiaochun's fleshly body power skyrocketed, reaching a level more than twice that of before!!

And that was when the mostly-destroyed hand of fire slammed into him.

If the image could be turned into a painting, it would be the type that people would gasp upon seeing. Bai Xiaochun wasn't even visible beneath the raging flames; the only thing that could be seen were two unbelievably shocking heavenly demons!!

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

Intense rumbling sounds filled the air. The hand of flames had been repeatedly weakened and reduced, and now, it finally exploded. Flames shot out in all directions, and at the same time, cracks spread out across Bai Xiaochun's two heavenly demons. Moments later, they collapsed into pieces.

Bai Xiaochun was sent hurtling toward the ground like a meteor. When he landed, a huge boom could be heard, and a 30-meter-wide crater opened up!

At the bottom of the crater, Bai Xiaochun lay there, his face as ashen as death, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. The force of the blow had knocked him unconscious. Furthermore, there was something else no one noticed, which was that a bit of black light could be seen on his right hand, that was currently fading away.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun lost consciousness, the suppression of the cultivation bases of the Blood Stream Sect immediately ended!

There was one other thing that no one noticed. In the moment that Droughtflame attacked Bai Xiaochun, a monkey could be seen somewhere in the Luochen Mountains, its eyes shining with incisive light. At the same time, within the clouds that made up the Blood Stream Sect, a pair of bright red eyes flickered.

Bai Xiaochun got the Godpower Talisman from Master God-Diviner in [chapter 262](#)

Chapter 285: Master Thousand-Faces!

Rumbling echoed out as two figures appeared just outside of the crater. One of them was the Song Clan patriarch, and the other was Li Qinghou's Master, Patriarch Ironwood.

A moment later, they were next to Bai Xiaochun. The two patriarchs' eyes met, and instantly, both could see that the other was vigilant and on guard!

Now that the Blood Stream Sect's cultivation bases were unsealed, their energy surged. The blood clouds billowed out, and at the same time, the refined corpses and gargoyles trembled and then began to howl.

Bruiser hadn't been fast enough to intervene and help Bai Xiaochun, and now he was glaring at Patriarch Droughtflame with hatred that erupted from his very bones!

The three blood masters were shaking. The blood rippers, the prime elders, the Inner and Outer Sect disciples, and also the patriarchs, were all so shocked that they could barely move!

At the same time, the cultivators of the Spirit Stream Sect were panting, and their eyes were glittering angrily as they stared at the Blood Stream Sect. Moments ago, the tension had been fading, but now, the proverbial swords were once again being drawn.

Everyone understood that based on the friction which existed, the fighting which had just seemed to be an impossibility could

now break out at any moment!

Up in midair, Patriarch Droughtflame frowned slightly as he looked down at Bai Xiaochun. Inside, he was sighing regretfully that he had only wounded him, and not killed him. Despite such a surprising outcome, there wasn't any need for him to keep fighting.

“He's only unconscious,” he thought, “but that should suffice....” Eyes glittering, his murderous aura spiked as he looked over at the Spirit Stream Sect and said, “The seals have been lifted. Spirit Stream Sect, your despicable actions this day have ensured that you will be cleansed with blood! Children of the Blood Ancestor, join me in attacking the Luochen Mountains and eradicating the Spirit Stream Sect!!” With that, he threw his head back and laughed long and hard, his killing intent pulsing around him. Quite a few disciples of the Blood Stream Sect flew up into the air, eyes shining with murderous gleams as they prepared to start fighting.

The Spirit Stream Sect cultivators clenched their fists, and the sharp looks in their eyes grew more intense.

However, just when Patriarch Droughtflame was about to fly into motion, a cold snort echoed through the air.

“Since when did you become the one to give orders to the Blood Stream Sect?” The words were accompanied by intense pressure, and a sealing force that caused all of the Blood Stream Sect disciples who had been about to attack to suddenly shiver and stop in place. Patriarch Droughtflame's expression flickered as he

turned to look at the person who had just spoken, and was now striding toward him.

It was none other than the Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch, the most powerful cultivator in the Blood Stream Sect!

Earlier, his cultivation base had been reduced by half, but now those effects were gone, and his energy was surging. It was like the might of the heavens as he walked forward, everything around him twisting and distorting.

“What’s the meaning of this, Master Godwind!?” Patriarch Droughtflame grated angrily, his expression turning grim.

“What’s the meaning?” replied the arch-patriarch. “I just ordered you to stay your hand. Why did you attack anyway? I refuse to believe that Bai Xiaochun is impersonating Nightcrypt. He is most definitely a blood master of the Blood Stream Sect, and even more importantly, the Blood Lord!” A cold light flickered in the eyes of the arch-patriarch, and as he spoke, his words rumbled like thunder.

The Spirit Stream Sect cultivators’ hearts were starting to pound, and as for the founding patriarch, a strange light could be seen in his eyes. The entire Spirit Stream Sect went completely silent as they watched events unfold.

Facing the intense pressure of the arch-patriarch, Patriarch Droughtflame began to edge backward. Then he turned to the other patriarchs and cried, “Of course I know he’s a blood master.

But do you people really believe that a nobody like him should be able to suppress the cultivation bases of everyone in the sect?! He has to die! His death will not harm the Blood Stream Sect in any way! In fact, it would be a blessing! I just did what you people were hesitating to do yourselves! That's all!"

Many people in the Blood Stream Sect began to wonder what they should think. As for the patriarchs, their expressions were grim, but it was impossible to tell what they were thinking.

As the arch-patriarch listened to Patriarch Droughtflame speak, a cold, grim smile spread out on his face. Then he said, "I can also suppress the cultivation bases of everyone in the sect. Don't tell me you think I should be killed too? Also, I'm very curious to know why your cultivation base wasn't suppressed just now!"

In response to his words, numerous Blood Stream Sect cultivators' mouths dropped. Cries of shock could be heard as people thought back to the events which had just played out. Although they hadn't noticed at the time, now that they thought about it, what had occurred was very clear.

The reactions were the same on the Spirit Stream Sect side, with the exception of the founding patriarch, whose eyes glittered faintly. He had noticed the clues earlier.

Patriarch Droughtflame's expression flickered, and beads of sweat could be seen on his forehead. There was no way for him to answer the arch-patriarch's question. His original plan had simply been to take the risk and try to kill Bai Xiaochun. If Bai Xiaochun died, there was no way the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit

Stream Sect would join forces. They would definitely start fighting.

“Dammit!” he thought. “This Bai Xiaochun is too lucky. I can’t believe he survived my attack!” Patriarch Droughtflame gritted his teeth as his body suddenly began to turn blurry, as he prepared to flee.

“Think you can leave just like that?” the arch-patriarch said, eyes flickering with killing intent. Without any hesitation, he waved his right finger at Patriarch Droughtflame.

At the same time, the other patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect shot forward to surround Droughtflame, preventing him from fleeing. Clearly, they had already come to the conclusion that he might try to do such a thing.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the arch-patriarch’s finger caused ripples of extermination to spread out. Patriarch Droughtflame, seeing that he couldn’t escape, threw his head back and bellowed. A quick incantation gesture caused flames to shoot out and battle against the ripples of extermination.

A deafening boom filled the air, and blood oozed out of the corners of Patriarch Droughtflame’s mouth. However, he used the force of the blast to fall backward. Even still, he was no match for an attack by the combined efforts of all of the Blood Stream Sect’s patriarchs.

Six patriarchs attacked at the same time, unleashing magical

techniques, magical items, and divine abilities.

A huge blood sword materialized and slashed down, controlled by none other than Patriarch Limitless.

Heaven-shaking, earth-shattering rumbling sounds filled the air as the other patriarchs attacked one after another, unleashing power that seemed capable of destroying everything. A vicious, roaring dragon appeared, next to which was a patriarch who had once been a lowly disciple of Lesser Marsh Peak. As he advanced, the fist strike he unleashed shattered the sky and turned into a massive tempest.

The deadliest attack came from the arch-patriarch. The wave of his hand summoned a huge banner, which unleashed a black wind. That wind became a black phoenix, the roar of which was enough to shake anyone down to the soul. The phoenix moved so quickly as it bore down on Patriarch Droughtflame that there was no way he could avoid it.

In that moment of crisis, Patriarch Droughtflame suddenly started laughing. Face twisting, he reached both hands out and then slapped them down onto his body. Instantly, his hair turned completely white!

Simultaneously, innumerable faces appeared all over his skin. There were the faces of men and women, young people and old people, and all of them seemed to be distorting as they screamed.

“Dao of a Thousand Faces; Merciless Infiltration!” Patriarch

Droughtflame laughed loudly as the divine abilities and magical techniques of the other patriarchs slammed into him, causing him to explode!

The resulting boom sent bright colors flashing through the sky, and gave rise to a huge wind. At the same time, the exploding body of Patriarch Droughtflame transformed into countless faces which rushed out in all directions.

Patriarch Limitless' eyes went wide, and he cried, "Master Thousand-Faces from the Profound Stream Sect!!"

The arch-patriarch and the other patriarchs were clearly shocked as they too realized who it was that could unleash a cloning magic like this!

They weren't the only ones. The Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch, as well as the other patriarchs, were obviously astonished. This was a secret magic used by one of the most mysterious patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect!

The blast of countless faces was so powerful that not even the combined efforts of all of the patriarchs could contain them all. Although ninety percent were caught up by the web of destruction, a few escaped.

One of the faces was that of a young man. Borrowing the force of the initial blast, he shot out to a position 30,000-meters away. There, the face wriggled, transforming into a white-haired young man. Although his face was ashen from exertion, he didn't hesitate

for a moment to flee at top speed.

“Master Thousand-Faces!!” Killing intent raged in Patriarch Limitless’s eyes as he shot forward in a blur to pursue the white-haired young man. In the blink of an eye, both of them had disappeared over the horizon.

Everyone in the Blood Stream Sect was shaken, and many people gasped. Nobody could possibly have anticipated that events such as these would play out; one of their own patriarchs, Daoist Sage Droughtflame, had actually been replaced by Master Thousand-Faces from the Profound Stream Sect!

Obviously, the real Droughtflame had been secretly assassinated at some point in the past, and his flesh used by Master Thousand-Faces to replace him via a secret magic!

Everyone thought back to how Master Thousand-Faces had just attacked Bai Xiaochun, and realized that it was all to prevent the two sects from joining together.

If Bai Xiaochun had died, it would have led to mass destruction!

Chapter 286: Good... Morning...?

Conversations erupted on the Blood Stream Sect side. One shocking event after another had played out on this day, leaving the entire sect completely shaken.

The Blood Devil had appeared, and one of the patriarchs turned out to be a spy. Such things could not simply be swept under the rug, and the whole sect was left feeling blank, and even humiliated.

The arch-patriarch had a bitter look on his face. Gritting his teeth, he looked over at the Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch, and then at the unconscious Bai Xiaochun. Within moments, the two sects would either be fighting, or joining forces. The arch-patriarch was silent for a moment, but then suddenly, his ears suddenly twitched, almost as if some other being were speaking directly to him. His expression flickered, and then became one of complete determination.

“The Profound Stream Sect tried to sow disharmony between our sects, with the goal of getting us to slaughter each other. Not only did they murder Fellow Daoist Droughtflame, they tried to kill one of our blood masters. We cannot tolerate such things! When the Blood Stream Sect goes to war, we don't return home until blood has been spilled. Therefore, the best thing to do is go wipe out the Profound Stream Sect!!” As his words reached the hearts and minds of the Blood Stream Sect disciples, their confusion was quickly replaced with fury.

“I vow to wipe out the Profound Stream Sect!”

“Let’s get revenge for Patriarch Droughtflame!!” As their new goals came to be fixed in their hearts, their eyes shone, and they even swore oaths. The words of the arch-patriarch instantly caused their blood to boil, and their killing intent to seethe.

The blood clouds began to churn, and the blood seas grew even mightier as the Blood Stream Sect army began to fly off into the distance. The blood giants howled, and the blood-colored battleships sprang into motion. The ground rumbled as countless Outer Sect disciples flew into the air like locusts to become enormous spheres.

The Blood Stream Sect patriarchs spun and flew up into the blood clouds.

After a moment of silence, the Spirit Stream Sect’s founding patriarch looked around at the other members of the sect, and could see the determination in their eyes. With a glance at a certain location in the Luochen Mountains that no one had been paying attention to, he listened to a voice speaking in his head for a moment, after which he gritted his teeth.

“The Profound Stream Sect interfered with the affairs of our two clans, and even tried to kill our junior patriarch! For that, they must die!” With that, he waved his right hand. “Spirit Stream Sect, the time has come to wipe out the Profound Stream Sect!!”

Rumbling sounds filled heaven and earth. Killing intent surged, and the light of spell formations climbed into the sky. The giants

began to speed off into the distance, and the white sun overhead caused the sky to shake!

Many people couldn't help but take a moment to look over at Bai Xiaochun, the founding patriarch included. After gazing for a moment at him lying unconscious in the crater, they shot off to join the Blood Stream Sect on the continent that was the location of the Profound Stream Sect!

A war was about to be fought the likes of which had not been seen in the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world for 10,000 years!

Apparently, a new sect was on the rise, like the dawn sun, shining with countless beams of glorious light, interspersed with blood and death!

The main forces left, but a small contingent from each sect remained in the Luochen Mountains, including Patriarch Ironwood and the Song Clan patriarch.

Of course, their reason for staying behind was Bai Xiaochun!

Bai Xiaochun was of vast importance to both sects, and neither would feel comfortable leaving him in the care of the other sect. As Master Thousand-Faces had made clear, Bai Xiaochun was also a major weakness for the two sects. As long as he lived, everything could proceed smoothly. But if he died, the connection between the two sects would be lost, and too many bad things could happen.

Naturally, Hou Xiaomei refused to leave Bai Xiaochun's side. She had long since noticed Song Junwan, and her intuition immediately told her that something was going on between her and Bai Xiaochun.

Song Junwan also refused to leave. The sight of the unconscious Bai Xiaochun filled her with pain, as well as other indescribable emotions.

And thus, time passed. The Luoche Mountains became quiet once again. The Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect set up two camps right next to each other in the Luoche Mountains.

Directly in the middle of the two camps was an immortal's cave, which was kept under tight guard. Even the two patriarchs watched over the area to make sure that no accidents occurred.

Inside the immortal's cave, Bai Xiaochun lay unconscious. Every day, Hou Xiaomei and Song Junwan would appear to accompany him. As time went by, Hou Xiaomei became increasingly convinced that something was going on between Bai Xiaochun and Song Junwan. As for Song Junwan, she could obviously tell that Hou Xiaomei had a relationship of some kind with Bai Xiaochun.

Soon, the cultivators from both sects came to sense the killing spirit that existed between the two women. Eventually, they even came to hear the two of them arguing loudly over the unconscious Bai Xiaochun. When that happened, sympathy rose up in the hearts of all of the cultivators.

More time passed. A month later, Bai Xiaochun's breathing had grown steady. Thanks to the inner workings of the Undying Live Forever Technique, he was slowly recovering. Coupled with the constant treatment of spirit medicines provided by the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect, he was rapidly getting better.

One afternoon, his cultivation base suddenly spun, and his eyes fluttered open. When he realized that he was alive, excitement surged in his heart.

He thought back to everything that had occurred before he passed out, and his heart continued to pound with fear. If he hadn't pulled out his turtle-wok at the last moment to defend himself, he would surely have been destroyed in body and soul.

"That Droughtflame is too vicious! Dammit, once I get strong enough, I'll definitely have to get revenge!!" Gnashing his teeth inwardly, he was just about to sit up when he suddenly realized that something seemed wrong. Turning his head slowly to the side, he saw Hou Xiaomei standing close by, her hands on her hips, looking very much like a hot chili pepper as she glared at Song Junwan, who stood opposite her, casual and yet confident.

Perhaps because they were too focused on each other, they didn't notice that Bai Xiaochun had opened his eyes.

At that point, Bai Xiaochun's pupils constricted. Something about the scene seemed very odd, so he quickly closed his eyes and

then opened them again a moment later. When he confirmed that he wasn't hallucinating, his heart suddenly thumped, and he began to feel very nervous. That was when Hou Xiaomei began to speak.

“What are you doing here again, old aunt Song?” she said, glaring. “You’re getting pretty old, shouldn’t you be in a retirement home or something? Why don’t you hobble off and take a nap!? I can take care of big bro Xiaochun by myself!”

Song Junwan’s phoenix-like eyes widened into a glare. Looking more regal than ever, she decided to put Hou Xiaomei in her place. “Look girl, I know that you’re too young to understand the relationship between me and your uncle Xiaochun. Considering that you’re Nightcrypt’s niece, I probably ought to give you a good slap upside the face.”

Hou Xiaomei snorted. “You’re the niece! Your whole family are all nieces! Me and big bro Xiaochun are the perfect match! We’re childhood friends, and we liked each other from the moment we joined the sect. In fact, it was only with big bro Xiaochun’s help that I was able to get into the Outer Sect.”

This was not the first time the two of them had argued with each other. Such heated interchanges occurred on almost a daily basis. Even despite Song Junwan’s control over her own temper, she had almost killed Hou Xiaomei on multiple occasions.

However, considering the plans to join the two sects together, and Bai Xiaochun’s role in that, she managed to hold back.

Bai Xiaochun licked his lips, and then, considering how murderous the two women looked, quickly closed his eyes and pretended to be unconscious. However, he soon realized that something seemed even more wrong than before. Everything was too quiet.

The quiet got him even more nervous, and when he listened carefully, it caused his scalp to tingle; in addition to his own breathing, he could clearly hear two other people breathing, and very close to him at that!

Beads of sweat popped out on his forehead. Pretending as if he were just waking up, he slowly opened his eyes and looked around in confusion. The first thing he saw were two faces as beautiful as flowers.

One seemed mature, the other young and inexperienced. One was spectacularly elegant, the other was sweet and pure.

“Good morning....” he said nervously, blinking a few times.

Song Junwan suddenly smiled, and her gaze softened. Reaching out, she placed her hand onto his forehead to feel his temperature. Eyes as deep as pools of water, she softly said, “Don’t be scared. You were just pretending to be unconscious, that’s all. Now tell your big sis how many days you were faking.”

Bai Xiaochun swallowed hard and then said, “I....”

However, before he could finish speaking, Hou Xiaomei swatted Song Junwan's hand aside and stepped forward to stand next to Bai Xiaochun. Glaring angrily at Song Junwan, she said, "What do you think you're doing?!?! Big bro Xiaochun is very pure and innocent! How could he possibly have been pretending to be unconscious?!" Almost as soon as the words left her mouth, she looked suspiciously over at Bai Xiaochun, lowered her voice, and said, "Big bro Xiaochun, you've been corrupted! Pretending to be unconscious is wrong!"

More sweat popped out on his forehead. Being around these two women made it feel like needles were pricking into his back. "I...."

After rolling her eyes, Song Junwan coolly said, "Nightcrypt, I'd like to speak with you alone. You owe me an explanation."

"Big bro Xiaochun, I also want to speak with you alone!" Hou Xiaomei said, not willing to be outdone by Song Junwan in any way.

Bai Xiaochun was struck speechless. The two women glared at each other angrily, then turned to him to see what decision he would make. Taking a deep breath, he put a very somber expression on his face.

"Very well!" he said, deepening his voice. Hou Xiaomei had never seen Bai Xiaochun speak in such a way, or seen such an expression on his face. She was shocked, and suddenly realized that this version of her big bro Xiaochun was even more attractive than the old version.

As for Song Junwan, her expression brightened; this was the Nightcrypt she remembered.

“Tell me what happened between the two sects after I fell unconscious. And where are we now? In the Luo Chen Mountains, or somewhere else?” Bai Xiaochun’s new tactic seemed to work. Continuing to try to look as serious as possible, he listened to the events which had played out after he fell unconscious.

The Blood Stream Sect would never have agreed to let him go back to Fragrant Cloud Peak, and the Spirit Stream Sect would never have agreed to let him return to Middle Peak.

Therefore, the two sects had arranged for a contingent of cultivators to stand guard over him in the Luo Chen Mountains. The Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Ironwood had even stayed behind to stand as Dharma protectors. Bai Xiaochun was moved.

Then Song Junwan went on to explain what was happening on the front lines of the war. The Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect were currently attacking the Profound Stream Sect. The Profound Stream Sect was no match for such a huge army, and had suffered setback after setback. They had already lost about half of their territory.

Bai Xiaochun was shaken by how seriously the two sects took him. Even if he had wanted to go to the fighting, the patriarchs wouldn’t have agreed.

“I guess it’s my fault for being so outstanding.... Ai.” Fretting luxuriously, he decided that the best thing to do at the moment was refrain from requesting to be sent to the battlefield. That way, he could avoid giving them any pressure, and could also avoid a situation where they suddenly went crazy and... agreed to let him fight.

“Ah, whatever. I should probably give the patriarchs a good excuse to refuse to let me go to the battlefield. My... my stomach suddenly hurts.... I guess my wounds haven’t healed all the way yet. Well... I’ll just continue to recuperate for a bit longer.” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Bai Xiaochun decided that he was a very considerate person. Clutching his stomach, he continued to pretend to feel ill.

Chapter 287: Women Are Terrifying!

For the next several days, Bai Xiaochun continued to pretend to be unwell. Every so often, he would leave the immortal's cave, look around at the world, and sigh deeply in his heart.

“I doubt there are many disciples such as myself who understand how things work. The patriarchs don't want me going off to war, so I've taken the initiative to pretend to be injured.” He shook his head slowly. In his mind, he really had grown up and come to understand the world a lot better.

“If Uncle Li and my Elder Brother sect leader knew about this, they would definitely praise me.” After some more thought, he realized that he shouldn't stay outside for too long, otherwise it might make his act seem unrealistic. Hou Xiaomei and Song Junwan hadn't come yet, so the best thing to do was go back inside to sleep. If they showed up, he would definitely get the short end of the stick.

Every time he thought about Hou Xiaomei and Song Junwan, his heart trembled.

“Terrifying,” he thought. “The way they look at me, it's like they want to cut me in two pieces to share with each other.” With that, he turned to hurry back inside. However, that was when Song Junwan came floating over.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide, and his heart began to pound.

“This isn’t right. They never show up at this time....” Turning his head nervously, he saw that Hou Xiaomei had also come.

Taking a deep breath, he put a somber expression on his face and then, before they could get too close, loudly said, “I have to go see the patriarchs!”

Even as the words left his mouth, he blurred into motion, flying toward the patriarchs at top speed. About halfway there, he suddenly realized that he was being careless. He quickly began to weave back and forth as wobbly as possible, as if he were having problems flying. Finally, he landed on the ground with a thud, then walked the rest of the way, panting as he went.

In this part of the Luochen Mountains was a mountain with two peaks that jutted up, not very high, and not very far away from each other. This was where the Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Ironwood were staying.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun appeared, both patriarchs looked down at him from the mountain peaks above.

“Bai Xiaochun offers greetings, patriarch!” he said, clasping hands and bowing.

“Are your injuries getting any better?” Patriarch Ironwood asked with an enigmatic smile.

Just when Bai Xiaochun was about to respond, a cold snort

echoed out from the Song Clan patriarch on the other mountain peak.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun heard it, his heart trembled, and he sighed. Without hesitation, he offered formal greetings again.

“Nightcrypt offers greetings, Father!”

The Song Clan patriarch smiled and said, “I saw that you had some trouble flying on your way over here. You still haven’t recovered yet?”

“I’m better,” he replied, feeling a bit guilty. He knew that he couldn’t truly deceive the patriarchs, so after some hesitation, he decided to push the envelope a bit and added, “But.... I think there’s still a bit that’s not better?”

Patriarch Ironwood laughed and said, “Ah, it doesn’t matter. Since you’re not fully recovered, just take some more time to rest.”

With that, he waved his hand, sending a medicinal pill bottle flying toward Bai Xiaochun

Bai Xiaochun caught it and blinked a few times. After opening it, he was instantly moved; inside were tier-4 medicinal pills with excellent medicinal efficacy. However, they weren’t designed for treating injuries, but rather, to help increase one’s cultivation base.

The Song Clan patriarch's eyebrows shot up, and then he waved his hand, sending two medicinal pill bottles flying out. Licking his lips, Bai Xiaochun grabbed them, then opened them. His eyes went wide.

These bottles also contained tier-4 medicines, but they were supreme-grade, bordering on tier-5. They were fairly bursting with blood qi, and would be of significant benefit to his Undying Live Forever Technique.

Bai Xiaochun looked excitedly at the two patriarchs. They were definitely treating him very well. Obviously, they knew that his injuries had recovered, and in response, gave him spirit medicine to help improve his cultivation base.

"It seems I really have grown up," he thought. "I was worried about the patriarchs, and here they are hinting for me to continue to pretend to feel unwell." Sighing, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

"Patriarch, Father, don't worry, you've done the right thing to trust me!" Giving them a meaningful look, he turned and left.

The Song Clan patriarch chuckled, and Patriarch Ironwood smiled and shook his head. Although they wanted Bai Xiaochun to go to war, they were worried about his safety. Therefore, they wouldn't force him to make any decision he didn't want to.

After returning to his immortal's cave, Bai Xiaochun found that Hou Xiaomei and Song Junwan had left. Sighing in relief, he sat

down cross-legged and began to work on his cultivation.

He soon discovered that his cultivation base had already improved some compared to before he lost consciousness. Furthermore, his Undying Live Forever Technique had grown stronger.

“If things keep going like this,” he thought excitedly, “then late Foundation Establishment is right around the corner!” Then he thought about how he had single-handedly stopped his two sects from going to war, and he felt very proud. However, just when he was about to pop one of the medicinal pills into his mouth, he suddenly heard Hou Xiaomei’s voice coming from outside the immortal’s cave.

“Big bro Xiaochun, I cooked up some medicine for you....” With that, the door of the immortal’s cave opened, and Hou Xiaomei entered, her face a bit flushed, a bowl of medicine held in her hands.

The steam from the medicine caused Hou Xiaomei’s face to be even more flushed than it might have been, and as soon as Bai Xiaochun saw her fair, pure features, his heart began to pound.

But then, Song Junwan appeared right behind her, smiling broadly as she also brought in a bowl of medicine. The clothes she wore were different than what she usually wore back in the Blood Stream Sect. They were more conservative, and yet, couldn’t conceal her curvaceous form.

“Little bro Nightcrypt, I cooked up some medicine for you....”

The two women approached Bai Xiaochun, each one holding out a bowl of medicine. Song Junwan had a faint smile on her face, whereas Hou Xiaomei looked a bit shy.

Bai Xiaochun’s heart immediately began to pound, and even as he was cursing their treacherous ways, he realized that Song Junwan had uttered the exact same words as Hou Xiaomei. He couldn’t stop his eyes from going wide.

He looked left. He looked right. He hesitated. Finally, he decided that since Hou Xiaomei had come in first, that he might as well take her medicine first. With that he reached his hand out toward Hou Xiaomei’s bowl.

Hou Xiaomei’s eyes instantly brightened with excitement, and she glanced furtively over at Song Junwan, looking very pleased with herself.

When Song Junwan saw what was happening, she glared at Bai Xiaochun, and then gave a cold harrumph. Instantly, an intense killing aura sprang up around her. Bai Xiaochun gasped, and quickly changed the direction his hand was moving, sending it toward Song Junwan’s bowl.

Before his hand could even touch the bowl, Hou Xiaomei’s eyes turned red as if from grief. Trembling, tears welling up in her eyes, she said, “Big bro Xiaochun, I spent all day cooking up that medicine.”

Bai Xiaochun felt bad, and without even thinking about it, yet again changed the direction his hand was moving.

“Nightcrypt, do you remember all the things you said to me on Middle Peak?” Song Junwan said softly. “Drink my bowl of medicine first. I believe that everything you said to me was true.” Unswerving determination could be seen in her eyes. Apparently, if he didn’t drink her medicine first, then she would instantly leave, and henceforth refuse to believe anything he told her.

“I....” Bai Xiaochun’s hand stopped in place, and he looked at the two bowls of medicine, feeling almost like he was going insane.

“Did they plan to come at the same time or something?” he thought. “ARRGGHHH!!” He felt like he was about to collapse. Despite how much he’d grown up, he had never been in a situation like this, where no decision he made was the right one....

Eyes bloodshot, he gritted his teeth, and then reached out and grabbed one bowl with each hand. Weeping inwardly, he somehow managed to start drinking from both bowls, being careful not to spill any of the burning hot medicine on himself.

To drink from two medicine bowls at the same time felt very odd, but inside, Bai Xiaochun was sighing with relief, and couldn’t help but marvel at how quickly he had adapted to the situation. This way, neither Hou Xiaomei nor Song Junwan would be able to find fault with him.

However, after finishing the medicine, he realized that Song Junwan's killing aura was pulsing even more explosively than before. Glaring at him angrily, she spun and walked off. Hou Xiaomei looked completely heartbroken. Eyes flashing with bitter grief, she turned slowly and walked out of the immortal's cave.

Bai Xiaochun watched in shock as the two women left. Grabbing his hair in both hands, he cried, "What... what did I do wrong? I drank them both! I didn't drink either one before the other...."

Scowling on the verge of tears, he stared at the closed door of the immortal's cave.

"If things keep going like this I'm gonna go crazy! I'm... I'm just gonna go into secluded meditation!!" Having made his decision, he gritted his teeth and sealed the door of his immortal's cave as tightly as was possible. Taking a deep breath, he sat down cross-legged and took some time to calm himself down. Then he opened the bottles of medicinal pills given to him by Patriarch Ironwood and the Song Clan patriarch and began to meditate.

Days passed. In the blink of an eye, half a month went by. During that time, Bai Xiaochun made constant progress in his cultivation. Bit by bit, he got closer to late Foundation Establishment.

His fifth spiritual sea was now fully crystallized, and his sixth sea was halfway there. Once his sixth spiritual sea crystallized, then he would officially break through the peak of mid Foundation Establishment and into the late stage.

Furthermore, during his meditation session, the power of the medicines he'd consumed for the purpose of treating his injuries also helped push his cultivation base higher.

Then there was the little turtle. Bai Xiaochun would take it out every day and give it a thorough shaking. The fragrant aroma emitted by the turtle would cause boundless streams of spiritual power to flow into him, further hastening the crystallization of his sixth spiritual sea!

Sixty percent. Seventy percent. Eighty percent....

Another half a month passed. One morning at dawn, rumbling sounds filled Bai Xiaochun as his sixth spiritual sea fully crystallized. Spiritual power that vastly surpassed anything from before flowed unceasingly through him, causing cracking sounds to fill the air around him. It was almost like a baptism.

His Heaven-Dao aura grew stronger, such that strange colors flashed in the sky. Patriarch Ironwood and the Song Clan patriarch noticed, as did other cultivators in the Luochen Mountains. All of them looked over in the direction of Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave, where a boundless Heaven-Dao aura seemed to be connecting in the heavens above!

Thunder rumbled, and a vortex appeared up above, spinning rapidly. Bai Xiaochun's eyes opened, and they glowed with brilliant, lightning-like light. His sixth spiritual sea was fully crystallized!

Late Foundation Establishment!

Chapter 288: What Bird Is That...?

Bai Xiaochun's open eyes flashed with scintillating light, illuminating the darkness of the immortal's cave like flickering lightning.

Intense cultivation base power surged through his body, not only causing a reaction in the sky overhead, but also causing fluctuations to pulse through his qi passageways.

The energy flowed through him, making a complete cycle before fusing into his spiritual seas, vanishing into the sixth, crystallized sea. It was like a convergence of massive weight and power that propelled his cultivation base higher.

Rumbling sounds filled him that only he could hear, shaking his mind and heart. It was almost like the Tideflows he had experienced in the Fallen Sword Abyss. Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath, reveling in the feeling of intense power that vastly exceeded anything from before.

“Late Foundation Establishment!” Bai Xiaochun looked up and started laughing, excitement written across his face. As of this moment, all of his hard work in the Foundation Establishment stage had come to fruition.

“From now on, I, Bai Xiaochun, can easily crush anyone in early Foundation Establishment! If any early Foundation Establishment cultivator dares to provoke me, a slap from me will leave them screaming in pain!” Trembling in excitement, he rose to his feet,

and as he did, cracking sounds rang out as a third heavenly demon appeared behind him!!

Outside in the sky, the clouds swirled rapidly, and thunder crackled. Within the vortex up above, a heavenly demon appeared, and then a second, and a finally, a third!

Three enormous heavenly demons were right out in the open for everyone to see, and it instantly caused the cultivators of the Spirit Stream Sect who were garrisoned in the area to cry out in shock.

“What’s that!?”

“Those... those look like Dharma Idols!!”

“Heavens! What technique is Sect Uncle Bai cultivating!?”

Similar cries could be heard coming from the Blood Stream Sect. Because of the techniques cultivated by Lesser Marsh Peak, the cultivators from the Blood Stream Sect already had speculations about what they were seeing.

“That’s a Lesser Marsh Peak body refinement technique!! That’s the Heavenly Demon Body!”

“Nightcrypt definitely deserves to be the Blood Lord. Now that he’s reached this level in his body refinement, he’ll definitely proceed to the blood fiend level!”

On the two mountain peaks, the Song Clan patriarch's eyes shone brightly, and Patriarch Ironwood's eyes glittered with mysterious light. Both of them were shaken by the heavenly demon incarnations they saw in the sky.

After a moment passed, the Song Clan patriarch said, "My boy Nightcrypt's Heavenly Demon Body is already quite different from Lesser Marsh Peak's...."

A thoughtful look appeared on Patriarch Ironwood's face. The two of them exchanged a glance, but didn't say anything else.

Inside the immortal's cave, Bai Xiaochun's excited laughter rang out as he felt his fleshly body power rising. He felt more blessed than ever.

"How could this be happening? The medicinal pills that Father and Patriarch Ironwood gave me shouldn't have pushed my cultivation all the way to this point. Unless....

"Unless my injuries stimulated some latent power inside of me! Hahaha! That must be it!" Bai Xiaochun almost felt like dancing with joy. In his current state, he really felt incredibly powerful.

"Wait, hold on. I can't be arrogant, and I definitely have to keep working hard. Now that I'm in late Foundation Establishment, I have to crystallize my seventh through ninth spiritual seas, and reach the great circle of Foundation Establishment. Then I can break through to the Gold Core stage!!!" As he thought about the

Gold Core stage, he began to pant, and his eyes shone with bright light.

“I heard that if you can reach the Gold Core stage, you’ll get at least five hundred additional years of longevity.... Five hundred years...! If I succeed, that means I’ll be able to live for at least a thousand years!!” His hands clenched into fists, and his eyes shone as if with madness. The idea of being able to live for a thousand years filled him with so much excitement that he almost couldn’t control himself.

“I also have the second volume of the Undying Codex. I’ve finished the steps with the ancient mammoths and the berserk ghosts. Next is the Heavenly Demon Body. Once I make enough heavenly demons, I can proceed to the Asura Body. Once I’m finished with the Asura Body, I can take the second volume of the Undying Codex to the highest level, the Undying Heavenly King Body!!” Slapping his chest confidently, he laughed loudly and prepared to leave his immortal’s cave to perform some tests and see exactly how powerful he had become.

However, after having only taken a few steps toward the door, his face suddenly fell. Considering the level of his cultivation base, he was able to clearly detect that two beams of light were flying in his direction. They were none other than Song Junwan and Hou Xiaomei.

Obviously, they had sensed Bai Xiaochun’s cultivation base breakthrough, and realized that his session of secluded meditation was over.

As soon as he thought about the terrifying things that happened when those two women showed up together, his face went pale, and his heart began to tremble. He suddenly slapped his chest, causing his face to turn ashen. He swayed in place a bit, pretending to be weak as he trudged out of his immortal's cave. Song Junwan and Hou Xiaomei approached, and they were clearly preparing to say some sarcastic things, but then they saw his weak demeanor, and their faces fell. Forgetting all about their desire to get into a row, they flew over.

“What’s wrong, big bro Xiaochun!?”

“Nightcrypt, what’s wrong? Weren’t things going well just now?” Looking very worried, both women reached out to support Bai Xiaochun by the elbow as they led him back into the immortal’s cave to lay down on the stone bed.

As they comforted him with soft, gentle words, he was reminded of how tender they had been in past times. Now that they weren’t fighting or arguing, he could breathe a sigh of relief.

He coughed a few times and then weakly said, “Perhaps toward the end my qi flow was interrupted. I just need some rest, and then I’ll be fine.”

As the two women waited on him, he lay back and closed his eyes to rest.

Hou Xiaomei and Song Junwan knew that Bai Xiaochun needed some peace and quiet, so they left silently. After they were gone,

Bai Xiaochun opened his eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. Not much remained of the elation he had felt because of his cultivation base breakthrough, and now, his expression was twinged with anxiety.

“What do I do now...?” he thought, scowling at the seemingly unbearable situation.... After a bit of consideration, he decided that the best thing to do was to continue to pretend to feel unwell.

Time passed. Before long, half a month had gone by. He couldn't continue to pretend to be weak that entire time, so he gradually started to pretend to look better. As time passed, Song Junwan caught on to the fact that he was pretending to feel unwell. As for Hou Xiaomei, she was a simple girl, but she wasn't stupid. Even she started to suspect.

When Bai Xiaochun realized that, he was so scared he started shaking. This kind of life was a torture, and by now, he was considering trying to go join the war effort. However, the thought of the deadly dangers of the battlefield caused him to hesitate.

“Ah, whatever. I can hang on for a bit longer. Maybe I can think of some other way to deal with this....” Tugging on his hair in frustration, he continued to ponder the situation. Finally, his expression suddenly changed, and he looked very depressed.

Maintaining that look, he shuffled out of his immortal's cave, whereupon Hou Xiaomei and Song Junwan arrived....

Gaze soft and voice gentle, Hou Xiaomei said, “Big bro Xiaochun,

it's not good to stay cooped up in your immortal's cave. Let's go for a walk together, okay?"

"Um...." he replied hesitatingly.

Smiling enigmatically, Song Junwan reached out to support Bai Xiaochun's left arm. "Nightcrypt, to cultivators like us, that type of injury is really nothing. Come on, let's go out into the Luochen Mountains for a bit. If you get your qi and blood moving, it will definitely speed your recovery."

In turn, Hou Xiaomei glared and reached out to support his right arm.

Bai Xiaochun gaped in shock. He didn't even get a chance to respond to either of them before they were leading him out of the immortal's cave.

After only a few steps, his feet actually left the ground. He felt like a death row inmate being dragged to his own execution as the two women stared daggers at each other across him. Beads of sweat popped out on his forehead, and he almost felt like crying.

It was currently dawn, and a faint fog covered most of the Luochen Mountains. As the morning light grew stronger, the fog began to dissipate; it was a very beautiful scene. After being carried out of his immortal's cave, quite a few cultivators from the two sects saw him, and looks of compassion appeared in their eyes as they hurried past the group of three.

Bai Xiaochun opened his mouth to speak, but then closed it just as quickly. It didn't seem like a good time to talk. If he did, it would definitely lead to more headaches. Therefore, he gritted his teeth and decided that going for a bit of a walk wouldn't be so bad.

Even as such thoughts passed through his head, a bird flew by overhead. It was bright red, and quite beautiful, and as it flew along, it let out a melodious cry.

Song Junwan saw the bird, and looked surprised. "Look, Nightcrypt! A bloodspirit heron! I never thought I would see one of the Blood Stream Sect's bloodspirit herons here. I used to love watching them flying around back on Middle Peak."

Even as Bai Xiaochun looked up at the bird, Hou Xiaomei bristled with a killing aura and loudly said, "Bloodspirit heron? What are you talking about? That's obviously an irispetal ibis from the Spirit Stream Sect!"

Song Junwan looked over angrily at Hou Xiaomei, who, unwilling to be outdone, stuck her chest out and glared back defiantly.

Bai Xiaochun was stuck between them, sweating profusely. Things were reaching a point where he almost couldn't deal with the headache. That was when Song Junwan laughed charmingly, and looked at Bai Xiaochun with sparkling, mesmerizing eyes.

"Nightcrypt, what do you think? Is that bird a bloodspirit heron or an irispetal ibis?"

Not willing to be outdone, Hou Xiaomei grabbed Bai Xiaochun's arm. Looking completely heartbroken, she softly asked, "Big bro Xiaochun, tell that old auntie that it's an irispetal ibis."

Chapter 289: Patriarchs, Send Me To The War!

Bai Xiaochun felt like his head was about to explode. Eyes widening, he looked up at the bird, feeling like he was about to go insane.... The truth was that this bird actually had two names. In the Blood Stream Sect, it was called a bloodspirit heron, but in the Spirit Stream Sect, it was known as an irispetal ibis.

However, he wasn't sure which name to call it. That was especially true considering that killing intent was surging on both sides of him. He could almost feel the tears welling up in his eyes. How he hated that bird....

“Damn you, bird!” he thought. “Why? Why why why did you have to show up here?!?” Trembling, he looked at Song Junwan on his left, and Hou Xiaomei on his right. Both of them were staring at him with looks of anticipation on their faces. He could well imagine that whoever he sided with, the other would be deeply and profoundly grieved.

Bai Xiaochun gritted his teeth and prepared to make up a new name. However, that was when Song Junwan suddenly said, “Nightcrypt, don't you dare try to pull a fast one by making up a new name!”

“Big bro Xiaochun,” Hou Xiaomei chimed in, “you can't say you don't recognize it. I know you've seen those birds in the Spirit Stream Sect before!”

It was a rare occasion: Hou Xiaomei and Song Junwan were siding with each other as they stared at Bai Xiaochun, deep emotions flickering in their eyes....

“I... I....” Sweat dripped down Bai Xiaochun’s face. By this point, he was in a state of complete despair. Back when they’d brought him medicine, he’d managed to pull a fast one, but as of this moment, that didn’t seem possible.

“What do I do...?” he thought, his eyes glistening with tears. Based on how Song Junwan and Hou Xiaomei were pushing him, it was obvious that they didn’t care at all what the bird was called, they just wanted him to choose between the two of them.

Eyes bloodshot, he pointed up at the bird and howled, “Fine! I’ll tell you. That bird is a... it’s a....”

Suddenly, he bit down on his tongue, and then unleashed his cultivation base power, allowing it to run wild within him. As it burst into his qi passageways, a sweet taste filled his mouth, and then he spat out a mouthful of blood. Then his vision started going dark, and he began to lapse into unconsciousness.

In the last moment before he passed out, he sighed deeply.

Song Junwan and Hou Xiaomei were completely shocked. Not only did they see Bai Xiaochun coughing up blood, considering that they were holding him up by the arms, they could sense that his cultivation base was in chaos. Hou Xiaomei looked like she was about to cry as she carried Bai Xiaochun back into the immortal’s

cave. As for Song Junwan, she pulled out a huge collection of spirit medicines, which she began to push into his mouth.

Some distance away on the two mountain peaks, the Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Ironwood watched the scene play out, their eyes flickering with sympathy.

The Song Clan patriarch sighed and said, “Did the little brat really think getting involved with women could be so simple? I learned the truth of it years ago. With the flick of a sleeve, I detached myself from all impurities.”

In rare fashion, Patriarch Ironwood seemed to completely agree with him. Nodding, he said, “Love is tribulation. Years ago, I severed such tribulation. Actually, now that I think about it, I can’t even remember the faces of those old flames from years ago.”

The two old men exchanged a look. For the first time, they were in unison on something. Shaking their heads, they began to think back to their own pasts.

A few days later, Bai Xiaochun opened his eyes and hurried over to the copper mirror hanging on the wall in his immortal’s cave. When he looked into the mirror, he saw a gaunt, pale figure. As far as he was concerned, his world was now a world of darkness....

After a long moment, he sighed and prepared to go outside and get some fresh air. He needed to calm down and think of an idea of how to deal with the situation.

“It won’t work for things to keep going on in this way. Their games are going to drive me to an early grave....” Sighing, he pushed open the door of the immortal’s cave, and was just about to step outside, when he suddenly went completely stiff.

“You two....” Sweat broke out on his forehead as he realized that standing right outside the door of the immortal’s cave were Song Junwan and Hou Xiaomei. It was impossible to say when they had arrived, but there they stood, right next to each other, smiling at him.

“Nightcrypt, let’s go for a walk!” Song Junwan said, her eyes glittering charmingly.

“Big bro Xiaochun, I won’t make you name the birds this time.” Hou Xiaomei said, blushing a bit and seeming more pure and charming than ever.

And yet, the eyes of both women seemed to have inadvertently come to rest on his feet.

Bai Xiaochun felt all the hair on his body stand up on end. By now, he realized the truth. These two demonesses had become addicted to toying with him. Their games had reached the point where even which foot stepped out of his immortal’s cave first was a point of contention....

This was ridiculous. These two demonesses weren’t even human.... Trembling visibly, he didn’t dare to step outside.

“Um, so... fancy meeting you two here, huh? I’m... I’m feeling a bit tired, I think I’ll stay inside today....” Forcing a smile onto his face, he began to back up. However, in that instant, a killing aura sprang up from Song Junwan, and as for Hou Xiaomei, her eyes began to fill with tears as she looked piteously at him.

One seemed murderously angry, the other, wronged and maligned....

Bai Xiaochun was on the verge of going mad. He was in such pain that he suddenly unleashed all of the spiritual power that he had carefully built up inside of himself. The chaotic power swept through him, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. Yet again, his vision went dark, and he collapsed.

Before losing consciousness, he didn’t sigh, but tears filled his eyes.

Two days later in the middle of the night, Bai Xiaochun lay on the stone bed, and his eyes slowly opened. Then, he lay there staring up at the ceiling, tears flowing down his temples.

“Back when it was Hou Xiaomei by herself, it was so great. She believed anything I said. But now....

“Back when it was Song Junwan by herself, everything went my way. All I had to do was lose my temper a bit, and she would do anything I asked. But now....

“With both of them together, it’s simply terrifying....” As he thought back to how wonderful it had been to simply deal with them alone, more tears flowed.

“No. If things keep going on this way, I’m gonna end up dead!!

“They’re going to toy with me all the way to the grave, torment me to death! I’m already on the verge of going crazy. First was the medicine, then that bird. Next, they’re trying to decide which foot I walk with. Before you know it, they’re going to be watching to see which eye opens first, or which hand twitches....

“I can’t stay around here any longer. These two demonesses are too terrifying. I’ve already coughed up blood twice. If this keep up, I could lose my poor little life.” Trembling, face a mask of terror, he gritted his teeth!

“I need to join the war effort!!

“On the battlefield, there’s a chance I might get killed, but here, I’ll definitely go crazy sooner or later....” He suddenly felt more than ever like he truly wanted to join the war. In fact, his heart had already left the Luochen Mountains; he had no desire whatsoever to stay.

He rose to his feet, his expression that of unswerving determination. He seemed different than he had moments ago; his veins of steel were pulsing, and his eyes shone with intense light. He quickly packed his bags, then quietly opened the door of the immortal’s cave. Sending his divine sense out first, he looked

around the area.

It was currently the middle of the night, and the moon was obscured by the clouds. Everything was pitch black, and silent except for the sounds of various night creatures and birds.

He looked around vigilantly to make sure that Song Junwan and Hou Xiaomei weren't lying in wait. Then, he burst into motion, drawing upon all the speed he could muster, even using his wings. He became a beam of light that shot at top speed toward the two mountain peaks occupied by the Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Ironwood.

Fearful of attracting the attention of Song Junwan and Hou Xiaomei, he moved as fast as he could without actually making any noise in the process. Soon, he reached the two mountains, where he stopped in place and took a deep breath. His eye shone with determination, and his expression was that of ultimate decisiveness. He suddenly seemed like a combination of both Bai Xiaochun and Nightcrypt, heroic, extraordinary, and at the same time, formidable and ruthless!

He seemed taller than before as he strode forward to the base of the twin peaks. Eyes shining with cold ferocity, he clasped hands and bowed.

"I am legacy echelon disciple Bai Xiaochun of the Spirit Stream Sect, and blood master Nightcrypt of the Blood Stream Sect. Greetings, Patriarchs!"

The Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Ironwood slowly opened their eyes, and looked down in surprise at Bai Xiaochun.

A murderous aura sprang up around Bai Xiaochun as he said, “Stepfather, Patriarch, as the blood master of Middle Peak, and as a legacy echelon cultivator of the Spirit Stream Sect, I must perform meritorious services! I must go to the battlefield to face the enemy!”

The Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Ironwood had strange expressions on their faces. After a moment, the Song Clan patriarch said, “I thought you hadn’t recovered yet?”

“Stepfather, a few injuries are like nothing when compared to the greater good of both sects!” He smiled broadly, as if he didn’t care at all about his injuries. At the same time, the determination in his eyes grew more intense. “What cultivator can go through life without being injured? The important thing is the value of that injury. As for me, I was injured trying to protect our sects!”

He looked very heroic as he stood there uttering such words. Anyone who might have been able to see him would have been shocked. He seemed boundlessly righteous, a manly man as strong as iron and completely unafraid of dying!

“The battlefield is a dangerous place, and death is a common thing there. Aren’t you afraid of that?” Patriarch Ironwood asked softly.

Bai Xiaochun laughed heartily. Smacking his chest casually, he

said, “I’m a true man! Blood will be spilled on the battlefield, that’s true. But how could I simply stand by and watch my fellow sect members fighting in battle while I relax in comfort? That... is not Bai Xiaochun’s way of doing things, and it is definitely not Nightcrypt’s style!

“Patriarchs, there’s no need for further discussion. I... I definitely want to join the war effort!!” His sonorous words were spoken with decisiveness that could sever nails and chop iron.

“Very well,” the Song Clan patriarch said. “That’s exactly how a son of mine should act.” He and Patriarch Ironwood exchanged a glance, then nodded. “Tomorrow morning, you can take this teleportation medallion to the teleportation portal. It will take you to our garrison in the Profound Stream Sect region!” Laughing heartily, the Song Clan patriarch waved his hand, sending a command medallion flying toward Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun grabbed the medallion and flashed a carefree smile.

“What’s the point in waiting until tomorrow? My heart burns with the desire to kill the enemy! I can’t sleep like that! I’ll head to the teleportation portal immediately, and wade directly into battle. The time has come to put my life on the line for the sects!” Flicking his sleeve, he transformed into a beam of light that shot directly toward the teleportation portal. Moments later, the light of teleportation shot up into the sky, illuminating the darkness of night. A single figure could be seen in the light, his hair whipping around him, radiating determination, righteousness, and at the same time, bloody murder....

The Song Clan patriarch and Patriarch Ironwood laughed and looked at each other. Seeing the smiles on each other's faces, they realized at some point, they had come to admire each other a bit.

Chapter 290: In Profound Stream Sect Territory!

The Profound Stream Sect was located on the Heavencraft Continent, and bordered the Pill Stream Sect. Because of the years of warfare, the Heavencraft Continent was in a very sorry state. Magical combat had left the land riddled with craters, and the explosions of spell formations left the spiritual power of the region in chaos. The entire place was a very dangerous location.

Earlier on, the Profound Stream Sect had managed to gain the upper hand over the Pill Stream Sect, and had even absorbed more than half of the other sect. However, because of the alliance between the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, the tide of the war had turned. At this point, internal conflict wracked the Profound Stream Sect.

That was especially true of the portion of the sect that had once belonged to the Pill Stream Sect. In despair over the imminent destruction of their sect, they had defected. But now they hoped to become an auxiliary member of the Spirit Stream and Blood Stream Sects, and as such, were resisting the Profound Stream Sect!

Numerous mountains were in a state of collapse. Rivers had vanished off the face of the earth. Entire mountain ranges were gone. Countless cultivators and even entire clans were now nothing more than corpses and bones strewn about on smoking battlefields.

Even the sky had been affected; it was now choked with smoke

and ash. Then the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect arrived, and the sky filled with blood clouds and dazzling white light. These two sects were only in the initial stages of joining forces, and even with Bai Xiaochun connecting them, it was still a very difficult process. After all, they had been enemies for many years, and the distrust between them was still very intense.

Without the eruption of this war, the act of combining their sects would have been nothing more than a joke. Eventually, things would have fallen apart. However, with this war, they had a chance to truly unite.

Fighting against a common enemy gave the disciples of the two sects a chance to slowly get used to each other....

The Profound Stream Sect hadn't really been prepared for a joint assault by the Blood Stream and Spirit Stream Sects. What was happening was truly a nightmare. Before they even had time to smooth things out with the recently-absorbed factions of the Pill Stream Sect, two new enemies had arrived, like razor-sharp blades slashing at the exposed back of the Profound Stream Sect!

In a few short months, the Profound Stream Sect suffered heavy losses. More than sixty percent of the Heavencraft Continent had already been occupied, and 17 of their temple headquarters had been sacked!

Unlike most sects, the Profound Stream Sect didn't have just one headquarters. They had a total of 29, spread out like a net throughout the Heavencraft Continent. That was how they maintained their power on the continent.

The initial invasion was now over, and every day, minor battles were fought all over the continent. Booms rang out everywhere, and the land quaked violently.

Faced with the combined assault of the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, the Profound Stream Sect could hardly even defend itself. They could only hide in their various temple headquarters and make their final stand.

During the course of the fighting, one Chosen after another gained valuable battle experience. They were like swords being sharpened into deadly weapons.

Ghostfang, Shangguan Tianyou, Zhou Xinqi, Gongsun Yun, Hou Yunfei... Lu Tianlei, Song Que, Xu Xiaoshan, Jia Lie, Master God-Diviner, and numerous other cultivators all made names for themselves on the battlefield.

Although Xuemei had not been present for the fight with the Spirit Stream Sect, she was there on the Heavencraft Continent. Considering that she was at the peak of Earthstring Foundation Establishment, she had power that could shake the world.

There was another person who made an unexpected name on the battlefield, taking down numerous enemies. Even other members of the sect came to fear her. She was none other than Gongsun Wan'er!

Not a single cultivator in the same stage as her could match her

in combat. She even won some battles against prime elders of the Profound Stream Sect, striking awe into the hearts of the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect alike.

There were also Chosen of the Profound Stream Sect who made names for themselves. Nine-Isles was one of them. He was much more mature than he had been years ago in the Fallen Sword Abyss. Considering how bitter the fighting was, his name became an inspiration to many Profound Stream Sect disciples.

There were Chosen from the Pill Stream Sect as well. One of them was named Lin Mu, who cultivated the Primeval Medicinal Daoseed Incantation. He had long since betrayed the Pill Stream Sect, though, and had been accepted as an apprentice by Patriarch Nine-Heavens of the Profound Stream Sect.

He and Nine-Isles were the shining stars of the Profound Stream Sect, whose glory in battle dazzled anyone who saw them.

Among the bedraggled remnants of the actual Pill Stream Sect was a young woman named Chen Manyao, whose skill with poison exceeded even the late Fang Lin's, and whose abilities with illusion forms surpassed Zhao Rou's. She even managed to have a protracted battle with a prime elder, and performed other great services for her sect in battle.

The Chosen were like stars glittering in the night sky, each one of whom had their own chance to shine in battle. However, there was one star that was only just now teleporting onto the battlefield.

Everyone knew the name of that star; it was a name that couldn't be forgotten or overlooked. It was none other than Bai Xiaochun!

Although he had yet to make a showing in the fighting itself, although he hadn't fought brilliantly in battle, although he hadn't killed numerous enemies or shed rivers of blood, he was a dazzling star that could not be compared to. His accomplishments were such that anyone who heard of them was completely shaken.

The blood master of Middle Peak and Blood Lord of the Blood Stream Sect!

Legacy echelon cultivator and junior patriarch of the Spirit Stream Sect!

He had single-handedly stopped a huge war between two sects. He alone connected those two sects and convinced them to join forces. In fact, it was he alone who had unleashed the war of destruction upon the Profound Stream Sect.

Everyone had heard of him, and he existed in a spot above all other Chosen. While the other Chosen were still vying to make their name, he existed in a lofty position. The wave of his hand could completely change the tide of the war.

Everyone who heard his story was completely shaken. Nine-Isles roared in rage, his hatred for Bai Xiaochun burning bright and hot. As for Lin Mu, he went into secluded meditation for a few days after hearing the stories. When he emerged, he said that he had prepared a huge surprise for Bai Xiaochun!

Although Bai Xiaochun hadn't been present for any of the fighting so far, his name still rang loud and clear in the ears of everyone on the battlefield. Somewhere on the border of the Heavencraft Continent, in a location that had already been taken over by the Blood Stream Sect and Spirit Stream Sect, in one of the former temple headquarters of the Profound Stream Sect, the glittering light of a teleportation rose up into the sky.

The cultivators stationed on duty by the teleportation portal looked at the light with vigilant eyes, ready to instantly attack if the wrong person appeared.

Among the group were Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie. Considering that the three of them were grouped together separately from the other cultivators, it was obvious that they had a higher position. Given the levels of their cultivation bases, as well as their reputation, they should have been on the front lines of battle. However, after receiving grievous injuries in the fighting, all three had been reassigned to this location.

None of them really liked each other, and it wasn't limited to Beihan Lie disliking the Blood Stream Sect cultivators. Master God-Diviner and Jia Lie also had a bit of a rivalry between them. Of course, such situations were common among frontline veterans.

As the light of teleportation grew more intense, the eyes of the three cultivators glittered brightly. Master God-Diviner was already performing a divination. Beihan Lie's eyes shone with cold light, whereas Jia Lie's eyes were narrowed, and the fluctuations of the great circle of Foundation Establishment rolled off of him.

Despite having been injured fairly seriously, he still commanded shocking power.

Although people frequently teleported into this particular portal, the cultivators who guarded the area always reacted in this way. A month before, a group of Profound Stream Sect cultivators had managed to teleport into the middle of Blood Stream Sect territory and launch a surprise attack.

As the light began to fade away, they realized that it was only a single individual who had teleported in. As his features became visible, the eyes of the surrounding cultivators went wide.

“Sect Uncle Bai!!”

“Blood Master Nightcrypt!!”

Everyone was crying out in shock. Jia Lie began to shake, Master God-Diviner’s jaw dropped, and Beihan Lie let out a cold harrumph.

After materializing, Bai Xiaochun stepped out of the teleportation portal and then looked around as the cultivators from the two sects offered formal greetings.

“Greetings, Junior Patriarch!”

“Greetings, Blood Lord!”

At first, Bai Xiaochun looked a bit apprehensive. Glancing up into the blood-colored sky, he inhaled, and detected the stench of blood in the air, confirming that he was indeed on the battlefield. Finally, he breathed a sigh of relief. At long last, he felt free again, as if he had finally extricated himself from a nightmare.

Taking a deep breath, and putting a somber expression onto his face, he looked around at the surrounding cultivators, his eyes flashing like lightning.

“What’s the situation with the war?!” he asked. His energy surged, and the surrounding disciples of the two sects looked at him with eyes that burned with zeal. Then, they began to report what had occurred recently in the fighting.

Bai Xiaochun listened as they spoke, and soon had a basic understanding of the situation. It was at that point that a bright beam of light suddenly shot in their direction. It was one of the prime elders of the Spirit Stream Sect; he moved with such incredible speed that, within the blink of an eye, he was right in front of Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun had seen this particular prime elder before.

“The patriarchs have issued orders. Junior Patriarch Bai Xiaochun is to lead a contingent of cultivators to sweep previously conquered territory and root out any stragglers from the Profound Stream Sect. Any other matters which come up along the way can be handled as you see fit, as long as you don’t waste any time!”

Bai Xiaochun immediately understood that he was being given a relatively safe and easy mission, not an assignment to the front lines of battle.

Obviously, most clans in the conquered territories would be friendly, and any stragglers from the Profound Stream Sect would be weak and unimportant. Clearly, this mission had been specifically created just for him.

Although Bai Xiaochun felt very appreciative, his expression was solemn and respectful, and his eyes shone with intense light as he said, “I’m afraid I can’t comply!”

Chapter 291: The Middle Peak Blood Master Has Infinite Magical Powers!! The Spirit Stream Heaven-Dao Expert Can Shake The Whole World!

“I came here to kill the enemy on the front lines! How could I possibly stoop to handling trifling errands!?” Bai Xiaochun’s energy surged, and as his sonorous voice rang out, everyone who heard him was shaken. All eyes burned with even greater fervor than before, with the exception of Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie. Those three were inwardly cursing him; they were far more familiar with his true nature than the ordinary disciples were.

The prime elder hesitated for a moment. Then, he looked at Bai Xiaochun and said, “Junior Patriarch, these are the orders of the patriarchs. Stabilizing the conquered territory behind the battle lines is also very important.”

Inwardly, Bai Xiaochun was snickering, but outwardly, he put on a show of refusing again. The prime elder could do nothing more than continue to cajole him. It reached the point where the prime elder was getting ready to give up and back down. Then, to his surprise, Bai Xiaochun suddenly agreed.

Gritting his teeth and looking very displeased, he said, “Alright, fine. I don’t want to make trouble for you. I accept the mission!”

With that, he flew up into the air.

“Who is with me? Who is willing to join me as I stabilize the conquered territory and make a name for our two sects!?”

Virtually all of the cultivators began to cry out.

“I’m willing to follow you, Blood Lord!”

“Count me in, Junior Patriarch!”

“I’m coming too, Sect Uncle Bai!!”

In the blink of an eye, more than half of the group of several hundred cultivators stepped forward. Among them were a contingent from the Blood Stream Sect’s Middle Peak, who summoned an enormous blood sword, which they sent flying up into the air. It was hundreds of meters long, and radiated shocking energy.

Bei Han Lie immediately shrank back. Master God-Diviner edged away. As for Jia Lie, after the trial by fire for blood master, he had come to deeply fear Bai Xiaochun, and didn’t hesitate to go in the opposite direction, worried that he might be spotted.

Bai Xiaochun laughed heartily as he stepped onto the huge blood sword. Then he waved his hand, and numerous gargoyles flew over, along with a large number of flying ghouls. At the same time, all of the volunteers from the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect flew up to hover around the sword.

Bai Xiaochun stood there, an enigmatic smile on his face as he looked down at the ground below.

“Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, Jia Lie. What are you three hiding from me for? Come, come! Join me in setting out on this mission!”

Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie were all shaking and cursing inwardly. None of them wanted to go, and yet the orders from their respective patriarchs had been clear. Bai Xiaochun was leading the mission, and he had the right to pick anyone he wanted to go with him.

“I–” Beihan Lie wanted to argue, but he only got one word out of his mouth before Bai Xiaochun glared at him.

“I’ve been given a Dharmic decree by the patriarchs!”

Beihan Lie gritted his teeth and then flew over to the sword, depression gripping his heart. Master God-Diviner and Jia Lie were howling inwardly, but they knew they couldn’t escape. Having no other choice available, they flew over and joined the team.

“That’s more like it! Alright, let’s go!” Bai Xiaochun laughed again, then flicked his sleeve, sending the enormous sword, and the several hundred cultivators with it, flying off in grand fashion.

Bai Xiaochun had never felt so impressive. He sat cross-legged at

the tip of the huge sword, looking around at the countless gargoyles and refined corpses, and then at the surrounding cultivators. That, coupled with the sight of Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie looking so depressed, left Bai Xiaochun feeling very proud of himself.

“It seems that joining the war effort really was the right decision,” he thought. “Even back in the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, I never got to show off like this. Who would ever have thought that I could do so right here?!” With that, he pointed his finger straight out in front of him.

“Sect Nieces and Nephews, come with me as we dominate the Profound Stream Sect!”

One of the Blood Stream Sect disciples was particularly clever. When he saw how Bai Xiaochun was in such high spirits, he edged a bit closer to the sword and yelled at the top of his lungs, “The Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers!!”

Quite a few of the other surrounding cultivators were shocked, and even Bai Xiaochun looked over at the young man in astonishment. The young man seemed a bit embarrassed to have so many people staring at him, and he even started to blush. Just as he was thinking that he had gone a bit too far with his flattery, Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

“Don’t say like things like that in the future. I’m an upright and frank person, and definitely not a big fan of flattery. Now, take this medicinal pill!” Bai Xiaochun was actually very pleased, and his facial expression didn’t match his words at all. In fact, he seemed

to be encouraging such behavior as he threw over a tier-3 spirit medicine.

The young disciple was very excited, and seeing that Bai Xiaochun was encouraging him, he raised his voice even louder and said, “That’s how we truly feel! It’s no flattery! The Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers!!”

The other Blood Stream Sect disciples’ eyes went wide, especially when they saw Bai Xiaochun give a reward of some spirit medicine. Their eyes began to burn with passion, and they too joined in to call out, “The Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers!!”

Over a hundred people were calling out the same thing, and it made Bai Xiaochun feel wonderful. Coughing dryly, he handed out quite a few medicinal pills as a reward....

Of course, the hundred or so cultivators from the Spirit Stream Sect weren’t very happy about what was going on. Glaring at the Blood Stream Sect cultivators, they also began to cry out.

“The Spirit Stream Heaven-Dao expert can shake the whole world!!”

Bai Xiaochun was so excited that he was shaking. His eyes shone, and his heart surged. Slapping his bag of holding, he sent large quantities of spirit medicine flying out. The disciples of the two sects all understood what was happening, and they clustered around Bai Xiaochun, yelling at the tops of their lungs as they flew

along.

“The Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers! The Spirit Stream Heaven-Dao expert can shake the whole world!”

Only Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie simply gritted their teeth. They held Bai Xiaochun in complete contempt, and refused to resort to fawning flattery. Not even if they died!

Bai Xiaochun was very pleased, but also felt that he should be a bit more humble. Waving his hand, he said, “Alright, keep it down, guys, keep it down!”

And it was in this grandiose fashion that he proceeded along through the Profound Stream Sect territory that the two sects had already conquered.

Before long, the group reached a valley that housed a cultivator clan which had once been a part of the Profound Stream Sect. Once the invasion began, they surrendered, and yet, many in the clan were still loyal to the Profound Stream Sect. Although they put on a show of complying, they secretly hated the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect.

As of this moment, the patriarch and other clan members were currently discussing their next move.

“The Spirit Stream Sect has pushed things too far. They used to be allies of the Profound Stream Sect, but then they betrayed

them!!”

“Hmphh! And then there’s the Blood Stream Sect. They’re all a bunch of devilish cultivators, killers by nature! Sooner or later they’re going to be punished by the heavens!!” Even as they sat in the hall, cursing in righteous indignation, a shocking pressure suddenly began to weigh down on them.

Then, a cold voice rang out into their ears. “Everyone come out immediately to offer greetings to our blood master!”

Immediately, all of the cultivators’ faces fell.

The clan’s patriarch was in the mid Foundation Establishment stage. Face twitching, he strode out of the hall, followed by his fellow clan members.

Moments later, an enormous, blood-colored sword appeared up above, surrounded by more than two hundred cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect.

Standing on the sword itself was Bai Xiaochun, surrounded by roaring shouts that echoed like thunder.

“The Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers!! The Spirit Stream Heaven-Dao expert can shake the whole world!!”

The people from the cultivator clan were shaken as they stared up in shock. Meanwhile, Bai Xiaochun’s gaze swept over the valley.

His mission was to scour the regions behind the front lines to find any stragglers from the Profound Stream Sect. Furthermore, he wasn't to just randomly travel around looking for such stragglers. He had a jade slip that identified 37 cultivator clans who were suspected loyalists, and might be harboring such individuals.

According to the initial investigation carried out by the Spirit Stream Sect, there were suspicious aspects to all 37 of those clans that needed to be examined further. As for whether they ended up being spared, or wiped out, that was up to Bai Xiaochun's judgement. Thankfully, the jade slip had a marvelous function that allowed the person holding it to detect fluctuations that would point directly toward any member of the Profound Stream Sect.

Seeing the grand display of glory and power in front of them left the cultivator clan shaken. After taking a deep breath, the clan's patriarch clasped hands, bowed, and said, "Greetings, Blood Master!"

Bai Xiaochun didn't respond. The Heavenspan Dharma Eye on his forehead opened, and it was as if a curtain had been swept aside. He saw through all barriers within the valley, and quickly noticed that there was a necropolis hidden underground.

Within that necropolis were eight people seated cross-legged as they healed themselves. Although Bai Xiaochun had never seen them before, based on their wounds, their clothing, and the fluctuations of Profound Stream Sect magic on them, he was sure who they were. Instantly, the jade slip in his hand began to glow brightly.

Chapter 292: I Must... Concoct Medicine!

Bai Xiaochun looked down silently at the valley. After the tempering he had undergone in the Blood Stream Sect, he had become capable of acting ruthlessly, of cutting people down like grass. There weren't very many cultivators in this clan, and as for the people in the necropolis, they were all injured. With a simple order, he could wipe out the whole clan and the stragglers from the Profound Stream Sect.

After a moment of silence, he said, "You people already agreed to surrender and offer allegiance to the sect alliance. Why are you doing this...?"

His Heavenspan Dharma Eye began to shine as brightly as a sun, unleashing intense control power which instantly pierced all the way into the necropolis underneath the valley.

The eight injured Profound Stream Sect cultivators in the necropolis all began to tremble, and blue veins bulged out on their faces and necks. Hoarse shouts erupted from their mouths, and yet, their bodies weren't under their own control. Struggling the entire time, they reached up and then smashed their hands down onto the tops of their heads.

Popping sounds rang out as seven of them coughed up blood and then toppled over, dead. However, one of them, an old man, struggled free. Blood oozing out of his mouth, he shot out of the necropolis, an expression of shock on his face as he sped off in the opposite direction.

In response to the sudden development, expressions of shock and terror appeared on the faces of the cultivator clan members. As for the patriarch, his face went ashen, and he began to sway back and forth unsteadily as if he were about to pass out.

Before the old man from the Profound Stream Sect could get very far, Jia Lie shot after him in pursuit. Before long, a miserable shriek rang out, and then Jia Lie returned with the man's head. Murderous aura bristling, he hovered next to Bai Xiaochun, looking down at the group in the valley and licking his lips as if he was imagining drinking their blood.

Jia Lie wasn't the only one; cultivators from both of the sects were doing similar things.

Silence filled the valley, and the bitter cultivators' despair grew more intense.

"This is war," Bai Xiaochun said, "and there is no right or wrong. There are only different positions.... Take this as a warning. Follow our sect alliance. At the moment, there is no better option for you." With that, he waved his sleeve, and the blood sword began to fly off into the distance. The cultivators of the two sects cast cold glances at the cultivator clan before flying away.

After Bai Xiaochun left, the cultivator clan stood there, feeling like they were in a dream. They had just been on the threshold of the gates of hell, and had somehow survived. Their hearts were still pounding with fear. After a long silence, the blank look in the eyes of the patriarch transformed into determination.

After looking around at his fellow clan members, he saw that many of them wore expressions of gratefulness. “That man,” he thought, “must have been... the legendary Bai Xiaochun. He truly is a Chosen. A single look from him killed all those people from the Profound Stream Sect.... He could have crushed us, but instead, let us go.... He threatened us, but at the same time, treated us well. Instead of causing us to hate him, we ended up feeling grateful....”

“Heh heh. If he keeps doing things that way, he’ll reach amazing heights!” The old man gritted his teeth, and suddenly waved his right hand. Sword light erupted out, instantly slashing off the heads of three of his fellow clansmen!

It happened so quickly that the three victims didn’t even have a chance to react.

“Henceforth,” he announced, “the Hanyun Clan will follow the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect. Those three were inextricably linked to the Profound Stream Sect. By killing them, we sever all the old ties. Let that serve as a warning to any other Profound Stream Sect sympathizers!”

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“If I hadn’t stopped the war between the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, then it wouldn’t have been long before the Profound Stream Sect was hunting for stragglers just like I am now.” Bai Xiaochun sighed and looked around at the cultivators from the two sects. He suddenly realized that they were looking at

him in a different way than before.

They seemed more passionate, and even more respectful. The way he'd killed the Profound Stream Sect stragglers, and then dealt with the Hanyun Clan, caused quite a few of the cultivators to approve of him even more than before.

Even Beihan Lie's attitude seem to have changed somewhat. There was something strange in his eyes when he looked at Bai Xiaochun. As for Jia Lie and Master God-Diviner, they also glanced over at Bai Xiaochun with odd looks.

Bai Xiaochun smiled. He was aware that he had grown up quite a bit, and understood certain things much better than he had before. In some situations, he would do things that he didn't necessarily want to do, as long as it meant protecting his family, his friends, and his sect.

“My shoulders aren't broad enough to hold up the heavens. But I can certainly support my sect, my family, and my friends....”

Eyes shining brightly, he unleashed the power of his cultivation base, sending the blood sword rumbling through the air even faster than before. As it whistled along, they passed one cultivator clan after another that had surrendered. Rumbling sounds filled heaven and earth, and countless heads turned to look at them as they passed.

When they found Profound Stream Sect cultivators, Bai Xiaochun didn't actually have to do anything. The cultivators of

the two sects would fly out to handle the situation. When it came to the cultivator clans involved, he didn't treat them all the same. Based on the observations he made, and his own judgement, some got the same treatment as the Hanyun Clan, but others ended up being wiped out.

That was the best way to cow the local populace and stabilize the conquered territory. It was also the only way that their forces on the front lines could continue to advance safely.

Soon, word spread about what Bai Xiaochun was doing, and the cultivator clans began to prepare for his arrival. Slowly, the search for the Profound Stream Sect stragglers started to get more difficult. One option was to just destroy every clan on his list. However, that could destabilize the entire region behind the front lines. After all, the cultivator clans in question were not to be underestimated; there was a reason why the armies of the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect hadn't tangled with them during the initial invasion.

Furthermore, the complete and utter defeat of the Profound Stream Sect and their subsidiary clans was not the ultimate goal. The Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect wanted to absorb their power to strengthen themselves.

Three times in a row, they encountered cultivator clans who had completely sealed off their clan headquarters. No matter what Bai Xiaochun said, or how angry he got, they refused to even respond to him. Thankfully, some of them offered up gifts to him, which he begrudgingly accepted.

Bai Xiaochun was starting to feel very down. Looking at the mission jade slip, he frowned. The jade slip mentioned six particular cultivator clans regarding whom concrete evidence had been gathered, proving that they were not only harboring Profound Stream Sect cultivators, but were also planning insurrections.

“I don’t get it. If the patriarchs have definite proof, why don’t they just send people to wipe them out?” After thinking about the matter for a while, his eyes lit up, and he slapped his thigh.

“Ah, now I understand. Dammit! How come I’m so slow on the uptake? Obviously the patriarchs are rewarding me by giving me a chance to extort some loot.... After I’m finished extorting them, the sect will send people over to destroy them!

“Hahaha! That’s definitely what’s going on!” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Bai Xiaochun was more convinced than ever that he had just been muddle-headed before. He even decided that the blackmail aspect was an important part of his mission.

“The patriarchs are really great. Of course they want to reward me! Although, they could have just said so! There was no reason to be so vague about it.” Feeling pleased, and looking forward to what was coming, he led his group of two hundred or so cultivators toward the next cultivator clan.

The following day, an emerald green mountain rose up in front of them. Glittering lights surrounded the mountain peak, which was obviously a powerful defensive spell formation.

He could immediately tell that this clan had done the same thing as the previous few clans, and had completely locked themselves down. Standing there on the huge blood sword, Bai Xiaochun said, “Xuanguang Clan, I, Bai Xiaochun, have come on official business—”

Before he could even finish speaking, rumbling sounds echoed out, and an enormous figure rose up above the mountain, a giant made of pure light.

The giant’s eyes were closed, as if it were sleeping. However, moments later, a rumbling voice filled the air.

“Bai Xiaochun, the Xuanguang Clan has sealed itself off to the world. You’re not welcome here!”

Immediately after the thunderous words echoed out, the giant slowly faded away, and the mountain went quiet. Obviously, they really had sealed themselves away.

Bai Xiaochun wasn’t very happy about being interrupted, but when he thought about the gift that would surely be coming moments later, he brightened a bit. Clearing his throat, he said, “I know you’re completely sealed. But I can’t just leave empty-handed. How about this: why don’t you—”

Before he could finish, he was interrupted again. “Screw off!”

“Huh?” This was not the reaction he’d gotten from the other clans. Furthermore, he’d been interrupted a second time. He was really starting to get mad now.

“Are you really cursing at me? I never said anything unreasonable, did I? Look, I have a lot of people here with me, and we traveled a long way to get here. Why don’t you–”

“Screw off!!” The voice sounded even more enraged than before, and echoed out like thunder from the heavens.

“Fudge!!” Bai Xiaochun exclaimed. He had been interrupted three times in a row, and by this point, his fury was burning hot. How could this clan be so vile? Not only did they refuse to allow him to inspect their clan, they also refused to give him gifts, and even cursed him!

Looking around angrily, he said, “Sect Nieces and Nephews, this enemy is a crafty one, so we have to be even craftier. If we don’t, how else will we accomplish our mission?!”

Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie all chuckled coldly inside.

“The Xuanguang Clan’s spell formation draws upon all the spiritual energy in that mountain,” Beihan Lie said coolly. “Even if we all attack it together, we wouldn’t be able to break it open any time soon. If we rush things, it could destabilize the area behind the front lines. What exactly are we supposed to do?”

Everyone else looked over bleakly at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was angrier than ever that the reward handed to him by the patriarchs was turning out to be so frustrating. After a moment of silence, he gritted his teeth.

“Since they’re being such bullies. I... I think I’ll have to concoct some medicine!” The surrounding cultivators immediately began to tremble, and some of them even cried out in alarm. Within the blink of an eye, all two hundred of them backed up by 30 meters or so.

Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie were the fastest among the group. As soon as they heard Bai Xiaochun mention concocting medicine, their faces fell, and they backed up as quickly as possible.

Chapter 293: Plaguedevil Wreaks Havoc!

Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped, and he looked back and forth disappointedly.

“What are you guys doing...?” Coughing dryly, he continued, “It's for the sake of the mission! Besides, I'm really awesome at concocting medicine....”

People were already calling out advice.

“Sect Uncle Bai, there's no need to concoct any medicine, alright...?”

“Exalted Blood Master, let's just let this cultivator clan off the hook, okay...?”

Everyone all started talking at once, even Master God-Diviner.

Snorting coldly, Bai Xiaochun waved his hand to produce a pill furnace. “No way. I refuse to believe that they'll keep their doors closed to me!”

As soon as the pill furnace appeared, the surrounding cultivators of the two sects backed up even further. Bai Xiaochun looked at the Xuanguang Clan, then chuckled darkly. Slapping the pill furnace, he produced a large quantity of medicinal plants and began concocting!

The disciples of the two sects were still backing up, panting, looks of fear flickering in their eyes. And yet, at the same time, they seemed to be looking forward to the outcome.

“What a tragedy for the Xuanguang Clan....”

“I can’t believe they dared to provoke the Plaguedevil!!”

“Did you guys know that back when Bai Xiaochun concocted medicine in the Spirit Stream Sect, he invoked lightning from the heavens, and even acid rain...?”

“How could we not know? Back in the Blood Stream Sect, he almost blew up Lesser Marsh Peak!”

Bai Xiaochun had a pill furnace, a bag full of flame crystals, and plenty of plants and vegetation. Considering his skill in the Dao of medicine, he quickly produced a batch of spirit medicine.

Based on what he recalled, this particular type of spirit medicine was one that he had first concocted on Corpse Peak, and could cause hallucinations. It only took a day before the pill furnace was trembling, and wisps of black smoke began to spread out from it.

When the disciples of the two sects saw the black smoke, they gasped and backed further away.

Even people in the Xuanguang Clan itself were starting to get nervous. They had heard of Bai Xiaochun’s nickname

‘Plaguedevil,’ and as such, were completely on guard. Although they had never faced an assault such as this one, they were ready.

Another half a day went by, and then Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and roared as he slapped the pill furnace with both hands. A huge cloud of black smoke rose up, whereupon he waved his sleeve, sending it toward the Xuanguang Clan’s mountain.

When the black smoke touched the glittering shield of light, the shield vibrated, but only blocked about half of the smoke. The rest passed right through. However, such a small amount of smoke was negligible considering the size of the mountain, and nothing much happened.

Bai Xiaochun felt more down than ever, especially when he heard the jeering calls coming from the Xuanguang Clan.

“I always thought the Plaguedevil moniker sounded really impressive. But it turns out to be just for show. Bai Xiaochun, our Xuanguang Clan might have surrendered to the Blood Stream Sect, but that doesn’t mean you can come extort us any old time you want. You think we’ll open our doors wide just because of your title? Screw off, and don’t come back until you reach Core Formation!”

Bai Xiaochun was now more irritated than ever. After glaring at the Xuanguang Clan’s mountain for a moment, his eyes began to shine brightly.

“If one stream of smoke isn’t enough, then I’ll make a hundred!

No, hundreds!” Considering how many people were watching him, Bai Xiaochun felt as if he had really lost some face. With that, he waved his right hand and began to concoct more medicine. This time, he produced even more black smoke. However, he didn’t send it swirling toward the spell formation shield. Instead, he performed an incantation gesture, and at the same time, used his powers of gravity and repulsion to produce a glowing sphere.

Bai Xiaochun’s cultivation base had reached the point where he could prevent the sphere’s power from shredding clothing to pieces. By inverting the power inward, it created a flowing cycle that made the sphere very suitable as a vessel to hold things.

Now, he poured smoke into it until it was completely full. Having accomplished that, Bai Xiaochun waved his sleeve, sending the sphere shooting back toward Jia Lie.

“Take it!” he said, not even turning his head. Trembling with fear, Jia Lie caught the sphere. Then, Bai Xiaochun continued to concoct. Astonishingly, five days passed in which he produced hundreds of the glowing spheres, all of them packed with hallucinatory smoke. Every sphere produced was tossed back to the group of two hundred cultivators.

When everyone was well armed, Bai Xiaochun looked up at the Xuanguang Clan mountain, eyes bloodshot. Then he extended his right hand and pointed at the mountain.

“Xuanguang Clan,” he yelled, “if you’re that tough, then don’t even think about coming out from behind your shield! Unleash the spheres!” Immediately, the cultivators launched the spheres with

all the force they could muster, happy to be rid of the terrifying objects.

In the blink of an eye, hundreds of beams of light were shooting toward the Xuanguang Clan's spell formation. As soon as they made contact, rumbling booms echoed out. The spheres shattered, and the powers of gravity and repulsion within them caused the shield to distort and ripple, breaking open numerous rifts.

Although the rifts quickly mended themselves, the hallucinatory smoke that belched out of the exploding spheres had plenty of time to pour into the spell formation.

Before long, cries of alarm began to rise up from the mountain, reaching a cacophony. Then, the mountain suddenly went silent. Bai Xiaochun's eyes went wide as he looked over at the Xuanguang Clan. All of the two hundred or so cultivators at his back, including Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie, were nervously doing the same thing, their eyes shining. This was their first time cooperating with Bai Xiaochun in the act of concocting medicine, and considering they had personally unleashed the glowing spheres, they were eager to see the results.

After a protracted moment of silence, cackling laughter suddenly rose up from the mountain. Then the sound of weeping. And then roaring. All sorts of strange and unthinkable sounds could be heard.

The mere sounds were enough to cause Beihan Lie's skin to crawl. Gasps could be heard from the other cultivators, especially those from the Blood Stream Sect who had witnessed the tragedy

of Corpse Peak.

The cultivators who had actually come from Corpse Peak had complicated expressions on their faces as they thought back to past events.

Three days later, the Xuanguang Clan surrendered. They didn't offer any stipulations; they simply opened up the mountain and received Bai Xiaochun. In addition, they offered copious amounts of gifts. The fear and dread in the eyes of the their cultivators as they looked at Bai Xiaochun couldn't have been more clear. Those three days had been a nightmare that they wouldn't forget for the rest of their lives....

The name Plaguedevil had now been established in the Heavencraft Continent, and the stories were already spreading....

Surprisingly, the cultivators of the two sects soon fell in love with this magic that only Bai Xiaochun seemed capable of providing.

That was especially true of Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie.

Bai Xiaochun was an honest and straightforward person, so he split up the extortion profits among all of his followers. Of course, he was quite pleased at how everyone seemed to approve of his tactics. As a result, he spent some time making more glowing spheres, for defensive purposes of course, until everyone had at least four or five....

There were different types of glowing spheres. Some had acid rain in them, some had hallucinatory smoke, some could summon lightning, and some would strike the victims with instant diarrhea....

Gradually, the general attitude of the entire team was influenced by Bai Xiaochun. Even Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie were all subconsciously being corrupted....

Time passed. Two more months went by. During that time, there were a few injuries and casualties among the team. At one point during an inspection of one of the cultivator clans, they ran into a large group of Profound Stream Sect disciples who were just about to complete a large teleportation portal.

If that teleportation portal were completed, Profound Stream Sect cultivators from the front lines would be able to teleport into the area and cause major problems.

During the battle, the team tossed out a large number of his glowing spheres, then took advantage of the enemy's weakness to follow Bai Xiaochun into battle. The result was an astonishing and shocking victory!

Although Bai Xiaochun didn't go to the front lines to fight, his name spread far and wide throughout the conquered territories.

Furthermore, it wasn't just his glory that increased. The other cultivators in his team also benefited. Their ability to use long-

range poison spheres, and the terrifying things that resulted, ensured that they gained much the same reputation. They fairly radiated fiendish, murderous auras as they dominated the enemy.

That caused them to grow even more fervently supportive of Bai Xiaochun. They had truly fallen in love with this new style of battle that he had created.

Before they realized it, they had finished their mission, and their long path of destruction had led them very close to the front lines.

Bai Xiaochun was surrounded by a completely transformed group of cultivators. The two months of fighting alongside him had changed them significantly.

Their bags of holding were packed with the spoils of war, and in addition, they had all grown very close to each other. Cultivators of both sects could often be seen laughing and chatting with each other, discussing which of the various poison spheres was the best. They even cooperated well with each other in battle.

A few months ago, no one in either sect would ever have believed that such a level of cooperation was possible.

However, it was a reality in Bai Xiaochun's team.

Although Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie often had cold smirks on their faces, in their hearts, they viewed him differently than before, although none of them were quite sure

exactly how.

That was especially true of Beihan Lie. As he looked around at the disciples, some of whom were in the Qi Condensation stage, and some of whom were in Foundation Establishment, he was somewhat surprised to find that the previously injured and disorganized group now brimmed with battle prowess.

It was a battle prowess that surpassed that of some of the elite cultivators that he had seen on the front lines. Considering how much they loved this fighting style, he was sure that if they did go to the front lines, they would make a huge scene!

And all of that was because of Bai Xiaochun!

Chapter 294: To The Front Lines

The war had reached a fever pitch on the Heavencraft Continent. Of the Profound Stream Sect's 29 temple headquarters, 28 had already been captured!

The last temple existed on what had once been the border of Pill Stream Sect territory. There it stood, tall and mighty, the final point of resistance.

It was located right in the middle of a sprawling mountain range that was even more majestic than the Luo Chen Mountains.

The mountain range was split in half, almost as if a giant as tall as the sky itself had cleaved it into two halves with the stroke of an axe. In the resulting gap, past generations of Profound Stream Sect patriarchs had paid an enormous price to erect a massive city!

That city was the final remaining temple headquarters of the Profound Stream Sect, and it was large enough to house millions of people. It was also protected by a vast number of spell formations. Virtually all of the surviving Profound Stream Sect cultivators were holed up in the city, which everyone knew would be the location of the final battle.

The army of the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect had been pushing the fight toward the city for a month already. They had attacked with incredible force, but this was the Profound Stream Sect's last stand. Even with the bedraggled remnants of the Pill Stream Sect attacking the city from the other side of the

mountain range, it had not fallen. The Profound Stream Sect was holding out until the bitter end, hoping that the Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect would lose patience and intervene!

After all, the longer things dragged out in the Lower Reaches, the longer the Sky River Court would have to prepare in the Middle Reaches!

Because of that, the patriarchs of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects had initially intended to use a blitzkrieg strategy to end the war as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, their momentum had stalled just outside of this final enormous city.

Around the time that the two sides reached a deadlock, Bai Xiaochun completed his mission. The majority of the Profound Stream Sect stragglers had been rooted out. In the process, Bai Xiaochun and his two hundred followers had packed their bags of holding full of cultivation resources.

By this point, the entire group radiated the air of riches, and made a spectacular sight wherever they went. Eventually, they found themselves on a vast plain that was the final stretch before reaching the front line itself.

Even from this distance, they could detect the fluctuations of battle, and could hear the rumble of magic being unleashed.

The wind carried with it the reek of blood, and across the plain in front of them were strewn numerous corpses and patches of gore.

Bai Xiaochun stood at the edge of the plain, vigilantly studying the scene spread out in front of him. There were no subversive cultivator clans here, and in fact, there were even squads of Blood Stream Sect cultivators moving about here and there. However, Bai Xiaochun had developed a keen sense for danger, and could tell that by crossing this plain and heading to the front lines, there would definitely be danger.

The sense of danger weighed down on him heavily, especially when he saw the distortions in the air off in the distance, evidence of the fierce fighting that was going on. He couldn't help but think of his past experiences with the Luochen Clan, in the Fallen Sword Abyss, and in the trial by fire for blood master.

Bai Xiaochun wasn't the only one who was on guard. The other cultivators around him felt the same, especially Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie. Those three had been to the front lines before, and knew that fighting with the Profound Stream Sect was a very dangerous affair. If one wasn't careful, one could end up dead.

After all, this was a war in which whole sects faced the threat of extermination. In the fighting, no quarter was given, and one side or the other would end up dead.

At the moment, Bai Xiaochun had two choices. He could head back into the conquered territory, or proceed onward to the front line to fight with the Profound Stream Sect cultivators.

"What should we do now?" he asked aloud. As far as he was concerned, taking risks wasn't the best thing to do. If he wasn't

careful, he could lose his poor little life. Clearing his throat, he continued, “If we go back....”

Before he could finish speaking, his heart skipped a beat as intense murderous auras sprang up from the cultivators around him. Clearly, they were itching to fight.

Bai Xiaochun blinked a few times as everyone turned to look at him with strange looks on their faces, as if they couldn't believe what he had just said. “If we go back into the conquered territory....”

Beihan Lie frowned. Master God-Diviner and Jia Lie's jaws dropped.

Bai Xiaochun's heart skipped another beat, and regret began to rise up inside of him. However, he plastered a proud smile onto his face and stirred his cultivation base, causing his energy to soar. Looking more steel-veined than ever, he swished his sleeve dramatically and said, “If we go back into the conquered territory, how could we live with ourselves? We're cultivators, right? What are we afraid of, dying? Let's go to the front lines and fight the Profound Stream Sect to the death!”

Then he laughed bravely. The murderous auras of the surrounding cultivators erupted.

“Starting this day, we will fly our banner on the battlefield!” Laughing uproariously, he stepped out onto the plain.

Bei Han Lie's heart trembled. Taking a deep breath, he also began to laugh heartily as he followed Bai Xiaochun. Jia Lie and Master God-Diviner didn't suspect anything at all. Based on their experiences, Blood Master Nightcrypt was a violent and ruthless individual.

The other cultivators of the two sects also began to laugh vigorously, and soon, the entire group was moving across the plain toward the front lines.

With everyone clustered around him, Bai Xiaochun looked completely extraordinary. However, inside, he was crying. He had no desire at all to go to the front-line battlefield. Unfortunately, he felt as if he had no other choice. His hand was being forced. Thus, he led his team across the plain, gnashing his teeth the entire way.

They went along for a few days, and Bai Xiaochun's nervousness mounted. It reached the point where even the slightest stirring of a branch or blade of grass would cause his heart to leap with fear. One afternoon, a group of a few dozen beams of light suddenly appeared off in the distance.

It was a squad of Profound Stream Sect cultivators, and as soon as they noticed Bai Xiaochun, their expressions flickered. However, instead of retreating, their faces filled with the desire to do battle. Roaring in rage and hatred, they closed in at top speed.

"People from the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects! Fight them to the death!!"

“Die!!” Among the dozens of cultivators were eight in the Foundation Establishment stage. The entire group was clearly dead set on fighting.

Bai Xiaochun was startled, but before he could even open his mouth to say anything, more than half of the cultivators surrounding him threw out glowing spheres. Upon reaching the Profound Stream Sect cultivators, the spheres exploded.

The Profound Stream Sect cultivators all had different reactions. Some of them suddenly looked around blankly. Some of them howled madly at the tops of their lungs. Some of them clutched at their throats. Some of them were clearly hallucinating, and started lurching about.

As they were thrown into chaos, the cultivators surrounding Bai Xiaochun shot forward with flashing eyes and vicious grins. Booms rang out as the slaughter commenced.

The entire process lasted for the time it takes half an incense stick to burn. Bai Xiaochun watched as his zealous followers then tidied up the battlefield, sweeping up the bags of holding and distributing their contents to the rest of the team. Bai Xiaochun was suddenly struck with the sensation that the group he led was as fierce as a pack of wolves or tigers.

Bai Xiaochun took his share, and then declared, “Excellent. This is how we cultivators should be. This place is newly conquered territory! Let’s clean things up here and make a name for ourselves on the Heavencraft Continent!”

The surrounding cultivators' expressions brightened, and within moments, they were speeding away off into the distance.

Half a month flew by, during which time Bai Xiaochun and his team encountered groups of Profound Stream Sect disciples on four or five occasions. Their numbers ranged from dozens to hundreds.

At first, they seemed ferocious, but after the glowing spheres were unleashed, their ranks scattered. Bai Xiaochun and his people met success in every encounter, and their killing auras grew stronger.

By now, Bai Xiaochun wasn't nervous at all. He spent most of his time replenishing the glowing spheres. As they proceeded along, the fighting grew more intense. At one point, they encountered a group of nearly 300 Profound Stream Sect cultivators. Although the fighting was fierce, Bai Xiaochun's side easily attained victory.

The glowing spheres were so effective that very few cultivators could escape their effects.

News spread until the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects as a whole had heard, and even the Profound Stream Sect forces knew of what was happening. However, because of the critical state of the war, they couldn't pay it much attention.

Bai Xiaochun felt extremely relaxed. Currently, he was reclining comfortably on the huge blood sword, surrounded by shouting

cultivators.

“The Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers! The Spirit Stream Heaven-Dao expert can shake the whole world!”

At one point, a beam of light appeared off in the distance. It was a young man who held a stack of paper talismans in his hand. He was coughing up blood, and his face was ashen. Clearly, he was in a bad situation. Every few seconds, he would toss one of the paper talismans out to block the people that were chasing him. Those paper talismans were the only reason he was able to keep some distance between him and his pursuers.

Hot on his tail was a group of about 200 enemy cultivators.

At the head of that large group was another young man with bristling killing intent. He was only in mid Foundation Establishment, but his murderous aura made him seem as strong as late Foundation Establishment.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun saw him, his eyes widened. “Nine-Isles!”

Then his eyes flashed as he realized that the cultivator being chased was none other than Xu Xiaoshan!

Chapter 295: Take Them And Have Fun!

Xu Xiaoshan was so far away that he couldn't quite make out who was in the group up ahead of him. However, he could see the enormous blood sword, and sensed the unique blood auras of Blood Stream Sect cultivators. Without any hesitation, he shot toward them.

When he made out Bai Xiaochun, he looked like he was about to weep with joy.

“Bai Xiaochun!!” he shouted.

At almost the same time, Nine-Isles also spotted Bai Xiaochun. At first his eyes widened, but then they shone with joy!

“I can't believe Bai Xiaochun's here!! I thought I would capture Xu Xiaoshan today, but who could have guessed that we would also run into Bai Xiaochun? He's dead!” Nine-Isles laughed loudly as he led his group of roughly 200 cultivators forward. If they had encountered some of the elite forces of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, it might have been a different story. However, he could tell that Bai Xiaochun's group was filled with cultivators of all different levels. Other than Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie, the rest of them were obviously disciples of no note in their sects.

Nine-Isles was completely confident in being able to wipe such a group out. Laughing loudly, he continued to chase Xu Xiaoshan toward Bai Xiaochun.

Quite a few among Nine-Isles' group of cultivators recognized Bai Xiaochun, and although they were shocked, their desire to kill him burned bright.

All of them knew that this was a war of sect extermination, and they were aware that one of the main reasons why the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects had struck an alliance was because of Bai Xiaochun!

Xu Xiaoshan also realized this, and it caused him to hesitate for a moment. However, he had no other options. If he didn't join Bai Xiaochun, he would die. Indecision flickered in his eyes, and he cursed himself for getting into this situation. But then he realized that Bai Xiaochun's expression was the same as always, and that the cultivators in his group didn't seem scared at all. In fact, many of them were even looking at Nine-Isles and his cultivators with contempt and derision.

"Huh?" Xu Xiaoshan muttered, confused.

Bai Xiaochun clasped his hands behind his back. Looking very proud of himself, he said, "Fear not, Xiaoshan! The Blood Lord is here to save you!"

Clearing his throat, he looked at the cultivators surrounding him, then waved his hand outward. To Xu Xiaoshan's shock, all the cultivators on Bai Xiaochun's team began to produce glowing spheres.

“Attack!” Bai Xiaochun roared. The cultivators of the two sects roared in response, and began to throw the glowing spheres. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of them were flying through the air like shooting stars.

Nine-Isles’ jaw dropped, and the group behind him hesitated for a moment. Some in the group unleashed attacks to block the glowing sphere, but the spheres seemed to be impervious to magical techniques. They began to explode, sending vast quantities of smoke out to cover Nine-Isles and everyone around him.

The smoke instantly reduced the visibility in the area, but it didn’t stop the miserable shrieks and howls from echoing out.

“My stomach....”

“Heavens! I’ve become an immortal....”

“Stay away everyone! Get away from me! What is this place...?”

Xu Xiaoshan’s expression flickered, and he cried out, “Corpse Peak Plague Smoke!!”

Trembling visibly, he screamed and used all the power he could muster to fly away from the smoke, his face as white as a sheet of paper. He more than anyone was intimately familiar with that smoke, and his experiences had been especially memorable.

The scene which had played out because of that smoke was like a

nightmare that would haunt him for the rest of his life. To see it showing up again here filled his heart with terror.

However, even as he fled from the smoke, the air began to clear. The 200 Profound Stream Sect disciples became visible, and it was a bizarre scene. Some of them were waving their arms, some seemed drunk, some looked as ashen as death, and some were surrounded by noxious odors.

Some were even hugging each other. As for Nine-Isles, he hovered there trembling, surrounded by a rippling shield of light that somehow protected him from the smoke. He almost couldn't believe what he was seeing around him.

“What divine ability is this? Impossible! It's impossible! How could there be a magic like this!?!?” Profound fear of Bai Xiaochun rose up in his heart. He suddenly thought back to the Fallen Sword Abyss, and it provoked a hoarse scream. Before Bai Xiaochun could even attack, he pulled out a jade pendant and pushed down to activate it.

Seven-colored light spread out, along with cracking sounds. Teleportation power surged, wrapping Nine-Isles up to teleport him away.

Bai Xiaochun's pupils constricted. He was well aware that jade pendants which could teleport Foundation Establishment cultivators off of the battlefield were extremely valuable to any sect. Virtually priceless. He quickly opened his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, sending a golden beam of light shooting toward the departing Nine-Isles.

As soon as the golden beam of light slammed into Nine-Isles, he let out a bloodcurdling scream. Although he was still teleported away, the control power exerted by Bai Xiaochun's Heavenspan Dharma Eye managed to grab onto his arm and rip it clean off of his shoulder.

Even as Nine-Isles was whisked away, Bai Xiaochun's followers began to attack the cultivators who had remained behind.

Bei Han Lie looked over at one of the Foundation Establishment cultivators who was clutching at his stomach, a noxious odor surrounding him. "I remember you! You were one of the people who ganged up on me on the front lines!"

Grinning viciously, he closed in for the kill.

Jia Lie and Master God-Diviner unleashed magical techniques with murderous intent.

It was the same with all the other cultivators, and furthermore, by cooperating, they ensured that their own group sustained virtually no injuries.

Bai Xiaochun's team had become intimately familiar with combat and fighting. Before long, the miserable shrieks faded away, and the fighting was over.

The only thing Bai Xiaochun regretted was that Nine-Isles had

escaped. As for Xu Xiaoshan, he was so completely shaken by what he had just seen that he forgot to breathe. Then he noticed that the cultivators of the two sects were all cooperating in the fighting. He even saw Beihan Lie and Master God-Diviner working together to fight an enemy.

“How is this even possible...?” he gasped, rubbing his eyes to clear them.

An hour later, the battlefield had been cleared of loot, and the group was on their way again. Xu Xiaoshan joined them, flying along next to Bai Xiaochun and offering numerous fawning words of praise.

“Blood Lord Nightcrypt? Junior Patriarch Bai Xiaochun? Sect Uncle Bai? Um, what do you think about giving me some of those glowing spheres everyone used back there...?”

Bai Xiaochun looked very pleased with himself. He felt quite a sense of accomplishment at how his team was fighting so hard and well together.

“It’s all a big meritorious service on my part....” he sighed to himself. Looking over at Xu Xiaoshan, he waved his sleeve and threw him a few glowing spheres.

“Take them and have fun!”

Xu Xiaoshan gingerly took the glowing spheres, heart pounding

with anticipation. He couldn't wait to run into some Profound Stream Sect cultivators to use them on. He would show those Profound Stream Sect cultivators how awesome the Plaguedevil's poison smoke was!

Time flew by. Another two months passed. The war had been going on for half a year already, but the deadlock still hadn't been broken. Furthermore, more and more small-scale battles were being fought throughout the Heavencraft Continent. Most of those battles were between groups that numbered in the dozens or hundreds.

Bai Xiaochun's name spread far and wide during that time. Every single battle he fought ended in victory. Eventually, his glowing poison spheres were also becoming famous. Profound Stream Sect cultivators on all fronts of the battle knew of the terrifying name of the Plaguedevil.

Beihan Lie, Master God-Diviner, and Jia Lie also earned their own glory. As for Xu Xiaoshan, he joined the group a bit late, but also rose to fame. He fell in love with Bai Xiaochun's glowing spheres, and used them more enthusiastically than anyone else, especially the ones that induced hallucinations....

As for the Profound Stream Sect's patriarchs, and the other leaders holed up in their final headquarters, they also heard of the glowing spheres. However, all they could do was gnash their teeth; none of them dared to go out and fight.

Not even the Profound Stream Sect's prime elders and legacy echelon cultivators could shake their fear of the Spirit and Blood

Stream Sects. All of them were waiting for the final decisive battle to show their faces.

Everything was reaching a boiling point. Bai Xiaochun's fame grew, and his group of followers grew more and more zealous as they wiped out the teams of Profound Stream Sect cultivators who still lurked about. Even the patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect were shocked by how things were playing out.

Chapter 296: You're Alive?!

Dusk was falling, but it couldn't darken the excitement that surged in Bai Xiaochun's heart. Looking very pleased with himself, he sat cross-legged atop the blood sword, pointing out as he said, "Get 'em, boys!"

He felt wonderful inside and out, and powerful too. He couldn't help but think back to the events of the Fallen Sword Abyss, in which he'd led the Spirit Stream Sect disciples to grab all the entrances into the sword.

"What a wonderful memory!" he thought, sighing. But then he remembered how, after he helped all the disciples enter the sword, he ended up being caught alone outside. "I shouldn't jinx myself! But then again, things are different in this situation. I have two hundred fierce, powerful cultivators with me."

Bai Xiaochun looked around at the people around him. Xu Xiaoshan was especially impressive, with glowing poison spheres hanging all over him, ready to be thrown out at a moment's notice. Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but approve.

Beihan Lie had changed too.... Although he looked the same, he had learned to smile. As for Jia Lie and Master God-Diviner, they were cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect, and had been scary to begin with. However, as the months passed, they had become even scarier.

If those four had experienced such changes, there was no need to

even mention everyone else. Most of them had come to resemble Bai Xiaochun in many ways. Normally, they spent their time laughing and smiling, and although they feared death to some extent, when they needed to fight, they unleashed their poison smoke and fought ferociously.

The mere sight of everyone around him caused Bai Xiaochun to sigh emotionally.

“Thanks to my leadership, these brothers and sisters finally realize that cultivators should cherish life. As long as you have your life, you have everything.” Sighing again, he slapped his bag of holding and pulled out the little turtle to shake around like he usually did. Over the course of the preceding months, he had taken time every day to shake the turtle like a rag doll. He had even come to find that the sound of the turtle’s limbs and head knocking against its shell was very pleasing to the ears.

Occasionally, a fragrant aroma would waft out after a bit of knocking, which would cause massive amounts of spiritual energy to flow toward him. Because of that, Bai Xiaochun’s cultivation improved on a daily basis. His followers also benefited from the influxes of spiritual energy.

“This damned turtle does have some use after all.” He looked down at the turtle, at its protruding head and limbs, and its stumpy tail, and gave it another vigorous shake. That was when he realized that something seemed off about it. The knocking sounds were different from before, and the turtle’s extremities all seemed to be stiffer than before.

“Huh?” Surprised, Bai Xiaochun shook the turtle even harder. After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, the stiffened extremities went loose once again, and the knocking sounds went back to normal. Pleased, Bai Xiaochun went on to finish his cultivation session.

The next afternoon, he led his group flying along through the front lines region. It was a vast area, and that, coupled with his illustrious fame, made it so that they often went days without encountering any Profound Stream Sect cultivators.

Bai Xiaochun was starting to get bored. One day, he noticed Xu Xiaoshan and Beihan Lie bragging to each other about their achievements in battle. Bai Xiaochun was interested in jumping into the conversation, but then he realized that they were actually looking at him furtively and intentionally ignoring him.

Not very happy, he snorted and considered reducing their glowing sphere supply by seventy percent. At the same time, he subconsciously shook the little turtle back and forth like usually. Suddenly, he frowned.

“Hey, why is the sound different?” Looking down at the turtle, he poked its extremities a few times with his finger and found that, yet again, they had turned stiff.

“Who knows how long this little turtle has been dead. Poor thing. Its limbs are even starting to stiffen up now.” After some thought, he decided that he should try to help the turtle. After all, despite being dead, it had been of much assistance to his cultivation over the past half year or so.

Gripping the shell tightly, he started shaking it as hard as possible. He used quite a bit of force and shook it far more quickly than he usually did. Within the space of a few breaths of time, the fragrant aroma once again appeared, and the spiritual energy of heaven and earth began to rush over.

However, Bai Xiaochun wasn't finished yet. He kept shaking the turtle as hard as he could, determined to get its body to loosen up again.

The process lasted for the time it takes three incense sticks to burn. Finally, the little turtle's body once again went loose, and a smile broke out on Bai Xiaochun's face.

"If your spirit exists in the heavens somewhere, there's no need for you to thank me. I'll help you stay loose for as long as possible. I'll make sure that your fleshly body doesn't decay, not for all eterni—" Before he could finish speaking, the turtle suddenly lifted its head and opened its eyes. Its pupils seemed to be spinning, and yet, it was possible to see hatred and madness in its eyes as it suddenly opened its mouth and snapped at Bai Xiaochun's hand!

Startled, Bai Xiaochun immediately dropped the turtle and pulled his hand back.

The turtle's bite seemed to be fueled by indescribable hatred. When its jaws closed onto the air, a snapping sound rang out that shocked all of the cultivators in the area.

Bai Xiaochun felt like his scalp was about to explode. If the turtle had successfully bitten one of his fingers, it would surely have shattered the bones. Not even his Heavenly Demon Body could stand up to snapping power like that.

“Y-y-y... you’re alive!?!? You’re not dead!?!?” Bai Xiaochun edged backward, disbelief playing out on his face. He had studied that turtle for a very long time, and had never detected any life force in it at all. It had definitely been a corpse before, but as of this moment, it was alive.

Bai Xiaochun’s head was spinning, and his eyes were wide with incredulity.

The turtle wobbled a bit as it flew up into the air to float in front of Bai Xiaochun. Its limbs were trembling, and its eyes were bloodshot. Apparently, it was working hard just not to pass out. Glaring at Bai Xiaochun, it howled, “You’re the dead one! Your whole family’s dead! Your whole sect is dead! Everybody named Bai is dead! I hate you, you jerk!!”

The cultivators of the two sects all looked over in shock. They were familiar with that little turtle; they all remembered seeing Bai Xiaochun shake it around over the past few months, causing the energy of heaven and earth to rush over.

But now, the little turtle was actually alive!!

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath and was about to say something, but then he noticed what appeared to be tears welling up in the

turtle's eyes. The turtle had looked charming to begin with, with big, round eyes. Now, it seemed to be teetering on the verge of hysteria as it screamed, "Lord Turtle woke up five months ago! Why did you have to go around shaking me every single day!? There was one day when you shook me a thousand times! Don't you ever get tired? Lord Turtle almost threw up that day before he passed out again!"

The little turtle was shaking, and was so enraged that heatwaves were rising up from his body. It looked almost like he was about to explode.

Bai Xiaochun already felt bad, so he quickly tried to explain. "Uh, I... I didn't do it on purpose! I thought you were dead! If you weren't dead, why didn't you say something earlier? Also, what was that fragrant aroma...?"

"Oh, you just had to bring up the fragrant aroma, didn't you!?!? AAARRRGHHHH! That's the spiritual energy Lord Turtle has been building up for years and years! You shook out tons of it! That was my collection! I spent tens of thousands of years building it up! ARGH! I hate you! I can't live under the same sky as you!" The enraged little turtle once again lunged toward Bai Xiaochun to try and bite him. "I'm gonna bite you to death!"

Shocked, Bai Xiaochun dodged to the side, but the turtle kept chasing him, snapping at him over and over again. Xu Xiaoshan, Beihan Lie, Jia Lie, and Master God-Diviner were all completely shocked, as were the other cultivators.

At first, Bai Xiaochun was terrified at being attacked in such

away. But then his expression flickered, and he spun in place. Murderous aura erupting, he shouted, “Enough!”

“No, it’s not enough! Dammit! Lord Turtle is gonna slap you so black and blue you’ll never recover!”

Bai Xiaochun’s jaw dropped. This turtle’s language was definitely unique. Clearly, he wasn’t about to let the matter drop. Backing up, Bai Xiaochun quickly said, “Wait, let me explain!”

The little turtle rolled its eyes contemptuously and then said, “Oh no, you stay away from me. I have germophobia!”

“Huh? Germophobia?” Bai Xiaochun was once again shocked, and the other onlookers were similarly stunned. But then, their expressions slowly began to turn into awe. For someone to be able to say something so profoundly insulting, but not use any obscenities, was something that none of them could ever hope to do.

Chapter 297: Heaven-Damned Little Turtle, I Hate You!

“Y-y-you....” Despite wracking his brain, Bai Xiaochun couldn’t think of any comeback. This turtle was simply too hurtful. Virtually every word out of his mouth was an insult.

That was especially true of what he had just said. To say he was germophobic and didn’t want to talk to Bai Xiaochun was an obvious insult to Bai Xiaochun himself.

Rage burned in Bai Xiaochun’s eyes, and just when he was about to offer a response, the little turtle suddenly looked at him sympathetically. Shaking his head, he said, “Ah, some people have to be insulted really blatantly, otherwise they don’t realize they’re being insulted. Make things even slightly cerebral, and it takes them forever to realize they’re being taunted.”

Bai Xiaochun was on the verge of exploding.

“Sharp-tongued blowhard!!” he howled. “Bastard of a turtle! Y-y-you....”

However, the look of sympathy in the turtle’s eyes grew even deeper. Sighing, he casually said, “Finished with your self-introduction?”

The words crushed down onto Bai Xiaochun with the weight of Mount Tai, like lightning on a sunny day. Trembling as if he had

been struck physically, he was literally at a loss for words. All of a sudden, he realized that in terms of ability to insult people, this little turtle existed on a different plane than him. It was like the difference between heaven and earth, or the difference between mortals and cultivators....

They were different worlds....

Bai Xiaochun wasn't the only one who felt like that. The other cultivators of the two sects were all left gasping. They had never encountered someone who could speak so biting. Xu Xiaoshan's eyes went wide as he stared at the little turtle. To him, it seemed almost godlike.

Beihan Lie felt the same way. He had never before seen Bai Xiaochun in such a predicament. Jia Lie was going wild with joy, and although Master God-Diviner looked shocked, inwardly, he was getting very excited.

Regardless, everyone had already decided that they would avoid talking to the little turtle at all costs....

Bai Xiaochun waved his hand, causing blood qi to explode out toward the little turtle. However, before the blood qi even reached it, the turtle suddenly shrank back into his shell. A bang rang out as the blood qi hit the shell, then faded away, leaving behind not even the tiniest scratch.

However, the turtle's muffled voice could still be heard from inside the shell.

“Bursting with rage, yet empty inside. If you don’t vent a bit, you’ll end up dead. Listen up Bai, you little whippersnapper, Lord Turtle has some advice. Why don’t you go build a [crystal wall](#) for yourself? If you keep going down this path, it’s not healthy....”

Bai Xiaochun’s jaw dropped. He actually had no idea what the little turtle was talking about, but he was sure that it wasn’t anything good. The fact that he didn’t even understand how he was being insulted got him even more mad than before. Suddenly, he thought back to how the little turtle had just talked about people not understanding how they were being insulted.

“I’m gonna concoct you into a pill!!” Bai Xiaochun raged. Waving his right hand, he summoned a pill furnace, grabbed the turtle, and then threw it inside. Eyes bloodshot, he pulled out a pile of earthflame stones and immediately began to try to concoct the little turtle into a pill, right there on top of the blood sword.

Strange expressions could be seen on the faces of the surrounding cultivators. Considering how Bai Xiaochun almost seemed to have gone mad, though, none of them dared to interrupt him. Everyone edged back until they were about 300 meters away.

For the following few days, Bai Xiaochun concocted like mad. Soon, his hair was in disarray, and he felt like he was on the verge of exploding. However, no matter what methods he used, he couldn’t get the little turtle to melt. Occasionally, the little turtle would even hurl insults out from inside the furnace.

“You call this pill concocting? If you think this heat can melt Lord Turtle, you might as well stop dreaming. Look, whippersnapper, why don’t you try again after practicing cultivation for 10,000 years or so?!”

“Hey hey. Not bad! Not bad at all! You realized Lord Turtle was hungry, so you threw some spirit plants in for me to eat. Keep it up, whippersnapper. I’m starting to like you!”

“Add some heat! Come on, Lord Turtle is freezing here! Heat, man, I need heat!!”

Bai Xiaochun was descending into complete madness. He felt like he was about to collapse, and had a mind to simply throw the little turtle away. However, it was a valuable treasure that he had only acquired after suffering untold hardships. He couldn’t just give it up....

And yet, he couldn’t just allow things to go on the way they were. He continued to stew over the matter for two days, until he suddenly realized that the little turtle hadn’t said anything for quite some time.

“Hmm?” he muttered, looking surprised. Everyone else in the area was also astonished. They had actually gotten used to the little turtle’s voice recently, so the sudden silence seemed odd.

Feeling a bit suspicious, Bai Xiaochun cooled down the earthflame and opened the pill furnace to find that it was completely empty....

Well, it wasn't completely empty. There were some turtle droppings inside....

However, the little turtle was nowhere to be seen. By means of some unknowable method, he had somehow disappeared into thin air.

A very unsightly expression could be seen on Bai Xiaochun's face, especially when he looked at the turtle droppings. He really wanted to beat that turtle flat into the ground....

"Hmmp! Well, I'm glad he's gone. I'll just pretend I never even picked him up to begin with!" His heart was filled with many mixed emotions as he gritted his teeth and put his pill furnace away. Finally, the other cultivators felt comfortable enough to get a bit closer to the blood sword.

Another five days passed. Bai Xiaochun hadn't seen a single trace of the little turtle, and had dismissed his disappearance from his mind. Although he was a bit disappointed at losing it, when he thought about his maddening way of talking, he realized that overall, the fact that he had fled was a good thing.

His mood gradually got better, and his spirits lifted. One afternoon, just when he was getting everyone ready to continue along through the front lines territory, a golden beam of light suddenly shot up into the air off in the distance.

At the same time, the aura of Heavenspan River water also

exploded out in all directions. Heaven and earth began to tremble, and the sky distorted. Many of the blood clouds on the battlefield were swept away, and the Spirit Stream Sect's white sun twisted, causing the black raven inside to tremble.

The Blood Stream Sect's reserve power, the ghastly scarecrow, also began to tremble. The same thing happened to the Profound Stream Sect's enormous city headquarters.

All patriarchs of the three sects who were currently in the Heavencraft Continent all turned their heads at the same time to see what was happening.

Bai Xiaochun was quite close to the golden light, and felt the vibrations even more acutely. That was especially true considering that he cultivated the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, which was built upon the foundation of absorbing Heavenspan River water. Because of that, he was more in tune with the Heavenspan River than ordinary cultivators.

“That's....” Bai Xiaochun gasped. The other cultivators around him were so shocked they were trembling. And that was when all of them, Bai Xiaochun included, saw...

Another beam shooting toward Bai Xiaochun from the expanding golden light.

As the beam of light got closer, a voice suddenly echoed out, “Dammit! You trifling little creature. Last time Lord Turtle took a nap, you were a wimp, and the nap before that, your dad was also a

wimp!”

As soon as Bai Xiaochun heard that voice, he was shaken to the core, and his mind began to spin. It was obviously the voice of the damned little turtle.

Furthermore, it was now possible to see that within the majestic golden light was a gargantuan crocodile!!

It was at least 30,000 meters long, and completely golden. Its majesty was virtually impossible to describe, and it was clearly enraged, its roar echoing out louder than thunder from the heavens.

It was so angry that Bai Xiaochun could see how bloodshot its eyes were. He gasped, his scalp tingling so hard it felt like it would explode. This was the very same crocodile he had seen back when he was in the Qi Condensation stage, a terrifying entity that lived within the water of the Heavenspan River.

Before Bai Xiaochun could even react, the little turtle shot toward him with explosive speed. As he closed in, he sucked his extremities in, becoming a turtle shell that then disappeared into Bai Xiaochun’s bag of holding.

“Uhh....”

Bai Xiaochun looked up with wide eyes at the distant crocodile, which was currently staring at him angrily. Clearly, it recognized

him.... When it realized that Bai Xiaochun was the master of the little turtle, it let out a shocking roar that caused the sky to dim, and a huge wind to kick up.

“Senior Goldcroc, I... I’m not the turtle’s master! Really, I’m not....”

He wanted to drag the turtle out of his bag of holding, but when he looked inside, he couldn’t find a single trace of him. There was no more time to think, as the terrifying crocodile was currently heading in his direction. A pair of wings popped out behind Bai Xiaochun as he fled at top speed.

On the verge of tears, he screamed, “Heaven-damned little turtle, I hate you!!”

The other cultivators had long since fled, and were sympathetically watching Bai Xiaochun from a distance....

Even after doing a bunch of research, I couldn’t determine exactly what the “build a crystal wall” is referring to. I think it’s referencing the [magical crystal walls that you see in animated shows sometimes](#). It’s either that, or supposed to be something incomprehensible. I’m not going to bug Er Gen about something minor like this, so I’ll leave it up to your imagination.

Chapter 298: Senior Goldcroc, Listen To Me, Sir!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes were completely bloodshot as he fled for his life. With his Protomagnetic Wings and the strength of his Heavenly Demon Body, he was capable of incredible speed.

In fact, he moved so quickly that he turned into a blur, a beam of light that was almost instantly far off into the distance.

"It's really not me...." he howled. Unfortunately, the golden crocodile was just as fast. In the blink of an eye, it was right on top of Bai Xiaochun, filling the entire area with golden light.

Bai Xiaochun felt like his scalp was about to explode, and he was trembling in fear. "Senior Goldcroc, listen to me, sir! I also hate that little turtle, alright!? You and me, we're not enemies! Our... our enemy is that damned turtle!"

At that point, the golden crocodile let out a powerful roar.

It sounded like thunder from the heavens, causing everything to shake violently. Bai Xiaochun's eardrums were on the verge of popping, and with a miserable shriek, he shot onward with increased speed.

However, before he could get very far, the enraged crocodile's eyes flashed with cold light, and its mouth snapped open. That mouth seemed to become heaven and earth as it loomed over Bai

Xiaochun, casting everything below into darkness.

A powerful, fishy aroma blasted over Bai Xiaochun, and his eyes went wide as he slowly looked up. Then he screamed.

From a distance, it was possible to see the enormous, 30,000-meter-long golden crocodile with its mouth open, and Bai Xiaochun right in the middle!

Compared to the gargantuan crocodile, Bai Xiaochun was like a tiny bug....

In the blink of an eye, the golden crocodile's mouth began to close as it prepared to consume Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun was screaming, his eyes completely bloodshot. In this moment of critical danger, he resorted to his Mountain Shaking Bash to break free, risking everything to try to get out of the crocodile's closing mouth.

Bai Xiaochun felt like his heart was about to explode, and he really was about to start crying. A massive crashing sound echoed out behind him as the crocodile's jaws slammed shut.

Deep in his bones, he hated the little turtle for setting him up and getting this crocodile to come after him. Were it not for the fact that the turtle was nowhere to be found in his bag of holding, he would definitely have pulled it out and tossed it into the crocodile's mouth.

“We really aren’t enemies! I... I... oh right, I’ve absorbed water from the Heavenspan River! Look! I have the aura of the Heavenspan River on me!” Trembling, Bai Xiaochun unleashed the aura of the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, hoping to convince the crocodile that they were on the same team....

It was hard to say for sure, but it seemed that the aura of the Heavenspan River worked. In almost the same moment that he unleashed it, the golden crocodile’s eyes flickered with a strange light, and it stopped in place.

Bai Xiaochun took advantage of that brief pause to blast forward, putting a bit of distance between himself and the golden crocodile. By this point, he was panting for breath, but before he could do anything else, a cold light flashed in the crocodile’s eyes, and it lunged forward again with gaping maw.

The fishy aroma washed over Bai Xiaochun once more. Screaming, he decided to throw caution to the wind, and opened his third eye. With the power of the Heavenspan Dharma Eye in full force, he looked back at the golden crocodile.

In that instant, his jaw dropped. Shockingly, the crocodile was actually not a crocodile! It had been formed from water from the Heavenspan River, and emanated the same fluctuations as the river!

A moment later, though, the images in front of him changed again, and it transformed back into the golden crocodile.

There was little time for thought. He unleashed the control power of the Heavenspan Dharma Eye against the crocodile. It was in that moment that the crocodile's mouth snapped shut a second time, barely missing Bai Xiaochun.

However, the resulting blast of air sent Bai Xiaochun tumbling head over heels, face pale.

Time passed. Two hours later, the golden crocodile was still chasing Bai Xiaochun. It was hard to determine what exactly it was thinking. Despite how it was pursuing Bai Xiaochun, it didn't seem to actually want to kill him. However, every time it opened its huge mouth, cold sweat broke out on Bai Xiaochun's forehead.

Eventually, Bai Xiaochun realized that the crocodile didn't seem to be trying to kill him, more just mess with him. Every time it closed its mouth, the blast of air would send him spinning off into the distance.

However, despite the fact that it wasn't trying to kill him, Bai Xiaochun could also tell that if he didn't evade quickly enough, he really would be swallowed up.... He felt very wronged. Compared to this gigantic crocodile, he was like a baby. If the giant thing wasn't careful, it could definitely end his poor little life.

"Stop messing around...." he howled. He really was afraid that the crocodile's messing around would end up killing him.

He was scowling on the verge of tears as the golden crocodile once again opened its mouth. Bai Xiaochun was virtually scared

witless, and was just about to flee when something new happened. A long water dragon burst out from inside the crocodile's throat, charging toward Bai Xiaochun and then crashing into him.

This wasn't ordinary water, it was Heavenspan River water. Any other person would have been killed in body and soul. But because Bai Xiaochun cultivated the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, he was much more used to Heavenspan River water. In the blink of an eye, most of his clothing was dissolved. Thankfully, his bag of holding was made from high-quality materials, so it ended up only being damaged a little bit.

It was still painful though. Screaming, he fled from the crocodile's mouth again, heart filled with grief and indignation. He quickly put on a new set of clothing, and yet, even as he did, another water dragon burst forth.

Because of the intense pressure he was under, he was able to draw upon levels of power that had previously been hidden. That was especially true when it came to his Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, which was constantly absorbing the Heavenspan River water as it splashed into him.

Also because of the pressure, his seventh spiritual sea was beginning to crystallize.

The chase didn't last for very long, only about a day or so. Because of the incredible speed involved, Bai Xiaochun was getting very close to the location where the three sects were preparing for the final battle.

The next morning at dawn, he actually caught sight of the enormous Profound Stream Sect city in the middle of the vast mountain range.

He saw the army of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, which was currently leveling attacks that shook heaven and earth. The fluctuations of magical techniques caused dazzling, multicolored light to shine out in all directions.

The golden crocodile finally stopped chasing him. However, cries of astonishment could be heard as people on the battlefield caught sight of it. The patriarchs were fighting up in the sky, but even they were completely shocked by the sight of the crocodile, and then Bai Xiaochun.

The golden crocodile hovered in midair, looking around coldly. Apparently, it didn't find anything in the area worth looking at. Casting a meaningful glance at Bai Xiaochun, it turned and vanished.

Bai Xiaochun was so excited to see the crocodile leaving that tears were streaming down his face. The past day had been an incredible torment. The way the crocodile had messed with him left him feeling almost violated....

His hatred toward both the little turtle and the crocodile had sunk deep into the depths of his heart. However, it was in that moment that his eyes flickered with surprise.

“Eee?” Looking down at himself, he was suddenly overjoyed. His Undying Live Forever Technique had made significant progress, and his Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation was becoming more refined. As for his seventh spiritual sea, it was more than half crystallized.

Although he felt a bit better, the price he had paid for these benefits was something he would never want to pay again. Sighing, he looked over at the huge city and the battle playing out around it.

The Profound Stream Sect was fighting back against the invaders with complete madness. They had enormous puppets fighting on their side that looked like mechanical marionettes clad in green armor. Each one required multiple Profound Stream Sect disciples to operate.

The Spirit Stream Sect’s spell formation giants roared as they advanced across the battlefield. Small and large, they unleashed powerful attacks that caused the earth to quake.

As for the Blood Stream Sect, they used their locust-like spell formations to send huge sphere-like groups of cultivators bashing into the Profound Stream Sect’s green-armored puppets. They were like blood-colored mountains that erupted with blood qi and auras of death.

Up above in the air were legacy echelon cultivators from both sides of the conflict, as well as prime elders. Even higher were the patriarchs, whose attacks caused the sky to shake and the world to tremble.

The Profound Stream Sect had a huge spell formation protecting it, as well as countless smaller spell formations to provide auxiliary support. In addition to that, there were countless flickering greatswords floating in the air around the city, arranged into a large sword formation.

Atop each sword sat disciples of their sect. Even two such swords together in formation would be incredibly destructive, but there were far more than that.

Ten of them would be even more awe-inspiring, and when it came to a formation with hundreds, it could cut down Foundation Establishment cultivators and even cause prime elders to tremble.

Chapter 299: Re-Form!

There were some puppets higher up with golden armor, whose shocking power was comparable to the legacy echelon cultivators or the blood rippers. There weren't many such puppets, but those few that were engaged in the fighting shone like brilliant stars.

There weren't just Profound Stream Sect cultivators involved in the fighting. Their forces were bolstered by Pill Stream Sect cultivators who had surrendered. Because of that, the Profound Stream Sect was still strong.

The actual battlefield was so wide it was difficult to see one end from the other. It was large enough to accommodate hundreds of thousands of cultivators. In each and every place where people were fighting, deadly struggles played out.

Clearly, the Profound Stream Sect was at a disadvantage, and were suffering setback after setback. If it weren't for the grand spell formation protecting the city, they would long since have been defeated.

What was most shocking to Bai Xiaochun wasn't any of that, though. Visible within the spell formation were numerous wooden-faced Pill Stream Sect cultivators, who were fueling the formations with their own cultivation bases.

Most of the Pill Stream Sect cultivators had essentially been enslaved by the Profound Stream Sect. Originally, the goal had been to assimilate them into the sect, but the suddenness of the

invasion forced the Profound Stream Sect to abandon such plans. Now, the cultivators were little more than human-shaped spirit stones used to support the grand spell formation.

All-in-all, it was a shocking scene. This was the first time that Bai Xiaochun had ever seen a truly large-scale war being fought.

There was no wind on the battlefield, only the stench of blood that spread out in all directions, seeped down into the ground, and even seemed to pervade the insides of the cultivators who were fighting.

Rivers of blood flowed on the ground, and corpses could be seen everywhere. Some were mutilated beyond recognition, while others were intact. Either way, the blank eyes which stared out seemed to contain a longing for life that would never be fulfilled.

Bai Xiaochun panted at the sight of the blood and death. Although he was no stranger to killing, to see fighting on such a large scale left him completely conflicted inside.

One half was screaming and urging him to flee this danger as quickly as possible.

The other half caused his heart to start pounding, and his mind to fill with the desire to wade into battle and fight with complete and utter madness.

He took a deep breath as the reality of the situation sank in. He

knew that many of his friends were on this battlefield, and after seeing what it was like, there was no way he could flee.

A tremor ran through him as a sensation of utter determination rose up inside his heart. Then, he shot forward at top speed. Few people took note that he'd stepped out into the field of battle. However, Bruiser, who was in the middle of fighting one of the Profound Stream Sect's enormous battle beasts, suddenly shivered and let out a long cry.

It was a cry of joy, and as it rang out, the rest of the Spirit Stream Sect's battle beasts suddenly found their cultivation base and battle prowess slowly rising.

Because of that, both their fighting ability and their healing ability improved. Despite being somewhat surprised by this, the battle beasts were delighted.

At the same time, on the periphery of the battlefield, two Qi Condensation disciples, one from the Spirit Stream Sect and one from the Blood Stream Sect, were in the midst of despair. Over and over again, they were being pushed back across the battlefield by four raving and bloodthirsty Profound Stream Sect disciples.

The two Qi Condensation disciples chuckled bitterly and exchanged a glance. After working together in recent days, they had struck up somewhat of a friendship. But now, death loomed over them, and there didn't seem to be any hope.

"I didn't like you people much at first, but if there's another life

after this one, I hope that we can fight together again!”

“Hahaha! It’s a deal!” Originally, they had been on two different squads, but the rest of their comrades had already died in battle. Now they stood shoulder to shoulder, laughing as they prepared to fight to the death.

It was in that very moment that a figure appeared, glowing with violet-tinged, blood-colored light. Before the four vicious Profound Stream Sect disciples could do anything, the light flashed by them, and their eyes went wide as their heads flew off of their bodies.

Bai Xiaochun had arrived!

The two cultivators he’d just saved stared at him in shock for a moment before crying out in surprise.

“Exalted Blood Master....”

“Sect Uncle Bai!”

Bai Xiaochun turned and looked at the pair. He had seen from a distance that they had obviously become friends during the deadly fighting.

Such friendships would be very important as the two sects merged. Bai Xiaochun nodded at them, then flickered back into motion, heading to another part of the battlefield. Wherever he went, no one could stand up to him.

His Undying Live Forever Technique had reached the point where his fleshly body power was beyond description. At the same time, his defensive abilities were shocking.

Few people could withstand a blow from him, and every fist strike he launched contained deadly power. That was especially true of his Throat Crushing Grasp, which took down one enemy after another.

His Mountain Shaking Bash made it difficult to even see him on the battlefield. Even when Profound Stream Sect cultivators managed to surround him, he would unleash fury like that of a wild beast. Booms rang out, and bones were crushed. Not a single enemy could keep Bai Xiaochun locked down!

“The Undying Live Forever Technique is obviously a technique designed to be unleashed in battle!” Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath and retracted all of the power of his magical techniques. He had already learned to use them only at the right moment in the fight, which enabled him to maximize their effectiveness.

Using only his fleshly body power, he bashed into a Profound Stream Sect Foundation Establishment cultivator. Even as the blood was still raining down, he spun and sent a fist strike toward someone trying to stab him in the back.

A look of profound shock appeared on the face of that cultivator in the moment before his arm exploded. Screaming, he fell back, and yet Bai Xiaochun’s right hand flashed with an incantation

gesture, sending blood-colored light shooting out of his finger to form a blood sword. Moments later, the enemy was stabbed dead.

Not pausing for even a moment, Bai Xiaochun sped off into the distance. Relying on his speed, agility, and fleshly body power, he was like a fish in water.

Everywhere he went, if there were any Blood Steam Sect cultivators fighting, they would tremble as their cultivation base and battle prowess increased. As a result, their impassioned battle cries grew even louder.

Eventually, he reached an area in the middle of the battlefield where cultivators from Fragrant Cloud Peak were operating an enormous spell formation giant.

Another nearby giant looked particularly familiar; it was the ninth spell formation incarnation from Mount Daoseed. Originally, that spell formation had been meant for Bai Xiaochun to control.

Without him, the giant's battle prowess had been significantly weakened, even more so than the other giants in the area. As of this moment, it was locked in combat with a black-armored puppet.

There were three types of puppets on the battlefield; green, black, and gold. The green puppets were the ordinary type. Black puppets were more powerful, and less common. The gold ones were the rarest. As for the black puppets, they came in various

sizes, and the ones that were 300 meters tall had traces of gold visible in them.

In terms of battle prowess, those gold-fringed black puppets vastly surpassed the other black puppets.

This particular black puppet wielded a greatsword as it strode forward. Because the spell formation giant was relatively unprepared, it made it easy for the black puppet to stab the sword clear through it.

The giant distorted, and the people inside of it coughed up blood. Their eyes flickered with madness, and yet there was nothing they could do except watch the sword viciously slashing at the giant.

Rumbling sounds echoed out; it appeared as if the giant were on the verge of collapsing.

Suddenly, a voice spoke out scornfully from within the black puppet. "The Spirit Stream Sect spell formation incarnations are famous everywhere under heaven, especially the ninth formation from Mount Daoseed. How disappointing to see it in action today."

The puppet twisted its sword, and the spell formation giant teetered closer toward collapse. Everyone inside of it was laughing bitterly. Without Bai Xiaochun, they were like a dragon with no head. Many of the incarnation's abilities were rendered useless, and at the moment, it seemed they would simply have to let the formation collapse and then fight to the death.

However, in that moment, a cold snort echoed out.

“Break formation!” A sealing mark shot out and landed onto the spell formation incarnation. The people inside trembled, and then their eyes flashed with joy as they looked at the person flying toward them.

It was Bai Xiaochun. The group inside the spell formation began to laugh loudly, simultaneously performing double-handed incantation gestures. As Bai Xiaochun’s sealing mark fused into the giant, the incarnation suddenly began to dissolve.

Rumbling could be heard as it grew dim and faded away, and the people inside immediately scattered and then shot toward Bai Xiaochun.

“Re-form!” Bai Xiaochun roared, his hands flashing in an incantation gesture.

In the blink of an eye, they formed back up in midair, and at the same time, Bai Xiaochun’s hands blurred with incantation gestures, unleashing the power of the original formation!

Rumbling echoed out as a new spell formation giant took form. It was much taller than any of the other giants, and was completely corporeal. It looked exactly like a primeval giant, although its facial features closely resembled Bai Xiaochun’s.

Its eyes opened, and Bai Xiaochun looked out, his gaze as piercing

as a razor-sharp sword.

“You really wanna see how powerful the ninth Mount Daoseed formation is? I’ll give you a good look!” Bai Xiaochun’s energy spiked, and he took a step forward, causing all the lands to shake.

The black puppet looked at him in shock, but then its eyes gleamed with the desire to do battle.

“Bai Xiaochun?!”

Chapter 300: The Power Of The Incarnation!

The ninth formation from Mount Daoseed had been specially put together by the sect leader just for Bai Xiaochun. Because he was a Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivator, he was the only one who could unleash the true battle prowess of the formation. That was also why, moments ago, the formation had seemed so weak.

When fully powered up, it could unleash might similar to the Gold Core stage!

Before Bai Xiaochun had appeared on the scene, the ninth formation had only been able to approach somewhat close to the Gold Core stage. But now, the enormous giant's energy was soaring, and it was completely different from before.

In the very instant that the black puppet uttered Bai Xiaochun's name, the spell formation giant took a step forward, causing everything to shake as a domineering aura shot out in all directions.

Unexpectedly, the giant incarnation was using the Mountain Shaking Bash!

A string of sonic booms echoed out as the giant blurred into motion. An instant later, it was right in front of the black puppet. No matter how much the puppet had been prepared for an incoming attack, it simply couldn't dodge.

A massive boom echoed out in all directions.

The bashing power Bai Xiaochun unleashed on the black puppet was enough to shatter the heavens. Trembling, the puppet flew backward through the air amidst loud cracking sounds. Although the expression on the face of the puppet never changed, the faces of the Profound Stream Sect cultivators inside of it completely fell as their cultivation bases were thrown into chaos. Their qi and blood instantly destabilized, and blood sprayed out of their mouths.

“Can’t stand up to a single blow!” Bai Xiaochun said, his voice as cold as ice. He took another step forward, yet again utilizing incredible speed to appear right above the black puppet, where he stamped his foot down viciously.

The resulting boom seemed capable of shattering the air. The black puppet couldn’t fight back in the least, and was sent plummeting down toward the ground.

Before it could land, Bai Xiaochun flickered into motion and appeared next to it, grabbing it by the arm and swinging it around violently.

The puppet was thrown back upward, only to meet Bai Xiaochun again, who unleashed one punch into it after another, after another!

The black puppet attempted to dodge and evade, but was

completely incapable. Battered by one terrifying fist strike after another, its external shields were distorted to the point of shattering.

“Despicable!” howled the black puppet. “How dare you attack in such a devious fashion!!” The Profound Stream Sect cultivators inside the puppet could never have imagined that the giant would be so powerful after being re-formed by Bai Xiaochun. After failing to seize the initiative, they were completely suppressed, left totally incapable of defending themselves.

As the shield twisted on the verge of breaking, the black puppet howled again. Black light surged from its surface, a destructive power that sped toward Bai Xiaochun even as the shield shattered.

When the black light appeared, Bai Xiaochun’s eyes flickered, and he backed up. However, simultaneously, he spun his left foot around in an arc to smash into the black puppet’s waist. Cracking sounds rang out, and rifts snaked out across the surface of the puppet as it hurtled down toward the ground.

The destructive black light sailed right past Bai Xiaochun, who now hovered there looking down coldly at the black puppet. Snorting, he said, “That’s all you’ve got? You don’t even qualify to experience the full power of Mount Daoseed’s ninth spell formation.”

The defiant roars of the Profound Stream Sect echoed out from inside the black puppet. In the moment before it was about to slam into the ground, it twisted, slamming its right hand down to change its momentum. After barely forcing itself under control,

the puppet immediately performed an incantation gesture with its left hand, converging all of the power of everyone in the puppet to summon a shadowy clone with a long sword. Without even the slightest hesitation, the clone slashed its sword at Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun threw his head back and roared, causing golden light to spread out from his body. In turn, that light caused the giant incarnation to also begin to shine like gold!

Shockingly, it was the power of the Undying Gold Skin. The image of a heavenly demon appeared in the same position as the giant incarnation, almost as if the two were one.

Everyone in the area suddenly felt as if they weren't looking at the spell formation giant, but instead, a heavenly demon howling up into the heavens!

Bai Xiaochun's heavenly demon incarnation clenched its fist and punched out toward the incoming shadowy clone.

Cyclonic ripples spread out as the fist slammed into its target. The clone instantly exploded like a shattered mirror.

“The Profound Stream Sect's magical puppets are famous everywhere under heaven,” Bai Xiaochun said calmly. “Especially the gold-tinged black versions. How disappointing to see it in action today.” His words were almost exactly the same as the words uttered earlier by the cultivator in the black puppet.

The arrogant cultivator who had spoken those words let out an angry roar and sent the puppet flying toward Bai Xiaochun, its hands flashing in an incantation gesture as it unleashed a magical technique.

However, before the magical technique could even fully form, an enormous 3,000-meter-tall violet cauldron appeared over the head of the black puppet and smashed down onto it, interrupting it.

“Game over!” Bai Xiaochun said, his eyes flickering. At the same time, the heavenly demon strode forward and reached out toward the puppet.

The puppet’s eyes flashed, and it opened its mouth, spitting out a stream of seven-colored toxic gas. Simultaneously, the puppet’s body decayed significantly. As for the toxic gas, even the air was destroyed as it shot toward Bai Xiaochun.

“Time to die!!” the puppet said, laughing with anticipation. The group of Profound Stream Sect cultivators inside of the puppet had been waiting for just this opportunity to spit out the toxic gas. At the same time, the puppet’s hands flashed in an incantation gesture, causing countless greatswords to materialize up above. More than 50 of them could be seen, and buzzing sounds emanated out as they gathered into a sword formation. Then, dazzling, lightning-like beams of light shot from it toward Bai Xiaochun.

The sword formation and the toxic gas together were a deadly combination!

“Child’s play!” Bai Xiaochun said coolly. His Heavenspan Dharma Eye snapped open, causing exactly the same thing to happen with the Heavenly Demon Body! A third eye appeared on the forehead of the 300-meter-tall heavenly demon!

Instantly, the heavens began to tremble as the eye focused, not on the toxic gas, but on the enormous sword formation.

The more than fifty greatswords suddenly ground to a halt in midair!

Although the pause only lasted for a moment, that was all the time Bai Xiaochun needed. Without the slightest hesitation, he pierced through the toxic gas to appear right in front of the black puppet.

“Impossible!!” Numerous cries of shock and disbelief echoed out from within the puppet. The toxic gas was one of the puppet’s trump cards, something that could shake even a powerful Gold Core cultivator. The Profound Stream Sect cultivators had been completely and utterly confident that it would destroy the giant incarnation!

However, what they were truly dealing with was not so much a spell formation giant, but rather, Bai Xiaochun’s heavenly demon! To it, a toxic gas like this counted for almost nothing!

In the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint, Bai Xiaochun grabbed the black puppet’s shoulder and ripped its arm completely off of its body. Four shocked Profound Stream Sect

cultivators flew out from the shattered stump, and before they could even begin to flee, they were set upon by the nearby cultivators of the Blood and Spirit Stream Sects.

Even as their agonized shrieks rang out, Bai Xiaochun's right thumb and forefinger snapped together as he unleashed the Throat Crushing Grasp onto the black puppet's throat.

A vicious cracking sound could be heard as the puppet's entire neck shattered, and its head flew up into the air. More Profound Stream Sect cultivators were ejected out. Despite losing an arm and a head, the black puppet wasn't completely destroyed, and the cultivators inside of it instantly sent it backward in retreat, their hearts pounding in fear because of Bai Xiaochun.

But how could Bai Xiaochun let the puppet escape? He took a deep breath, causing a vortex to spring up around him. A gale-force wind appeared, and his eyes flickered as his Heavenly Demon Body once again unleashed the Mountain Shaking Bash!

BOOM!

It moved so quickly it was hard to track with the naked eye. Only a blur of afterimages could be seen as it blasted completely through the black puppet....

The puppet literally exploded into pieces, critically injuring the dozens of Profound Stream Sect cultivators inside of it, and sending some to their deaths instantly. Those who survived were still coughing up blood as the cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect

and the Spirit Stream Sect closed in on them for the kill.

Bai Xiaochun hovered in midair, breathing heavily. Although he had put on a powerful show, he was actually trembling. And yet, despite how he didn't truly wish to fight in such a way, in critical moments like this, he had no other choice.

Sighing, he was just about to proceed to another location when suddenly, a tremor ran through him as his gaze fell upon a location a few thousand meters away.

Standing right there was Xuemei, complete with her mask!

She seemed to be in bad condition, weak, with blood dripping out from underneath her mask as she fell back over and over again across the battlefield....

Surrounding her were four late Foundation Establishment cultivators from the Profound Stream Sect, all of whom surged with killing intent!

Chapter 301: Extremely Enraged!

“I don’t care how this war ends, Du Xuemei. You’re gonna die!”

“Du Xuemei is at the peak of Earthstring Foundation Establishment. Killing her would be like ridding the earth of the next Master Limitless!!”

“Du Xuemei, I’ve been thinking about this day from the moment you killed my Junior Brother!” Of the four Foundation Establishment cultivators, some wanted to kill her for revenge, and some wanted to earn merit in battle.

Normally speaking, they would have been worried about Patriarch Limitless showing up. But with the sects all at war, all bets were off, and they had their chance!

As such, they attacked with full force, resorting to any means, fair or foul.

More blood oozed down Xuemei’s chin, and it was laced with blackness; clearly, she had been poisoned. More than half of the Pill Stream Sect had been absorbed by the Profound Stream Sect, and they used poison as a powerful weapon!

Xuemei chuckled bitterly, and her expression flickered with despair. Looking up, she saw her father in the middle of fighting one of the Profound Stream Sect patriarchs; clearly, he didn’t have time to try to help her. The blood rippers and prime elders were all engaged in life-or-death struggles, and besides, the battlefield was

so large that it would be impossible for them spare her any attention. Even if they did notice her situation, they were so tangled up with Profound Stream Sect cultivators that they would never be able to come save her.

Besides, she didn't want to distract her father. Unfortunately, she had virtually no life-saving precious treasures left after the months of battle. To her bitterness, she could only stagger backward, blood oozing out of her mouth, her vision fading.

“Am I really going to die here...?” she thought. Gritting her teeth, she performed an incantation gesture to unleash a magical technique. As she did, the faint scar on the back of her hand was clearly visible....

Intense, murderous gleams could be seen in the eyes of the four Profound Stream Sect cultivators. As they closed in, chaotic fighting broke out, and Xuemei was sent staggering backward over and over again. Clearly, she was weakening, and more wounds could be seen on her body.

The shadow of death loomed.

It was in that exact same moment that Bai Xiaochun looked over from his position 3,000 meters away....

The instant he saw her, his mind trembled. Clearly, she was in mortal danger, and there was absolutely no time for him to ponder the situation. The only thing he could think of was...

He had to save Xuemei!!

However, the four Foundation Establishment cultivators were of secondary importance in the situation: the 3,000-meter-distance between himself and Xuemei was filled with numerous Profound Stream Sect puppets, making it impossible for him to draw upon the full potential of his speed!

His only option was to smash his way through!

Eyes turning bloodshot, he yelled out at the top of his voice:

“Middle Peak cultivators, to me!” With that, the heavenly demon leaped up into the air, letting out a roar that echoed like thunder from heaven.

Powerful blood qi erupted out of Bai Xiaochun, forming a pillar of blood-colored light that shot high up into the sky. Everything began to tremble, and even the patriarchs looked over in shock.

The first people to feel the effects of the sudden eruption of blood qi were the cultivators from Middle Peak. That was because, in addition to being the Blood Lord, Bai Xiaochun was also their blood master!

All of the Middle Peak cultivators on the battlefield trembled as their blood qi seemed to resonate with Bai Xiaochun’s shout. Almost immediately, they were filled with the impulse to get as close to him as they could!

The impulse was impossible to suppress; if they tried, it would destabilize their cultivation base. Furthermore, by not suppressing it, they found to their delight that their cultivation base power was rapidly increasing!

It only took the blink of an eye for all of the Middle Peak cultivators to be flashing through the sky toward Bai Xiaochun.

As they gathered around him, their blood qi spread out to swirl around the heavenly demon, gradually forming into the shape of an enormous blood sword!

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath as he burst into motion, joined by the increasing numbers of Middle Peak cultivators as he charged toward Xuemei.

From a distance, the hordes of Middle Peak cultivators and the sword-wielding heavenly demon looked like a sea of blood!

Further off on the battlefield, Bruiser let out a piercing cry as he led a huge group of battle beasts along, causing the earth to quake and the sky to distort.

There were also cultivators from the Spirit Stream Sect who, when they saw what was happening, felt their blood beginning to boil. In a very short period of time, there were already thousands of cultivators surrounding Bai Xiaochun, slashing across the battlefield like a sharp blade!

Considering the battlefield as a whole, this was a shocking development that left even the patriarchs gasping.

The Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect were only in the initial stages of joining forces. Although many of the disciples had already become friends, overall, the two sects were still clearly divided, and mostly fought their own fights.

The truth was that only about fifty percent of the full fighting potential of the two sects was being unleashed on the battlefield.

That was also one of the reasons why the Profound Stream Sect had been able to struggle along up to this point. The Spirit and Blood Stream Sects were aware of this situation, but there was nothing they could do to change it at the moment. After all, they had only been allies for a short period of time.

However, as soon as Bai Xiaochun appeared, he let out a long cry and sent blood qi raging up into the sky, and it completely changed the situation!!

Wherever he went, the Blood Stream Sect's battle prowess increased, and the Spirit Stream Sect's battle beasts gathered around him and fought proudly with all the power they could muster.

Furthermore, the increase to the Blood Stream Sect cultivators' battle prowess was not limited to any particular cultivation base. Everyone from the Outer Sect to the patriarchs benefited!

Almost instantly, the battle prowess of the Blood Stream Sect as a whole increased by about thirty percent. The Blood Stream Sect gasped in shock, and as for the Spirit Stream Sect, although they received no such boost, when they saw the elation of the Blood Stream Sect cultivators, they fought even harder than they had before. When the two sides joined forces, they could unleash incredible crushing power!

Bai Xiaochun was the center of it all, and cultivators were grouping around him rapidly, increasing the force from thousands to over ten thousand!

Most were from the Blood Stream Sect, and the closer they got to Bai Xiaochun, the better and more powerful their techniques worked!

On the battlefield, there were many things that could be relied upon to stay alive, but one's own strength was one of the most important!

Bai Xiaochun was like the glue between the blood qi and the Blood Stream Sect, and was also the force which bound the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect together. That was now more apparent than ever before.

The patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect, the Blood Stream Sect, and even the embattled Profound Stream Sect were all shaken. Even the patriarchs who were still holed up inside the city were astonished.

“So, he’s Bai Xiaochun?!”

“He’s the one responsible for this war?!?!”

“Patriarch Thousand-Faces said that if Bai Xiaochun died, the alliance between the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect would collapse!!”

As all eyes were turning to look at Bai Xiaochun as he led the surrounding 10,000 cultivators in a charge across the battlefield. All Profound Stream Sect disciples who saw what was happening were left completely shaken, and without even thinking about it, began to back up. Within the space of a few breaths of time, the 3,000-meter distance leading up to Xuemei was being closed!

As more people arrived to join the charge, more blood qi fueled the enormous blood sword, which was almost completely formed!

Xuemei heard the rumbling sounds, and could sense her cultivation base recovering. She even felt her battle prowess rising, enabling her to fight back against the Profound Stream Sect’s Foundation Establishment cultivators. As for her four opponents, they were stunned. Although they weren’t sure of the relationship between Xuemei and Bai Xiaochun, they exchanged glances, and then gritted their teeth and called upon their ultimate trump cards. As of this point, they had to kill Xuemei as quickly as possible so that they could flee from Bai Xiaochun.

One of the cultivators performed an incantation gesture to

summon a black dragon. Another of them suddenly blurred as he produced a clone. The other two pulled out powerful magical treasures, one of them a long rope, the other, a black candle!

“Du Xuemei, prepare to die!!”

The black dragon roared as it shot toward her, followed by the clone, which wielded a long, sharp sword. The rope twirled through the air, emitting a powerful aura, followed by the candle, the smoke of which seemed as sharp as blades.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as more blood spilled from Xuemei’s mouth. The black dragon slammed into her, shoving her backward. As the clone closed in, she performed an incantation gesture, waving her right finger to summon a plum blossom symbol. The symbol destroyed the clone, and yet, she was sent flying backward like a kite with its string cut.

Then came the rope and the candle, two deadly forces that quickly reached a position nine meters away from her!

Xuemei chuckled bitterly as her vision began to fade. Time even seemed to slow down. As her thoughts began to descend into past memories, she suddenly heard an anxious, enraged roar.

That roar came from none other than Bai Xiaochun’s Heavenly Demon Body. Seeing Xuemei in such a deadly situation, he sent the heavenly demon’s hand shooting out with the gigantic blood-colored greatsword. Then, the sword slashed out toward the four Foundation Establishment cultivators!!

“Die!!”

Chapter 302: Flaunting Strength On The Battlefield!

The 300-meter-long sword seemed capable of slashing open the heavens. It was a dazzling arc of light that sliced through everything in its path, causing an intense screaming sound to fly across the battlefield.

It almost sounded like the howling of armies of ghosts, a sound which struck down to the very soul. The four Profound Stream Sect cultivators who had just been about to kill Xuemei were completely shaken. They almost felt as if a huge hand had reached into their minds and crushed their brains into paste.

They felt pain that ordinary people would never be able to withstand. It was only because of their powerful cultivation bases that they survived, and yet, blood oozed out of their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths. Looks of terror appeared in their eyes as they fell back at top speed.

Without any consideration for what would happen as a result, they drew upon every drop of power their cultivation bases could provide, even drawing upon their life force!

The greatsword which bore down on them filled them with a threatening sensation of deadly crisis that bordered on complete catastrophe!

Time seemed to slow as the blood-colored greatsword descended. The first Profound Stream Sect cultivator it hit screamed,

throwing all of the power of his cultivation base into his defense, along with a host of defensive treasures. However, the sword destroyed his treasures with ease, shattering them without pause. A moment later, the man's head was sailing through the air.

As for the rest of his body, the sword was so large that, instead of cutting him in half, it completely destroyed him, transforming him into nothing more than a mist of blood!

His body, his soul, even his bag of holding and everything in it, were all completely destroyed!

The second and third cultivators let out more bloodcurdling screams as they too were reduced to nothing more than clouds of blood.

The last of the Foundation Establishment cultivators had the most powerful cultivation base, and was higher ranked than the others. Currently, his eyes were completely bloodshot, and he was trembling with madness. As the greatsword closed in on him, he produced a jade slip, which glowed with flickering light as the power of teleportation appeared.

All of this is lengthy in word, but happened in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. At the same time, Bai Xiaochun's blood-colored greatsword slashed down toward the man.

The sight of the sword slicing through the air was so dazzling that even the blood rippers, legacy echelon cultivators, prime elders, and patriarchs of the three sects were all taken aback.

They had just seen three Foundation Establishment cultivators from the Profound Stream Sect killed in body and soul, and now the last one was trying to teleport away from the very same blade which had killed his fellows.

The man vanished, and the greatsword slammed into the ground beneath the spot he had just occupied. Everything shook, and cracking sounds could be heard as rifts snaked out for 300 meters in every direction.

The final cultivator had vanished without a trace....

Bai Xiaochun heaved a sigh of relief. Ignoring the man who had escaped, he turned to look at Xuemei. Blood dripped down from behind her mask as she looked back at him, mixed emotions in her eyes. A moment later, she collapsed into unconsciousness.

Immediately, Blood Stream Sect disciples rushed over to catch her, then led her off.

Bai Xiaochun could see that she had been seriously injured, but not mortally so. Considering how important she was in the sect, she would definitely get the best spirit medicine the Blood Stream Sect had to offer.

He had a million things he wanted to say to her, but he knew that they would have to wait until the war was over. However, he was still excited by one fact. “This time, you’re not going to get to just go into secluded meditation to hide from me!”

Relishing the thought, he turned and looked in the direction of the huge city.

In the moment that he did so, the cultivator who had just teleported away suddenly materialized on the city wall. Fear lingered in his eyes, and he was out of breath, but his expression was vicious.

“Bai Xiaochun, I’ll never forget this!” he roared. “You can’t kill me that easily!! One day when you’re not expecting it, I’ll be there to kill you!!” Only by shouting something like that could he suppress the terror he felt because of the sword he had just faced, and Bai Xiaochun.

Taking a deep breath, he was just about to head down into the city when he realized that the other cultivators in the area were all looking at him with strange, shocked expressions.

“What are you....” To the man’s surprise, he suddenly felt a piercing pain in his forehead. He reached up and touched his face, and his hand came away wet with blood. A look of terror appeared in his eyes as a tremor ran through him. Before he could even finish speaking, his forehead began to split apart. Within the blink of an eye, his entire body collapsed onto the ground, cut in half!

He had been just a bit too slow to teleport away, and the greatsword really had slashed through him in the moment before he fled....

Blood splashed about in all directions, causing the surrounding Profound Stream Sect cultivators to shake madly with fear.

As for the 10,000 cultivators surrounding Bai Xiaochun, after a moment of silence, they erupted into wild cheering.

“Junior Patriarch!!”

“Blood Lord!!”

Their cries echoed out loud and clear. Even the cultivators off in the distance could hear them, and then they began to join in. Soon, all members of the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect on the battlefield were shouting at the tops of their lungs.

The bedraggled Profound Stream Sect had already been suffering setbacks. Then Bai Xiaochun showed up and killed four of their most powerful cultivators in quick succession. Almost immediately, large portions of the battlefield were affected....

It was a key opportunity, and the patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect immediately waved their sleeves and issued orders.

“Bring the final battle to the Profound Stream Sect!!”

“Everyone, on the offensive!!”

In response, the prime elders, blood rippers, and legacy echelon cultivators took the lead, transforming into bright beams of light that shot forth into the fighting. Tens of thousands of cultivators down below advanced. It was like a sea of blood filled with the giants of the Spirit Stream Sect, surging forward, an unstoppable force that crushed anything in its path as easily as a boulder crushing a drinking glass!

The ground quaked, and intense, fierce fighting instantly broke out everywhere. The Profound Stream Sect army trembled and fought back madly. Higher up in the air, the Profound Stream Sect patriarchs instantly realized that the reason all of this was happening was Bai Xiaochun!

“If Bai Xiaochun dies, we can turn things around!!”

“We have to kill Bai Xiaochun!!” Unfortunately for the Profound Stream Sect patriarchs, they couldn’t do anything against the combined Spirit and Blood Stream Sects. Their Core Formation cultivators were being locked down, and could not get anywhere close to Bai Xiaochun.

“Pay any price to take down Bai Xiaochun. Even sacrifice Foundation Establishment disciples if we have to!” As the orders went out from the patriarchs, the Profound Stream Sect cultivators on the battlefield had different reactions. Some hesitated, some shrank back. However, a good portion of the Foundation Establishment cultivators immediately charged toward Bai Xiaochun’s location.

There were also several black puppets which roared and began to

stride toward him. Meanwhile, there were sword formations up above that the Core Formation cultivators of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects had mostly disregarded because of how easy they were to destroy. Now, those sword formations began to rotate and speed toward Bai Xiaochun.

Scalp tingling, Bai Xiaochun sprang into motion, barely dodging dozens of greatswords.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. He had known that the battlefield was a dangerous place, but now he was even more convinced of that fact. Although he had avoided the first volley of greatswords, more sword formations were flickering up above, and vast numbers of Profound Stream Sect cultivators were charging toward him. Eyes turning bright red, he threw his head back and roared, “Die!!”

He felt like he was back being chased by the Luo Chen Clan, or even in the Fallen Sword Abyss. A murderous aura spun around him as he launched himself toward one of the nearest black puppets. After slamming into it, he called up Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning, and then the Throat Crushing Grasp, which shot like lightning toward the puppet’s throat.

A cracking sound could be heard as a tremor ran through the puppet. Its head was destroyed, and it staggered backward. However, Bai Xiaochun lunged forward, calling upon his fleshly body strength to grab it and hoist it over his head like a shield.

In that instant, dozens of greatswords screamed down from above, stabbing into the black puppet in numerous locations. The

black puppet exploded, and the Profound Stream Sect cultivators inside of it were all killed instantly.

Panting, Bai Xiaochun burst into motion again, heading toward the city, followed by tens of thousands of cultivators.

Enraged, he cried, “Follow me. Let’s take this city down!”

Chapter 303: Fighting Lin Mu

For the Profound Stream Sect to attack with their spell formations twice in a row was quite an insult to the prime elders, blood rippers, and legacy echelon cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect and Spirit Stream Sect!

That was especially true for the Blood Stream Sect. Bai Xiaochun's importance to them had become even more evident as the war went on. The entire sect had experienced an increase in battle prowess and cultivation base. If Bai Xiaochun died, the Blood Stream Sect would be returned to their original state, which was something they couldn't possibly agree to. Therefore, the prime elders and blood rippers all began resorting to their trump cards to try to take out the sword formations belonging to the other powerful Profound Stream Sect cultivators.

The Core Formation cultivators from the Spirit Stream Sect were doing the same thing, including Li Qinghou, who was already feeling very anxious due to the two deadly situations Bai Xiaochun had just faced. The killing intent in his eyes flickered, and magical images of plants and vegetation appeared around him as he attacked one of the spell formations.

Because of the intense efforts of the Core Formation cultivators from the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, their contemporaries from the Profound Stream Sect were incapable of using their sword formations to try to pin Bai Xiaochun down, and were slowly being pushed back across the battlefield.

Bai Xiaochun was under less pressure, but he hadn't forgotten

the danger he had just been in, and it caused his anger to burn. He knew that in war, there was no right or wrong, just life or death. But that knowledge didn't help him shake his fear of dying.

“You people tried to kill me first.... Bunch of bullies. Even your patriarchs attacked me? And your grand spell formation?!” Roaring, he advanced across the battlefield, surrounded by tens of thousands of other cultivators. They crushed anything in their path, making it impossible for the Profound Stream Sect to stand against them. Slowly but surely, the Profound Stream Sect was being pushed back toward the mountains.

Other front-line areas of the battle weren't experiencing such dramatic turns of events, but the Profound Stream Sect was still being pushed back everywhere, and there didn't seem to be any hope for them to reverse the situation.

Many of the Profound Stream Sect cultivators were even starting to hesitate about whether to keep fighting. As could be imagined, the only reason they hadn't surrendered already was that their sect headquarters still stood. Were that not the case, the resolve of most such cultivators would have long since crumbled.

In a situation like that, they would have been faced with two options: surrender, or be wiped out!

The fact that people were hesitating to fight back was extremely telling. In fact, many of them were hoping that the war would simply end as soon as possible, and that the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects would just take the sect headquarters....

There were even some who, in the face of such certain defeat, chose to intentionally die in the fighting!

As booms shook the battlefield, Bai Xiaochun looked up into the mountains at the enormous city to which the Profound Stream Sect cultivators were retreating. Just when he was about to start fighting his way toward the city itself, rumbling sounds echoed out from within the city's glowing shield of light. Moments later, a large number of Profound Stream Sect cultivators charged out.

These were backup forces that the Profound Stream Sect had prepared. The war was reaching a deadly, critical level, so there was no reason to keep such cultivators out of the fighting any longer. There were only a few tens of thousands of them, and yet they blotted out the sky as they flew toward Bai Xiaochun. Interspersed among the cultivators was a sizeable force of black puppets.

When the new force slammed into the battle lines, the boom of magical techniques could be heard, and the glow of magical items rose into the air.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes were bloodshot as he called upon the power of his Heavenly Demon Body to fight back against two black puppets. He used the Mountain Shaking Bash and the Throat Crushing Grasp, along with enormous violet cauldrons and deadly blood swords. He then grabbed one of the black puppet and smashed it headlong into the opposing forces.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

The black puppet trembled, and the Profound Stream Sect cultivators inside of it screamed miserably. Cracking sounds rang out loud and clear.

Bai Xiaochun completely ignored the other puppet as it peppered him with attacks. After seven or eight breaths' worth of time passed, the black puppet he held collapsed into pieces, and he spun in place to face the other puppet. As for the heavenly demon, its eyes shone with bloodthirsty light.

The puppet behind him shivered as the heavenly demon's gaze locked onto it. Then it began to fall back. Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly as he gave chase, opening his Heavenspan Dharma Eye and sending control power shooting out. However, instead of trying to control the entire black puppet, he focused on one of its legs!

The leg suddenly jerked to a stop, and although the effect only lasted for a moment, that was all the time Bai Xiaochun needed. Flashing through the air, he used the Mountain Shaking Bash to shoot like lighting toward the puppet.

When he bashed into it, countless agonized shrieks rang out from inside, and nearly half of the thing was destroyed. Bai Xiaochun also suffered some superficial wounds, but his right hand shot up nonetheless, to viciously grasp the puppet's neck.

It was in that exact moment that a cold laugh reached Bai Xiaochun's ears.

“Remember me, Bai Xiaochun? I’m Lin Mu!”

As the words echoed out, a violet puppet flew out from the city. It was clearly different from the black puppets; countless faces were inlaid into the surface of the puppet, vivid and lifelike. Although their eyes were closed, their expressions were those of pain and suffering.

The puppet wasn’t very large, only about 150 meters tall. It was being operated by nine people, and the person who had just spoken was a young man with black hair!

He was handsome, but a bizarre birthmark on his face left it looking like a yin-yang symbol. At the moment, he was staring at Bai Xiaochun with an icy look!

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes flickered as he looked at the young man. He recognized him almost immediately; it was the same young man who had appeared in a vortex after Fang Lin from the Pill Stream Sect had been killed, back in the Fallen Sword Abyss!

Back then, Bai Xiaochun had wondered who he was. It was only after going to the Blood Stream Sect that news about the fighting between the Profound Stream Sect and Pill Stream Sect spread, and that person rose to prominence.

He was none other than the consummate Chosen of the Pill Stream Sect, Lin Mu. He had betrayed the Pill Stream Sect and joined the Profound Stream Sect, becoming an apprentice to one of

the patriarchs there. As such, he had a complicated status in the sect. Some people even said that he had always been a disciple of the Profound Stream Sect, and that he'd been sent to the Pill Stream Sect as a spy.

Whether or not that was true didn't matter. What mattered was that at the moment, he fought for the Profound Stream Sect!

Even as Lin Mu's eyes locked with Bai Xiaochun's, the violet puppet shot through the air at top speed.

As it closed in on Bai Xiaochun, his eyes glittered, and his right hand snapped out in a grasping motion toward the black puppet's neck. He poured cultivation base power into the puppet, exterminating everyone who was inside of it, and then ripped its head off and hurled it toward the incoming violet puppet.

The black puppet's head whistled through the air toward Lin Mu's violet puppet. As it neared, a brilliant light shone off of the violet puppet, instantly turning the flying head into nothing more than ash.

Bai Xiaochun was shocked. Lin Mu actually seemed to be a bit more powerful than Nine-Isles. However, there was no time to think about the matter at the moment. Without any hesitation, he opened his Heavenspan Dharma Eye.

Instantly, he could see nine shields surrounding the puppet, each one a different color!

Red. Orange. Yellow. Green. Cyan. Blue. Violet. Black. White!

The shields were already beginning to fall apart, and yet, they insured that his Heavenspan Dharma Eye couldn't affect the violet puppet at all. In fact, the collapse of the shield sent pain stabbing back into Bai Xiaochun's third eye.

"I was waiting for you to do that!" Lin Mu said from within the shield. As the puppet closed in, it performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing a bright crimson light to appear between its hands that resembled a sun. Scorching heat rippled out as the puppet lifted the sun above its hand and then threw it toward Bai Xiaochun.

"Yang-Sun Art!" Lin Mu howled. The sun grew larger as it flew through the air, until it was fully 300 meters in diameter, and radiated matchless power.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes widened. Lin Mu seemed very, very strong, and Bai Xiaochun could already tell that if he made the slightest mistake, he would end up dead!

It felt as if he were truly fighting an equal, something he hadn't experienced fighting anybody since he reached Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment, not even any of the other Chosen!

As he faced this powerful adversary, his left hand flashed in an incantation gesture, and his right hand slapped his bag of holding, causing a large number of medicinal plants to fly out. As the plants swirled through the air, his incantation gesture sped up, and his

eyes shone with a strange light.

“Magic Plant... Arsenal!” In coordination with his words, the plants began to grow larger, and transform into various types of weapons. Soon, they had created something like a net, hundreds of meters wide, which shot toward the incoming crimson sun.

“Destroy that thing!” Bai Xiaochun howled. Instantly, the enormous weapon-filled net made of plants and vegetation wrapped around the sun, simultaneously emanating incredible destructive power!

Lin Mu’s expression flickered. Snorting coldly, he performed another incantation gesture.

“Yin-Moon Tribulation!”

Behind him on the left, a moon appeared, which rapidly grew until it was several hundred meters tall, and radiated such intense coldness that it made it seem as if winter were coming! Then, the moon shot toward Bai Xiaochun!

The intense fight between Bai Xiaochun and Lin Mu was already causing widespread shock, especially among Chosen such as Song Que and Ghostfang.

Never could they have imagined that someone in their own generation could actually stand toe to toe with Bai Xiaochun!

Shangguan Tianyou's eyes were especially bloodshot, and his heart surged with defiance!

Chapter 304: Powerful Fleshly Body!

As Lin Mu sent the violet puppet's left hand waving through the air, the moon shot out like tribulation, radiating frigid coldness. Snowflakes even began to flutter in the air as it sped toward Bai Xiaochun.

The violet puppet had unleashed a sun with its right hand and a moon with its left. Now it hovered there in the air like a god, radiating intense energy. Although the sun had been bound up by Bai Xiaochun's Magic Plant Arsenal, the moon bearing down on the other side radiated a killing aura that caused everyone who felt it to tremble.

“Time to die, Bai Xiaochun!!” Lin Mu shouted hoarsely.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes widened at the extraordinary display of power. Although he could sense the danger he was in, it also drove him to a state of maddened rage.

“You'll be the one to die!” he roared. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, causing the Undying Live Forever Technique to erupt with power. Blood qi surged out of him, and in the blink of an eye, it became a huge blood-colored greatsword, which he grasped and then swung toward the incoming moon.

By calling upon the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, he was able to summon a drop of Heavenspan River water from within his spiritual seas, which he fused into some blood qi, causing a fist-sized blood sphere to shoot out and join the blood sword.

The blood sphere caused the cultivators who saw it to feel completely shaken. Sensations of profound danger even rose up in their hearts.

“Is that...?”

“The aura of Heavenspan River water?!”

Even as astonished cries rang out, Bai Xiaochun’s blood-colored greatsword caused rumbling sounds to echo out as it slammed into Lin Mu’s moon.

Everything began to shake violently, and a huge wind blasted out in all directions. At the same time, the blood sphere continued on toward Lin Mu.

The dazzling light shining from the sphere could be seen by people far away on the battlefield. Even the prime elders and legacy echelon cultivators were watching with wide eyes!

Even though they were currently in the Core Formation stage, back when they had been in Foundation Establishment, they couldn’t have competed with Bai Xiaochun or Lin Mu. The fight going on was completely and utterly shocking. Although Bai Xiaochun and Lin Mu were relying on a spell formation and a puppet respectively, what they were doing proved that they were far beyond ordinary. They were clearly at the ultimate peak of Foundation Establishment.

A huge shockwave spread out. Bai Xiaochun's Heavenly Demon Body twisted and distorted, and he fell back by several paces. Lin Mu's violet puppet emitted cracking sounds, and fissures could be seen on its surface as it, too, fell back.

Both of them were breathing heavily. As for Lin Mu, he also felt as if he were facing a powerful adversary. Eyes shining brightly, he threw his head back and laughed maniacally.

“So, it turns out you're even stronger than Nine-Isles. What a pity, though, Bai Xiaochun. You're going to die here anyway!” The violet puppet leaped high into the air, raising its arms high as if to touch the heavens.

Then, a strange light appeared in its eyes as its right and left hands touched right in front of its forehead. At the same time, the puppet's voice thundered, “Sun and moon shine together!”

Almost immediately, both the sun and the moon reappeared within the violet puppet's hands. They superimposed, and it was like fire and water mixing. An intense tearing force shone out, becoming bright beams of light that caused everything to rumble and shake!

In the blink of an eye, everything within 300 meters was enveloped with light. First, it was freezing, then burning hot, and then those forces combined, creating a bizarre power capable of melting anything and everything!

All cultivators within that area, even the cultivators from the Profound Stream Sect, began to scream in bloodcurdling fashion as they were wiped out of existence.

Bai Xiaochun's Heavenly Demon Body was already showing signs of instability. Within the bright, shining light, it was like a snowball facing a raging fire, and instantly began to melt. Based on Bai Xiaochun's calculations, it would only take a few breaths of time for both the Heavenly Demon Body and the spell formation giant to be transformed into ash.

In that critical moment, Bai Xiaochun's eyes became completely bloodshot. The fact that dozens of fellow disciples had just been killed made him feel like his heart was being torn apart. Without any hesitation, he slapped his bag of holding, producing more than a hundred glowing spheres!

Those glowing spheres had been created by drawing upon the cyclical powers of gravity and repulsion, and then infused with vast amounts of toxic gas!

Bai Xiaochun immediately flung the spheres as hard as he could in the direction of the violet puppet.

They became beams of light that shot toward Lin Mu at incredible speed, completely impervious to the effects of the bright light shining down in the area. None of them even showed a single sign of melting as they shot toward the puppet.

Then booms began to ring out as the glowing spheres exploded,

sending large amounts of gas into the interior of the violet puppet!

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but happened extremely quickly. Bai Xiaochun let out a howl as the light from the sun and the moon caused the Heavenly Demon Body to melt completely, revealing the half-destroyed spell formation giant beneath it.

Just when the giant was about to vanish, Bai Xiaochun called upon the last bits of power remaining and yelled, “Break formation!”

Instantly, the spell formation incarnation shattered, ejecting the Spirit Stream Sect disciples out in all directions. Bai Xiaochun himself leapt high up into the air, his Undying Live Forever Technique erupting with power. He had golden skin, and fleshly body defenses provided by the Heavenly Demon Body. Drawing upon his shocking speed, he quickly escaped from the destructive perimeter of light!

Meanwhile, the violet puppet was beginning to tremble, and screams were starting to echo out from inside, as well as cackling laughter. After shaking for a moment, the puppet exploded, and an entire group of maddened Profound Stream Sect disciples poured out. Among them was Lin Mu, his face pale as he shouted, “Bai Xiaochun!!”

Lin Mu’s hair was completely disheveled as he hovered there in midair. Moments ago, he had been completely convinced that his techniques would either kill Bai Xiaochun or destroy his spell formation, leaving him completely vulnerable to the power of the

violet puppet.

Never could he have imagined that everything would backfire. Just when the spell formation had been on the verge of melting completely, his own violet puppet was suddenly infected by a damnable toxic gas, and rendered completely useless!

Now, the two evenly matched opponents were bereft of any spell formations or puppets. When their eyes met across the battlefield, Bai Xiaochun could see the killing intent in Lin Mu's eyes, and Lin Mu could see the madness flickering in Bai Xiaochun's.

Inside, Lin Mu was trembling. He knew that Bai Xiaochun's fleshly body power was beyond ordinary, and that his own superiority came in the form of magical techniques. Just as he was considering fleeing, Bai Xiaochun shot forward, a murderous aura raging around him as he unleashed the Mountain Shaking Bash. He began as nothing more than a blur of afterimages, causing rumbling sounds to echo out as he closed in on Lin Mu, his hand clenched into a fist!

“The time for magical techniques is over. Let's see whose fleshly body is stronger!”

Lin Mu wanted to evade, but quickly realized that he was slower than Bai Xiaochun. He couldn't match up at all with someone who had cultivated the Undying Live Forever Technique; Bai Xiaochun was like a wild animal pouncing on prey. Lin Mu quickly bit his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood.

The blood formed a blood-colored buckler, which shot out to meet Bai Xiaochun's fist strike.

Although the blood buckler wasn't destroyed by the punch, it was sent spinning backward, where it slammed into Lin Mu's chest, causing him to cough up a mouthful of blood. Shocked, he began to back up.

"Think you can just run away?" Bai Xiaochun said, chasing after him. Lifting his right leg up, he kicked Lin Mu hard in the shoulder. Lin Mu gritted his teeth as he was shoved backward, blood soaking through his clothes.

He felt humiliated, and yet, there was nothing he could do. In terms of cultivation base, he didn't fear Bai Xiaochun, nor was there any disparity between them when it came to magical techniques. But as for fleshly body power, he simply had no way of competing with Bai Xiaochun.

He had no violet puppet, and wasn't strong enough to fight back physically. "Dammit! Cultivators like us practice divine abilities! We search for great Daos, and work hard to live forever! Y-y-you're... y-y-you're just cultivating your physical body!!"

"The only way to live forever is to not die!" Bai Xiaochun replied confidently. "So of course I cultivate an undying body!" Lin Mu was unable to offer a response. Another blow hit him, and he coughed up more blood as he was knocked across the battlefield.

Killing intent swirled in Bai Xiaochun's eyes as he bore down

again on Lin Mu, within whose eyes flickered an unyielding gleam, and even madness. Lin Mu waved his arms, causing a pill furnace to fly out from his sleeve and shoot toward Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly and didn't even pause for a moment. In fact, he slammed directly into the pill furnace. It was a powerful magical treasure, and yet, could do nothing to Bai Xiaochun. It was instantly sent flying off to the side as he arced through the air toward Lin Mu, looking like a blade of death!

Chapter 305: Cutting Down Lin Mu

To be faced with such a deadly crisis caused Lin Mu's hair to stand on end. He waved his right hand, causing a command medallion to fly out. Drawing deeply upon himself, he spat some blood out onto the medallion.

Instantly, seven-colored light emerged from the medallion, shooting high up into the sky.

“Sword formations, protect me!!” Even as the words left his mouth. Bai Xiaochun appeared directly in front of him, right hand speeding forth in attack. However, before his blow could land, Bai Xiaochun's expression flickered. Although the vast majority of the sword formations up above were being pinned down by the Core Formation cultivators from the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, there were still a dozen or so that suddenly shot toward Bai Xiaochun, as fast as lightning.

Lin Mu breathed a sigh of relief. Continuing to speed backward, he produced eight magical bucklers, as well as a jade slip, which he crushed. Instantly, the power of teleportation surged out around him.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes flashed with brilliant light. “Another teleportation jade slip? I know the Profound Stream Sect is adept at equipment forging, but I think you've gone a bit overboard with the teleportation stuff!

“Although, did you really think that a dozen measly sword

formations could slow me down?!”

Instead of evading the sword formations, he sped forward.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as four-colored light shone out to protect him, as well as a violet lamp. The dozen or so greatswords were blocked, and Bai Xiaochun began to close in on Lin Mu.

Lin Mu's expression flickered, but before he could even react, Bai Xiaochun used the Mountain Shaking Bash. At the same time, wings sprouted out behind him, propelling him at explosive speed. Almost instantly, the distance between him and Lin Mu was closed, and he encountered the first of the bucklers.

A huge boom filled the air, along with numerous cracking sounds. More than half of the defensive bucklers were shattered, and although that slowed Bai Xiaochun down a bit, killing intent still flickered in his eyes. Next, he extended his right hand, and golden light shone out from his thumb and index finger. It was...

The Throat Crushing Grasp!

A gravitational force also appeared, causing the retreating Lin Mu to suddenly lurch to a stop. That was when Bai Xiaochun smashed through the last of the bucklers, to appear directly in front of Lin Mu....

“Die!!” he howled

Lin Mu was already starting to blur away because of the power of teleportation. Face twisting with madness, he shrieked and extended his right hand, which began to glow with a black light, along with the fluctuations of self-detonation.

He was detonating, not his body, but his right hand!

Even as Bai Xiaochun closed in, Lin Mu's right hand exploded. As the force of the blow began to spread, Bai Xiaochun stopped in place, and his Throat Crushing Grasp latched down on nothing but air. As for Lin Mu, his right arm had been destroyed from the shoulder on down!

It had been wiped away, not just from his fleshly body, but from his soul!

His expression was twisted with madness, and he was soaked in blood. By this point, he was ninety percent faded away, and based on the teleportation power swirling around him, Bai Xiaochun could tell that there was something different about this teleportation. It was not like the teleportation he had seen Nine-Isles use, or the teleportation of the Foundation Establishment cultivator he had fought earlier!

Apparently, this teleportation was leading to somewhere much further away!

Heart thumping, he decided to try to probe for information. Voice cold, he said, "Even if you escape to that city, you'll still die

in the war!”

Lin Mu threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

“You don’t really think I’m going back to the Profound Stream Sect, do you? Don’t try to trick me into revealing any information, Bai Xiaochun. You won’t be killing me in this war!!”

“I might have failed here, and lost my arm in the process, but next time we meet, I’ll be prepared for all your tricks. Then I’ll make you pay for what you’ve done, principal and interest!!”

As Lin Mu continued to fade, and the power of teleportation grew stronger, Bai Xiaochun looked at him and chuckled.

“Do you really think there’ll be a next time?” he said coolly, his eyes shining mysteriously.

When Lin Mu saw the look in Bai Xiaochun’s eyes, his heart suddenly began to pound.

“That was a nice trick, controlling those sword formations. But guess what? I still have more tricks up my sleeve. Grand lich, kill him!!” Bai Xiaochun’s Undying Live Forever Technique surged to life as he called upon the incredible power of the drop of Undying Blood he had used to connect himself to one of the most powerful entities in the Blood Stream Sect. Then, he pointed at Lin Mu!

Instantly, the grand lich, which was currently battling one of the

enemy patriarchs, suddenly shivered. Its right hand, which had just been in the middle of unleashing a deadly attack, suddenly vanished, and when it reappeared, it was right behind Lin Mu!

Lin Mu let out an incredulous, miserable shriek as the hand pierced into the teleportation light and stabbed right into him, closing in around his heart!

RUMBLE!

Teleportation power erupted, and Lin Mu vanished. A moment later, he was gone. However, there in midair, gripped in the grand lich's hand, was a wriggling human heart!!

It was bright red, but that color rapidly turned to gray. At the same time, an archaic aura spread out in all directions. Then the heart turned into ash. Bai Xiaochun's pupils constricted.

However, there was no time to ponder the matter now, not in the middle of battle. Just when Bai Xiaochun was about to lead another charge toward the city, he heard cheering off in the distance. Looking over, he saw a group of about two hundred cultivators flying through the air at top speed, throwing out glowing spheres left and right. As the toxic smoke in the spheres spread out, the group would then charge in and unleash carnage!

Xu Xiaoshan was in the group, and he was shouting battle cries at the top of his lungs. Also present were Beihan Lie, Jia Lie and Master God-Diviner. That group of four led the rest of the cultivators along as they fought toward Bai Xiaochun.

This was the first time Bai Xiaochun had noticed them, but they had spotted him some time ago. Although they had scattered during the incident with the giant crocodile, the sight of Bai Xiaochun fighting spurred them into action. After grouping back together, they began to make their way across the field of battle to reunite with Bai Xiaochun.

Although Beihan Lie would never admit it, he actually missed the months of battling alongside Bai Xiaochun. When their eyes met, he snorted coldly, but at the same time, he started fighting even harder than before.

Then, Xu Xiaoshan looked over at Bai Xiaochun and shouted, “Bai Xiaochun, we’re here!”

Immediately following his call, two hundred voices rang out, “The Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers! The Spirit Stream Heaven-Dao expert can shake the whole world!”

Strange expressions appeared on the faces of the surrounding cultivators from all three sects.

Bai Xiaochun was almost moved to tears. Swishing his sleeve, he called out, “Come, brothers! Let’s go storm this city!”

The orders issued by the patriarchs moments ago had pushed the front line closer and closer to the city. The Profound Stream Sect’s morale was crumbling, and they were in full retreat. Finally, one of the Profound Stream Sect patriarchs cried out, “Back to the city!”

Defend it with our lives!!”

Immediately, the Profound Stream Sect cultivators outside the city all retreated at top speed. From Outer and Inner Sect disciples to the Core Formation and Foundation Establishment experts, every single one of them took to flight. As for the cultivators from the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, they shot after them in pursuit.

Even the patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect retreated, taking heavy injuries in the process. No counter-attacks were made. The entire sect fled back into the grand spell formation!

Everyone inside the city felt as if a huge weight were crushing down onto them. Outside, the cultivators of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects were filled with pride, and the desire to do battle! Without any hesitation, they launched a major offensive against the spell formation shield.

Light flashed in the sky, and thunder crackled.

Sword formations flew through the air. Spirit Stream Sect war chariots attacked like roaring dragons. Enormous javelins were launched. The spell formation shield that was the last line of defense for the Profound Stream Sect began to ripple and distort. However, it did not fall.

The army on the ground charged forward, unleashing powerful attacks into the mountains.

There was even fighting on the other side of the mountains, and although the scale there wasn't as grand as the main offensive, it was still brutal. Shockingly, the scattered remnants of the Pill Stream Sect were helping the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects lay siege to the Profound Stream Sect!

Their numbers were small, only a few tens of thousands. However, their hatred for the Profound Stream Sect vastly exceeded anything that the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects felt. Much of that was because, in addition to the actual cultivators from the Profound Stream Sect, there were also former Pill Stream Sect turncoats defending the city!

The fighting was fierce, and the reek of blood filled the area. Among the army of the Pill Stream Sect that assaulted the Profound Stream Sect from the rear was a young woman. She wore a white, gauzy veil, and was quite voluptuous. She radiated a bewitching power, and through her veil, it was possible to see that she was spectacularly beautiful!

That young woman had risen to prominence in this very war. She was Chen Manyao!

In addition to her poison skills, she was also a skilled strategist. Furthermore, some people said that her good looks made her the number one beauty in all of the Lower Reaches of the cultivation world!

Lin Mu, Nine-Isles, and virtually all other male cultivators were completely infatuated with her. Even the patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect were shaken by her beauty, and desired to

take her as a concubine to use as a cultivation vessel.

However, she had a strong personality, and would rather die than submit to such an arrangement!

Currently, her eyes shone with profound light as she led the charge among the remnants of the Pill Stream Sect, sending out orders one after another. The charge of the Pill Stream Sect cultivators, combined with the assault of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, ensured that the Profound Stream Sect suffered nothing but defeat after defeat!

“The Profound Stream Sect still hasn’t used the power of their precious treasure,” she said softly. “Once they do, their defeat will be certain!” Next to her were two patriarchs, whose eyes glittered as they nodded in response.

Suddenly, one of them looked up. “They just used it!”

Chapter 306: The Slash Of The Heavenhorn!

In the Profound Stream Mountains, the spell formation protecting the city was gradually being worn down. Every time it was damaged, it would repair itself, but was clearly teetering on the verge of complete destruction. The newly returned Profound Stream Sect cultivators, as well as the Pill Stream Sect cultivators who had surrendered and were now bound by restrictive spells, were constantly feeding spiritual power into the formation to keep it operational.

Despite that, most of the Profound Stream Sect cultivators had sunk into reticent silence, wrapped up in numerous thoughts.

Although they were still capable of fighting, and were confident in being able to drag the war out a bit longer, they were all wrapped up in uncertainty regarding the future.

If they did drag things out, what good would it do...?

In the front, they faced the combined forces of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, and from the rear, they were being attacked by the remnants of the Pill Stream Sect. The Profound Stream Sect cultivators knew that, in truth, there was no hope for them.

The only thing that kept them going now was either loyalty to their sect, or fear of what would happen if they were defeated....

The patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect were all seriously injured. It was with great bitterness that they realized that their

opponents would never give up in the fight.

“Even if we made a huge sacrifice to somehow kill Bai Xiaochun, we still wouldn’t be able to recover.”

“They can’t wipe us out like this. The Spirit and Blood Stream Sects... might be working together for now, but that won’t last forever. We just need to hold out for a little bit longer.... Either their alliance will fall apart, or the Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect will lose patience, and forbid them from trying to take on the Sky River Court.... The hope for all of that rests in killing Bai Xiaochun!”

The patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect were not all in unison. Because of how the war had played out, they had different ideas about what exactly should be done. One of the patriarchs was an old man with a ruddy face and flowing red hair. Suddenly, he gave a cold harrumph and said, “What’s the point of arguing about things now? Even if we surrender in the end, we can hurt the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects in the process, and even break their alliance. The vital intelligence that Thousand-Faces sent to us before he died is something we can’t let go to waste!”

No one dared to speak up in opposition to him. This old man was the most powerful patriarch in the current generation of the Profound Stream Sect, Patriarch Crimson soul!

Cold light flickered in Patriarch Crimson soul’s eyes, and before anyone could say anything else, he pointed outside of the city and said, “Release the precious treasure. Prepare the Heaven Bow!”

In response, the lands outside the city began to quake, and crevices opened up. Wider and wider they grew, until they were fully 300 meters wide.

The land almost looked like oceanwater, undulated wildly, much to the shock of the countless cultivators of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, who scrambled to get to safety. Then, a shocking roar issued forth from beneath the ground.

The roar was so astonishing that everyone who heard it couldn't prevent shock from filling their faces, and they even staggered backward. Some began to bleed out of their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths. A few people who were closest to the origin of the roar simply couldn't withstand the sound, and their heads exploded.

Because of that roar, brightly colored light flashed in heaven and earth!

Even the Gold Core cultivators and the patriarchs were astonished, and looked over in the direction of what sounded like explosive thunder from the heavens.

The lands collapsed, sending dirt and rocks exploding up into the air. An area of land hundreds of meters wide completely caved in, and everyone nearby staggered in place as another roar echoed out.

ROAR!

Then, something burst out from under the surface. It was an [enormous black star beetle](#), with a carapace that resembled powerful armor, and long antennae with sharp pincers at the ends. It also emanated a shocking black glow.

As soon as it appeared, the black-armored star beetle charged into the battle lines, causing numerous Spirit and Blood Stream Sect cultivators to scream as they were crushed. Shockingly, this bug had battle prowess equivalent to a Nascent Soul patriarch!

In fact, in some ways, it was even more powerful than that. Furthermore, black mist roiled off of its body that dissolved everything it touched.

Bai Xiaochun was shocked by the sight of the enormous black beetle. He had seen all sorts of gigantic wild beasts, but this was his first time seeing a bug this large.

Cries of shock rang out from the Gold Core cultivators among the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects as they recognized what it was.

“A black-armored star beetle!!”

“One of the Profound Stream Sect’s two precious treasures. They’ve finally unleashed their black-armored star beetle!”

The Spirit Stream Sect’s founding patriarch snorted coldly and performed an incantation gesture with his right hand. Waving his finger toward the sky, he said, “I summon the Spirit Stream

Sect's... Heavenhorn Sword!"

Suddenly, the sky began to tremble, and a screaming sound echoed out. It sounded, not like the screaming of a person, but rather, the screaming caused by something ripping through the air at incredible speed!

In the blink of an eye, dazzling silver light shone out from above as a black sword appeared!!

It looked like an ordinary sword, except that it was slightly curved. It had been forged from the shed horn of an inkdragon, and despite its relatively humble appearance, it was anything but ordinary. Visible on its surface were ten shocking silver designs!!

That indicated that this sword had benefited from a tenfold spirit enhancement! Even a piece of scrap iron that had received a tenfold spirit enhancement would be called a rare and powerful weapon. But the Heavenhorn Sword was much more than that. With a spirit enhancement the likes of which it had received, it could be considered something above a precious treasure. It was halfway to being a spirit treasure!

When it came to magical devices, they were usually referred to in terms of three levels; magical treasures, precious treasures, and spirit treasures. In terms of quality, each level was broken up using the descriptions of mortal, earth, and heaven. For example, only heaven-tier precious treasures would be the kind that could protect an entire sect!

In terms of spirit treasures, even the most inferior type, the mortal-tier, would still be enough to be used as a reserve power for an entire sect. Furthermore, they would never be unleashed lightly. Only if the sect faced imminent destruction would they be called upon.

The Heavenhorn Sword's arrival caused a great commotion among all of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators on the battlefield. They immediately began to cheer loudly.

“That's our sect's Heavenhorn Sword!! Hahaha! When the Heavenhorn Sword appears, it can slash forests and destroy moons!!”

“The Heavenhorn Sword is so powerful it can shake mountains and dry up rivers!!”

“It has a tenfold spirit enhancement. Nothing can compare to that!!” As their cries rolled out, it wasn't just the Profound Stream Sect cultivators whose faces darkened. Even the Blood Stream Sect disciples had unsightly expressions on their faces; they weren't exactly happy to see the Spirit Stream Sect stealing the spotlight.

Among the patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect, only light snorts could be heard. Even they were shocked by the sight of the Heavenhorn Sword and its ten shocking silver designs. They had done much research into the precious treasures of the Spirit Stream Sect, but had never been able to uncover what incredible luck the sect had encountered to be able to perform a tenfold spirit enhancement without destroying the sword in the process.

The arch-patriarch sighed. “That’s probably the only item in all of the eastern Lower Reaches that has a tenfold spirit enhancement.”

Bai Xiaochun looked up excitedly at the Heavenhorn Sword, and especially at the ten silver designs on it. Those designs instantly reminded him of his turtle-wok.

Although he didn’t use the wok all the time, he knew that it was his most important secret. To this day, he still dreamed about using it to produce a magical item with a hundredfold spirit enhancement. He couldn’t help but get excited about how shocked everyone would be if he succeeded at that.

“I’m definitely going to do that one day!” Even as Bai Xiaochun’s heart stirred with excitement, Bruiser was on another part of the battlefield. He had just been prepared to make another offensive charge when a tremor ran through him, and he looked up, not at the Heavenhorn Sword, but at the black beetle. Within his eyes gleamed a flicker of desire, and he had to suppress the urge to try to eat the beetle immediately. After all, he was aware of the vast difference in power between the two of them.

After looking up in thought for a moment, he began to creep across the battlefield toward the black beetle.

Meanwhile, the Heavenhorn Sword descended in flickering light, like a black lightning bolt filled with silver. It sliced through the power of beetle’s roar like a hot knife through butter, a dazzling

arc of light, a waterfall hundreds of meters tall, a silver rainbow!

Trembling, the black-armored star beetle looked up, and then roared as though it knew it was facing a powerful opponent. Black mist erupted from its body, forming into an even larger figure!

It was fully 3,000 meters tall, and although it wasn't fully solid, it was rapidly taking shape. The energy that erupted off of it left everyone gasping. Roaring, the black-armored star beetle shot directly toward the Heavenhorn Sword!

Rumbling sounds shook the whole world. The blinding light shining off of the Heavenhorn Sword became the most dazzling thing on the battlefield.

However, the Heavenhorn Sword simply tapped the beetle. When it did, the silver lines on its surface pulsed, and the black-armored star beetle let out a bloodcurdling scream. The outer layer of its body collapsed, and its true form was revealed. The expression on its face was one of terror, and it was about to flee, but to the utter shock of everyone observing, it was sliced into two pieces!

Blood exploded out from the two pieces of the corpse, revealing that the beetle itself was something like a puppet, within the middle of which was a bizarre, black crystal!

What delivered the killing blow wasn't the sword itself, it was the power of the tenfold spirit enhancement designs!

In Chinese, this bug is literally a "heavenly ox." It's also known

as a [long-horned beetle](#).

Chapter 307: Target... Bai Xiaochun!

“So, this is the terrifying level of a tenfold spirit enhancement!!” The patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect almost couldn’t believe their eyes, and were completely shaken. If people like them had such a reaction, then there was no need to even mention the Profound Stream Sect’s Gold Core cultivators, whose scalps were tingling in astonishment.

Even the Blood Stream Sect cultivators felt their minds reeling. As for the patriarchs, they had known in the past that the Heavenhorn Sword was something to take very seriously, but to see with their own eyes how domineering it was forced them to admit that they had underestimated the signature sword of the Spirit Stream Sect!

“It seems the legends of the tenfold spirit enhancement were true,” the Blood Stream Sect arch-patriarch said. “A tenfold spirit enhancement will produce shocking transformations.... In fact, it’s just short of being a true spirit treasure!”

After joining forces with the Spirit Stream Sect, it was becoming increasingly clear to the Blood Stream Sect that they were adept at concealing their true strength. Although they still didn’t quite match up to the Blood Stream Sect, if war had truly broken out, even if the Blood Stream Sect won in the end, they would have been forced to pay a severe price. In fact, they would most likely have lost any qualification to enter the Middle Reaches.

Furthermore, before they would even have had a chance to do that, the Profound Stream Sect would have come for them, and the

current situation would likely have been reversed.

Everyone had been watching the clash between the Heavenhorn Sword and the black-armored star beetle. That was especially true of the people on the city walls. Actually, there was a stirring of spiritual energy originating from those walls that was locked down on the area around the black-armored star beetle....

As the Heavenhorn Sword rose back up into the air, the two halves of the black-armored star beetle toppled down to either side, and the battlefield went completely silent. But then, all of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators broke out into thunderous cheering.

In sharp contrast, the Profound Stream Sect cultivators were forced to watch their sect's precious treasure, the black-armored star beetle, be cut in half. As its black blood oozed out in all directions, the shaken Profound Stream Sect cultivators slowly bowed their heads. Many of them looked more thoughtful than ever.

It was then that people started to realize that within the corpse of the black-armored star beetle, there was a very strange-looking crystal. Soon, more and more people were staring at it.

However, even more attracted to the crystal were the numerous battle beasts, who were staring at it wide-eyed.

“A beast king crystal!” the Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch said. But then his eyes flickered, and his face fell. “Wait, no, it's a fake!”

However, even as the words left his mouth, a tiny figure leapt out in front of everyone. It was Bruiser, who had shrunk down to the size of a hand, and was flying toward the corpse of the black-armored star beetle with shocking speed.

His eyes shone with longing, almost madness, and he was moving so quickly that he was nothing more than a colorful blur. Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped, and suddenly, he was stricken with the realization that something about the situation seemed off. Before he could react though...

A droning sound filled the air, and it was coming from the city walls of the Profound Stream Sect. The sound instantly grew in volume until it was earsplitting, and caused all hearts to tremble.

Next, a black arrow became visible. In the blink of an eye, it shot forth from the city, flying at unbelievable speed toward the direction of the black-armored star beetle!

Its target was none other than Bruiser!!

A tremor ran through Bruiser, a sudden, intense sensation of deadly crisis. He let out a howl as he tried to flee, or perhaps fight back. And yet all such efforts were useless; the arrow was only half a moment away from stabbing into his forehead!

Bai Xiaochun instantly devolved into madness. Shouting out in a hoarse voice, he flew out into the air and opened his Heavenspan Dharma Eye. All the control power of his third eye erupted, almost

like an invisible hand which wrapped around the arrow in an attempt to halt its momentum.

Bai Xiaochun shot toward the beetle corpse with all the power he could muster, blood oozing out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. As a result of all of his efforts, the arrow suddenly lurched to a halt!

In that moment, Bruiser shivered, and then leapt to the side. Just as Bai Xiaochun was breathing a sigh of relief, the arrow swiveled in place. Instead of aiming at Bruiser, or even at Bai Xiaochun, it was now pointing directly toward the black crystal!

It moved with speed just as incredible as before, and the sudden acceleration instantly shattered Bai Xiaochun's control power....

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but happened with exceeding quickness. Few people on the battlefield were capable of even reacting. However, one of them was the Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch, whose scalp was tingling so hard it felt like it might explode.

“Nightcrypt, get back!” he shouted. “The target is you!!”

The other patriarchs' faces fell as they realized what was happening, and although they wanted to do something to save Bai Xiaochun, there was no time.

Although the previous situations he had encountered on the

battlefield seemed dangerous, the truth was that the patriarchs had always been close by, and could have intervened if the situation got out of hand.

But now, things were developing too quickly, and the Profound Stream Sect had seized an opportunity with vicious determination. Bai Xiaochun had flown out of his own accord because of the danger Bruiser had been in. Because of that, the ability of the patriarchs of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects to protect him had suddenly faltered!

Although few other people might have noticed the opportunity which had developed, how could Patriarch Crimson Soul of the Profound Stream Sect not notice? This was a situation that he had personally manipulated!

Bai Xiaochun's pupils constricted, but he didn't have any time to ponder his next action. A sensation of mortal crisis filled him, and he was left with few ways to defend himself. Shouting, he grabbed Bruiser, and then a black light shone out as the turtle-wok appeared. Simultaneously, Bai Xiaochun curled up into the smallest ball possible inside of the wok.

Just as he did that, the arrow struck the black crystal that was inside the corpse of the beetle. Instantly, a huge boom shook the area, and a black shockwave spread out for 90 meters in every direction. Everywhere the shockwave passed, it obliterated any living thing it touched, even the grass. Everything was wiped away; the cultivators it hit didn't even have a chance to scream.

The corpse of the black-armored star beetle was completely

eradicated, and a huge crater was hewn out of the ground!

Soon the boundless black light faded away, revealing the only thing to have been left behind: a black wok on the edge of the crater, sitting there motionless.

As everyone peered over to look, the wok trembled, and then slowly lifted up to reveal Bai Xiaochun's face. He appeared to be so terrified that he was shaking. The sensation of having just escaped with his life left tears running down his cheeks.

"Profound Stream Sect," he shrieked, "things aren't finished between us. Y-y-you... you people actually tried to ambush me again!?!?" Fear still throbbed in his heart. Despite having been saved by the turtle-wok, he was still convinced that he was about to die.

However, when used by Bai Xiaochun, the spirit enhancement wok was extremely powerful. Without it, his poor little life would have been lost. His heart was pounding, and the residual fear that flowed through him caused his knees to wobble.

Crawling out from underneath the wok, and cradling Bruiser in his arms, he said, "Bruiser, you almost got your dad killed, did you know that!?!?"

Bruiser looked like he was about to cry; he knew that he had slipped up.

Seeing Bruiser's reaction, Bai Xiaochun couldn't bear to criticize him any further. Then, flames of rage began to rise up in his eyes as he looked over at the city walls, and the old man standing atop them with a huge bow in his hands.

"You just wait for Lord Bai, you old fart!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "I... I want that bow of yours!!"

"I can't believe he's not dead!!" Patriarch Crimson soul said, lowering the enormous green bow. The bow itself emanated a profoundly ancient Heaven-Dao aura. It was none other than the Profound Stream Sect's second precious treasure, the Heaven Bow!

The arrow from moments ago had been loosed by that very bow!

The Profound Stream Sect had long since come to realize that it would be impossible for any of them to directly kill Bai Xiaochun, not even the Gold Core cultivators. One of the enemy patriarchs would definitely step in to save him. The Spirit and Blood Stream Sects were simply too protective of Bai Xiaochun.

The entire time, Patriarch Crimson soul had never been able to find a chance to kill Bai Xiaochun, and had eventually come up with the plan from moments ago, to sacrifice the black-armored star beetle, and then use a crystal infused with the aura of a beast king to attract Bruiser. If Bai Xiaochun didn't make a move to save Bruiser, then the plan would have been for naught. However, as long as Bai Xiaochun appeared... then he could detonate the black crystal and destroy everything in the area, including Bai Xiaochun!

If Bai Xiaochun died, it would be a fatal blow to the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, and would have made a split between the two even more likely. Even if the Profound Stream Sect eventually surrendered, they would have a chance to rise up again in the future!

However, after everything was said and done, Bai Xiaochun didn't end up dead. A very unsightly expression could be seen on Patriarch Crimson's face, and his heart was filled with bitter sullenness.

When the Spirit and Blood Stream Sect patriarchs realized that Bai Xiaochun had survived, they breathed sighs of relief. Li Qinghou was shaking; moments ago, he had been struck mute with fear. It was the same with all of Bai Xiaochun's other friends on the battlefield.

As the fury of the two sects burned hotter than ever, they attacked. The Heavenhorn Sword slashed into the spell formation, and the other precious treasures of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects were unleashed.

A huge blood-colored tree appeared, as well as a blood mirror. Numerous powerful objects sent heaven-rending, earth-crushing power toward the Profound Stream Sect!

Chapter 308: Yin-Yang Ravens

Powerful tremors ran across the surface of the spell formation shield. When the Heavenhorn Sword struck it, dazzling silver light shot out, and the shield distorted visibly. The entire spell formation teetered, and although it didn't collapse, it clearly experienced a significant drainage of spiritual power.

At the same time, the patriarchs of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, as well as the Gold Core cultivators, were joined by large numbers of Foundation Establishment experts to unleash powerful attacks.

The enraged Bai Xiaochun also charged forth, continuously unleashing his blood qi to keep the Blood Stream Sect cultivators at their peak. Bruiser was at his side, equally furious. Howling, he released his beast king aura, causing countless battle beasts to go mad as they attacked the spell formation.

Gargoyles, refined corpses, blood swords and violet cauldrons could be seen everywhere. Then the Spirit Stream Sect's ninth mountain peak appeared, causing everything to shake violently.... The mountains themselves began to crack and crumble!

Blood clouds spread out, instantly staining the mountains and the city red. On the other side of the mountain range, the remnants of the Pill Stream Sect were attacking with full force, battering the rear portion of the spell formation to the point of destruction!

From the look of it, the spell formation couldn't hold on for much longer, and in fact, the only way to prevent it from collapsing was to reduce its range.

The Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch had a very grim look on his face. The deadly crisis that had just befallen Bai Xiaochun left him feeling both anxious and furious. "Profound Stream Sect.... I'm not interested in waiting around for you to unleash your true reserve powers. Let's see if you still dare to hold back under the force of the Blood Stream Sect's reserve powers!"

The arch-patriarch was the Blood Stream Sect's only cultivator in the great circle of the Nascent Soul. His fury was something that could only be stood up to by the Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch and patriarch Crimson Soul of the Profound Stream Sect.

Those three were all in the great circle, and thus, vastly more powerful than any of the other Nascent Soul cultivators.

The arch-patriarch performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pointed his finger up into the sky. Voice resounding like heavenly thunder, he shouted, "Blood Stream Night Effigy!"

As the words left his mouth, the sky began to vibrate, and a red bolt of lightning suddenly appeared. As it streaked through the sky, it slashed open a huge rift, within which appeared a bizarre scarecrow with glowing red eyes!

Cruel cackling echoed out from the mouth of the wicked-looking

scarecrow. In one hand it held a patch of human skin, and in the other, a steelyard balance. As soon as it appeared, intense and shocking pressure roiled out to fill heaven and earth.

That pressure alone caused the spell formation to begin to tremble on the verge of collapse.

The Blood Stream Sect cultivators gasped, and then their eyes shone with strange light. This was none other than the true reserve power of the Blood Stream Sect.

The reserve powers were the foundation of any sect!

Countless red lightning bolts crashed in the sky above as the scarecrow suddenly vanished. When it reappeared, it was right outside of the spell formation shield, where it lifted its right hand up. As it did, the steelyard balance grew immeasurably large, and then, within the weighing tray, an image appeared.

Upon closer examination, that image proved to be the entire mountain range that the Profound Stream Sect's city was built into!

Then, the steelyard balance began to move, as though it were weighing the importance of the mountain range and the city!

The ground quaked and the mountains trembled. The city began to sway back and forth. Cracks appeared in the spell formation shield, almost as though heaven and earth were weighing the city!

Once the weighing process was over, the mountain range and the city would be reduced to ashes!

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath. To see the bizarre image of the scarecrow, and the quaking mountains and city, made him realize that reserve powers of this level were something that not even patriarchs could deal with.

“I wonder what the true reserve power of the Spirit Stream Sect is like?” he thought, his mind reeling. The patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect had very serious expressions on their faces. Patriarch Crimson soul’s eyes flickered, and then he suddenly extended his right hand and slammed it down onto the ground.

The resulting boom caused everything to tremble. Countless rocks and rubble suddenly leapt up into the air as an altar rose up from a square in the middle of the city.

“Exalted Celestial Incense!” Patriarch Crimson soul roared. At the same time, a thumb-sized chunk of black incense appeared on the surface of the altar!

It radiated an incredibly ancient air, as though it had existed for countless years. Furthermore, it had obviously been lit on many occasions in the past; now, only a small bit remained....

As soon as it appeared, it began to burn, sending delicate streams of green smoke out through the spellformation, where they began to form into an image!

Instantly, the scarecrow's red eyes began to glow even more brightly than before. It only took a brief moment for the image of green smoke to coalesce into the form of a cultivator!

He appeared to be a middle-aged man wearing a Daoist robe and Daoist headgear. He bore the demeanor of a transcendent being, and seemed graceful in a way that surpassed the mortal world. From the aura and energy that exploded out from him, he almost seemed to be fused with heaven and earth. Instantly, the blood clouds in the sky began to churn, and the ninth mountain peak began to tremble.

Then the middle-aged cultivator waved his finger, and everything began to distort. The steelyard balance in the hand of the scarecrow exploded violently, making it impossible to continue the weighing process. Everyone was completely and utterly astounded.

The eyes of the Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch gleamed with bright light. He knew that the Profound Stream Sect's reserve power was extraordinary, and now that he was able to witness it with his own eyes, he thought back to some of the stories he'd heard, and instantly realized the truth. "The power of the Deva Realm!!"

Bai Xiaochun's heart was shaken. He looked at the man made from smoke, and could feel the terrifying pressure radiating off of him. A moment later, he realized that just looking at him filled his eyes with pain, and caused his mind to reel.

To him, it seemed as this man had replaced the heavens, and was he himself heavenly might!

The scarecrow's eyes began to glow with increasingly intense redness. Letting loose a powerful shriek, it took the patch of human skin it held in its left hand and then swung it around to cover its own body! In the blink of an eye, the scarecrow transformed into a child, which opened its mouth in terrifying fashion as it lunged at the middle-aged man. The conflict between these two ultimate reserve powers was causing everything under the sky to shake violently!

Lights flashed in the sky, and a huge wind kicked up, accompanied by thunderous booms. The founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream Sect didn't hesitate at all to also perform an incantation gesture, then wave his hand upward!

“Spirit Stream Yang Raven!”

The founding patriarch's words were accompanied by cacophonous rumbling sounds. It was as if two hands were ripping open the heavens to reveal a bright, clear sky beyond. There, the shocking image of a white sun could be seen!

Within the white sun was a black raven. The raven's eyes opened, and they emitted blinding light. Then it cawed in deafening fashion!

Even as ripples flowed out from the raven, it took a deep breath, completely absorbing the white sun. Then it became a streak of

light like a shooting star that headed in the direction of the spell formation shield.

“Pill Stream Sect, produce your reserve power!!” shouted Patriarch Crimson soul, his expression vicious. Instantly, one of the sealed Pill Stream Sect cultivators in the city, a former patriarch of the Pill Stream Sect, gritted his teeth and then waved his hand.

Rumbling filled all creation as the sky once again opened up in the exact same position where the white sun had appeared. However, this time, what appeared was something completely different: a black sun!

The instant the black sun appeared, it cast darkness everywhere below. Most strangely of all, within the black sun was a bird that looked almost exactly the same as the Spirit Stream Sect’s raven!

However, this raven was actually white!

All cultivators who could see what was happening were gasping in shock. Many of them had eyes as wide as saucers. The fact that the reserve powers of the Spirit Stream Sect and the Pill Stream Sect were so similar made it obvious that the two sects were connected somehow!

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes went wide as he watched the white raven open its mouth and suck in the black sun. Then, eyes gleaming as if with hatred for an archenemy, it shot toward the Spirit Stream Sect’s black raven. When the two collided, a massive boom shook everything in the area.

The Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch suddenly thought back to a rumor he'd heard. "Yin-Yang Ravens!"

Supposedly, when the Spirit Stream Sect made its foray into the Lower Reaches 10,000 years ago, they had possessed no reserve power. Later, they had joined forces with the Pill Stream Sect, which was when they suddenly came to have a spirit treasure!

"Either way, this battle is almost over," thought the arch-patriarch. "There's no way the Profound Stream Sect has a third reserve treasure." The Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch exchanged a glance with the Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch, and they nodded to each other. The truth was that they could have made a massive attack like this earlier on. However, they had drawn things out to give the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects a chance to fight together. At the same time, they were able to chip away at the morale of the Profound Stream Sect. After all, their goal was not to wipe out the Profound Stream Sect, but rather, to absorb it!

Now that the Profound Stream Sect had revealed their reserve power, there was no suspense at all left in the war.

The Spirit Stream Sect's founding patriarch waved his sleeve, and then spoke in a voice as cold as ice: "Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!"

Chapter 309: The Profound Stream Sect Surrenders!

“Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!” The words of the Blood Stream Sect’s arch-patriarch echoed out in all directions. Simultaneously, orders were passed down to the disciples. The giants powered by the Outer Sect disciples of the Spirit Stream Sect roared as they battered the spell formation, joined by the enormous blood spheres composed of Outer Sect disciples from the Blood Stream Sect.

A huge boom rippled out from this first major attack. The cultivators inside the Profound Stream Sect’s city were having a difficult time continuing to power the spell formation, and were left trembling. And that was only from an attack by the Outer Sect disciples! The sheer numbers involved left the Profound Stream Sect cultivators’ cultivation bases in chaos.

At the same time, the Outer Sect disciples shouted in unison: “Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!”

Their voices were like thunder that rattled the hearts and minds of the Profound Stream Sect cultivators. Before they could even begin to do some breathing exercises to recover, a wave of refined corpses, gargoyles, war chariots and battle beasts charged forth in a second major attack.

That attack was even more intense than the previous attack, and released even greater pressure than the previous one. The Profound Stream Sect cultivators felt as if their cultivation bases were about to be torn to pieces. Even the patriarchs were included.

Everyone was well aware that the attacks leveled by the two sects would only continue to get stronger!

Before they even had time to react, and almost concurrent with the second attack, the Inner Sect disciples of the two sects launched a third attack! The spell formation incarnations of the Spirit Stream Sect and the locust-like magic of the Blood Stream Sect formed together into something like a sharp sword which slashed toward the spell formation!

“Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!”

Their cry caused the entire city to shake. The spell formation shield distorted, and the Profound Stream Sect cultivators shook violently. Their cultivation bases couldn't take much more. This third attack was even more powerful than the others, and many of the pale-faced cultivators inside the formation were even beginning to wither up.

There was no chance for any of them to rest or recuperate for even a moment. Things weren't over yet. Next came the Chosen and peak lords from the seven mountain peaks of the south and north banks of the Spirit Stream Sect, in the form of enormous spell formation giants. At their side were their contemporaries from the four mountain peaks of the Blood Stream Sect. A fourth powerful attack!

This attack was completely different from the first three. It was like stabbing a dagger into the heart of a dying person. The spell formation trembled, and the cultivators supporting it from within all began to cough up blood. Yet again, there was no other choice

for them but to allow the spell formation to shrink.

Next came the spell formation giants from Mount Daoseed, including Bai Xiaochun's. Joining them were the blood masters and elders from the Blood Stream Sect. Terrifying roars echoed out as they unleashed the fifth major attack!

That attack unleashed power even greater than all of the previous attacks put together. Bai Xiaochun joined in the thunderous battle cry as the spell formation distorted, and then shrank down again. Mountains in the area crumbled, and the city seemed in grave danger of simply collapsing!

More blood spilled out of the mouths of the cultivators powering the spell formation, whose Qi passageways were already significantly injured. Some of them were so withered that they had to be replaced. As that happened, the thunderous shout of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects reached their ears.

“Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!”

The Profound Stream Sect cultivators' hearts were pounding in their chests, but before they could pull themselves back together, a sixth major attack headed their way!

That attack came from the well over 100 prime elders from both sects. They held nothing back as they unleashed the most powerful attack yet onto the spell formation!

The spell formation rumbled as cracks spread out. It shrank down again, exposing the outer areas of the city. More cultivators inside coughed up blood, and many of them lapsed into unconsciousness.

The main emotion in the minds of most cultivators in the city was despair! And yet, another attack was already incoming. The cultivation bases of the blood rippers and legacy echelon cultivators erupted. Trump cards were unleashed without hesitation. Visually, the seventh major attack looked like shooting stars slamming into the spell formation shield.

BOOOOOOOOOOMMM!

The damage to the spell formation spread out even further. The walls of the city began to fall, revealing the exhausted, bitter Profound Stream Sect cultivators inside. Some of the cultivators who had been powering the spell formation were instantly destroyed in body and soul.

The area covered by the spell formation shrank yet again, leaving many cultivators outside of its protection.

Some of those cultivators had once been members of the Pill Stream Sect. They could only sit there silently with gritted teeth; they had no desire to be considered part of the Profound Stream Sect anymore.

Then, the eighth major attack closed in!

Six patriarchs of the Blood Stream Sect and four from the Spirit Stream Sect joined together for the eighth attack! They were like ten gods, and the mere sound of them unleashing their battle prowess was like thunder from the heavens.

“Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!” The air shattered, and the ground quaked violently. As the attacks of ten patriarchs slammed into the spell formation, the patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect roared and held nothing back to resist.

Booms rang out constantly. More than half of the city was destroyed now, and all of the patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect were left coughing up blood. Their faces were ashen, and their bodies withered. They looked older than before, and even Patriarch Crimson soul was staggering backward, blood spraying out of his mouth.

It was in that moment that the remnants of the Pill Stream Sect unleashed their own powerful attack. A huge pill furnace smashed into the spell formation shield, and the tens of thousands of cultivators behind it attacked with suicidal abandon. Another powerful shout filled the air.

“Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!”

One of the cultivators within the Pill Stream Sect was a young woman with a gauzy white veil. Her facial features were obscured, but her eyes were visible, and they were spectacularly beautiful. Virtually all of the cultivators in the Pill Stream Sect were obsessed with her. Within that sea of people, she was like a pearl on a beach, resplendent and beautiful!

Booms echoed out as the spell formation trembled. When the pill furnace slammed into it, a huge gap ripped open. Patriarch Crimson soul spread his arms wide, and the power of a great circle Nascent Soul cultivation base exploded out as he joined the scattered remnants of the Profound Stream Sect cultivators who were powering the spell formation.

However, that was when Bai Xiaochun noticed something up in the air above the spell formation. His eyes went wide when he realized that he was looking at a very familiar monkey.

The old monkey was holding an enormous staff raised overhead. Eyes flickering with an archaic light, as well as a dignity that could shake heaven and earth, he smashed the staff downward.

“Profound Stream Sect, do you surrender?!” roared an ancient-sounding voice. The spell formation shook violently, and finally, exploded!

A shockwave blasted out in all directions. Patriarch Crimson soul coughed up an enormous mouthful of blood. The other cultivators of the Profound Stream Sect were all soaked in blood from various wounds. At the same time, something shot into the city, something that moved so quickly it was impossible for anyone to see it clearly at first. Only when it landed on the altar in the middle of the city was it possible to tell that it was a rabbit!

The rabbit’s eyes glittered with a mysterious light as it snatched the incense off of the altar and extinguished it!

When that happened, the middle-aged man fighting the scarecrow suddenly vanished. Then the scarecrow looked down, radiating the terrifying energy that only the deepest reserve powers of a sect could. That energy locked down onto the wounded patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect, making it impossible for them to even move.

Everything happened almost too quickly to process. The monkey appeared, broke open the spell formation, then the rabbit extinguished the incense, and finally the scarecrow sent energy crushing down. It all happened within the space of a few breaths of time.

Bai Xiaochun's eyes were wide as he stared at the rabbit on the altar. Suddenly, he got a very bad feeling....

That was when Bai Xiaochun suddenly realized that numerous cultivators from the two sects were all vying with each other to enter the city. That was even true of the scattered remnants of the Pill Stream Sect on the other side, led by the young woman in the white veil. Bai Xiaochun slapped his thigh.

“Battle merit! Whoever gets into the city first will get a big reward!” Suddenly inspired, he roared and shot off at top speed. Bruiser seemed to understand exactly what he was thinking, and gave him a push off. Bai Xiaochun flew forward, wings flapping, blasting across the battlefield like a meteor. He immediately passed everyone else, and then quickly stepped onto the shattered city wall.

“Profound Stream Sect, are you going to surrender?!” The echo of his shout caused Patriarch Crimson Soul’s heart to fill with bitterness. He looked around at the Profound Stream Sect cultivators, and then over at Bai Xiaochun. He knew that after surrendering, he would have to come up with a method of resolving the differences between the two of them. Even as his eyes flickered, the other patriarchs clasped hands and bowed to Bai Xiaochun.

“We surrender!”

Everything went quiet for a moment, and then cheering erupted from the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects. The Profound Stream Sect cultivators sighed, and Bai Xiaochun’s eyebrows shot up and down in excitement. Sticking his chin up, he waved his sleeve and proudly said, “With the snap of a finger, I, Bai Xiaochun reduced the Profound Stream–”

Before he could finish speaking, a little turtle head popped out of his bag of holding and looked up at him. The turtle sighed.

“Ah, it’s been a long time since I’ve heard someone blow their own horn so loudly.”

Chapter 310: Du Xuemei Offers Greetings, Blood Master!

Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped. For years now, his moments of sleeve-flicking monologue had always been one of great pride. Never before had anyone interrupted him. Eyes wide, he stared down at the green little turtle head sticking out of his bag of holding.

“Dammit, you're still in my bag of holding!?” Just as he reached his hand over to grab the turtle, the turtle rolled its eyes, stuck its head back inside, and vanished.

Bai Xiaochun was fuming with rage. The little turtle was really a disaster for him. Whenever he thought about how it had provoked that enormous golden crocodile, his head started to ache.

However, despite his simmering rage, he couldn't find the turtle no matter how he looked. Gritting his teeth, he decided to start using a new bag of holding. After switching the contents, he hurled the old one outside of the city.

“If you're so awesome,” he said angrily, “let's see you pop your head out of this one!” As soon as the words left his mouth, the little turtle's head popped out of the new bag of holding and looked contemptuously at Bai Xiaochun.

“Considering you just gave Lord Turtle a new house, I'll play along. Go ahead and bow down in worship!”

Bai Xiaochun felt like he was about to start crying. After a long moment, he sighed and resigned himself to the fact that he couldn't do anything about the little turtle. With that, he looked around dejectedly at the other cultivators of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects as they poured into the city and started taking the Profound Stream Sect cultivators into custody.

As for the monkey and the rabbit, Bai Xiaochun looked around for quite a while, but couldn't find any clues as to where they'd gone off to. Even Bruiser had disappeared now that the city had fallen....

"I was the one who made that monkey and that rabbit...." he thought sadly. It was really a strange situation, and suddenly he couldn't help but think back to all of the other little animals from back in the Spirit Stream Sect.

Soon, the remnants of the Pill Stream Sect were pouring in from the other side. Mixed emotions could be seen as they looked at their compatriots who had given into the Profound Stream Sect. At the same time, they complied with the instructions of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects as their own sect was absorbed into the alliance.

The patriarchs of the Profound Stream Sect, especially Patriarch Crimson soul, were not magically sealed. Instead, the arch-patriarch and the founding patriarch calmly accepted their surrender.

When it came to the lower ranking cultivators, the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects had their ways of ensuring that they were taken in by the alliance.

Bai Xiaochun didn't need to help with anything. He simply watched as the excited and enthusiastic cultivators of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects cheered and went about their work. Now that the war was over, it was possible to say that the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world had truly been united!

All that was needed now was a bit of time for the Lower Reaches to build up strength, and then they could march to challenge the Sky River Court!

Bai Xiaochun had been the center of all attention during the fighting, and now, he was like a sun shining down on the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects. Everyone looked at him with passion and respect. As for the female disciples, strange gleams could be seen in their eyes, which made Bai Xiaochun feel wonderful. He quickly set aside the matter of the little turtle, and simply savored the moment. Assuming the pose of an important person from the Senior generation, he began to stroll through the city.

Whenever he encountered cultivators he knew, he would smile and nod. As he passed, an endless stream of "Greetings, Junior Patriarch" could be heard

Eventually, Bai Xiaochun was displeased to discover that he actually wasn't the only person to have become extremely famous during the war. There was another person from the Pill Stream Sect who everyone was talking about....

She was none other than the beautiful Chosen Chen Manyao!

Although she had a powerful cultivation base, and was skilled in both strategy and tactics, what most people noticed was her spectacular beauty. Because of the semi-transparent veil she wore, it was impossible to tell the true extent of her good looks, but even still, countless people would stare at her with beating hearts.

At one point, Bai Xiaochun looked over, annoyed, to see a whole group of disciples clustered around her. Suddenly, she looked up at him, her eyes cold and icy.

The look she was giving him left him feeling even more annoyed than before.

“Her cultivation base isn’t as profound as mine, and her position isn’t as high as mine either. Her techniques don’t measure up, and her background can’t compare. What’s so amazing about her!?” After some thought, he was also convinced that she wasn’t as good-looking as he was either. He widened his eyes into a glare, and she looked away. Laughing and chatting, she led the group of cultivators away.

Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly. By this time, evening was falling, and he began to ask around about his friends, such as Xu Baocai, Big Fatty Zhang, Hou Yunfei, and Third Fatty Hei. He learned that some had been injured, or even collapsed from exhaustion, but none had perished. Breathing a sigh of relief, he offered sincere thanks to all of the other disciples who had been with his friends in

the various spell formations.

Bai Xiaochun could be a diplomatic person when necessary, and was well aware that the likely reason why all of his best friends had survived the war was because people had been watching out for them for his sake.

The other disciples from the various spell formations were very moved by his expression of thanks, and their respect for him grew.

Eventually he found some prime elders of the two sects who were sighing over how brutal the fighting had been. When Bai Xiaochun appeared, they smiled and began to chat. After some pleasantries, he asked about where Xuemei had been taken.

One of the Blood Stream Sect's prime elders winked knowingly and said, "Xuemei was seriously injured during the fighting. Although she'll recover, she needs to spend some time in secluded meditation. Since she's an important disciple of the Blood Stream Sect, she'll definitely be in the eastern section of the city, where the least damage was sustained. Head over there, you should be able to find her."

Having determined Xuemei's location, Bai Xiaochun cleared his throat and continued to engage in some idle chatter before taking his leave and heading toward the eastern section of the city.

Along the way, he looked around at the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects taking control of the remnants of the city, and felt very pleased. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that

his decision back in the Luochen Mountains had been the correct one.

It was already possible to see that the disciples of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects were starting to get comfortable with each other. Bai Xiaochun was very pleased. Eventually, he passed through the center of the city, where the Profound Stream Sect's treasure store was located. Although the sky was dark, there were still quite a number of cultivators there, busily clearing out the treasures. Suddenly, Bai Xiaochun's expression flickered.

“I remember hearing that the Holy Pill Wall Fragment back in the Blood Stream Sect had been robbed from the Pill Stream Sect. Presumably, the other half remained with the Pill Stream Sect. Since the Pill Stream Sect was conquered by the Profound Stream Sect, I wonder if that wall fragment is in the Profound Stream Sect's treasure storehouse....” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Bai Xiaochun hurried over to find the disciple in charge of clearing out the treasure storehouse.

If any other person had asked about the matter, they would have been rebuffed immediately. But Bai Xiaochun was different. The disciple in charge only hesitated for a moment before nodding and helping Bai Xiaochun search for the wall fragment. He even escorted him into the storehouse itself and handed over the wall fragment personally.

The only stipulation was that records had to be kept that Bai Xiaochun had taken the wall fragment. Bai Xiaochun didn't mind that at all. Excitedly accepting the wall fragment, he began to study it.

Of course, he didn't enter into a trance, but only made a cursory examination. Almost immediately, he could tell that this wall fragment would help him to advance by leaps and bounds with his skill in the Dao of medicine.

"I wonder if I could eventually try to concoct the River-Defying Pill?" Shaking his head, he put the wall fragment away, bowed deeply to the disciple in charge, and then continued on his way to the eastern section of the city.

By the time he arrived, the moon was climbing high into the sky. This area of the city hadn't received nearly as much damage as the other parts, and was also much quieter. Only the occasional cultivator could be seen, most of them on guard duty. Any of them who spotted Bai Xiaochun would immediately clasp hands in greeting.

After asking around, Bai Xiaochun determined where Xuemei was staying. His heart had already begun beating a bit faster. Without any hesitation, he headed in that direction, and soon found himself in front of a type of residence referred to as a spirit abode.

It wasn't very large, but was surrounded by flickering spell formations. Some of them were Blood Stream Sect formations that absorbed blood qi from the area, which would allow the cultivator inside the spirit abode to heal more quickly.

Stopping in front of the door, Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath.

There were many things he wanted to ask Du Lingfei, and yet suddenly, he felt himself hesitating.

After a moment of thought, he chuckled calmly.

“Regardless of anything,” he thought, “she’s my boo. Before, we were enemies, but now the two sects have become one.” With those thoughts on his mind, he stepped forward and reached his hand in the direction of the door.

Soft rumblings could be heard as he sent power toward the spirit abode. He was just about to say something when the door swung open. There appeared Xuemei, her mask on as usual. After looking at him for a moment, she softly said, “Du Xuemei offers greetings, Blood Master.”

Chapter 311: That... Scar!!

The moon cast shafts of white light down onto the earth below, creating a scene of both biting coldness and gentle softness. Overall, it was breathtakingly beautiful.

Xuemei looked very striking as she stood there in front of the door to the spirit abode. She wore a voluminous robe, but the curves of her body were still visible beneath the fabric. She looked very beautiful.

Her voice was soft, but at the same time, slightly raspy in a way that almost made Bai Xiaochun's ears itch....

Last time, it didn't matter what Bai Xiaochun said when he tried to get her to come out of her immortal's cave, she had remained inside. To see her suddenly appear right out in the open caused him to smile.

“Last time you refused to see me. This time, there's nowhere for you to escape to.”

The familiar way in which he spoke to her, not even bothering to address her, caused her to look deeply at him, a strange light gleaming in her eyes. Although she wore a mask, making it impossible to see her facial features, there was something about her that seemed very weak.

“Many thanks for your kindness in saving my life, Blood Master. When you came to my immortal's cave last time, I was injured, and

had just lost the struggle to become blood master. I felt blank inside, and didn't feel up to facing you. Please forgive me." With that, she clasped hands and bowed deeply. As she did, her sleeve slipped down, revealing a scar on her hand that had clearly been there for some time. As she bent over, some of her curves became even more prominent than before, and Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but take a look.

Bai Xiaochun cleared his throat and said, "Why are you being so polite, boo? Take off that mask so I can see you."

Excitement building in his heart, he took a step toward the door.

Xuemei's eyes widened. Never could she have imagined that Bai Xiaochun would say something like that, nor that he would start walking toward her. Without even thinking about it, she stepped backward.

Suddenly, her knees went weak, and she staggered a bit. Eyes flashing with anger, she said, "Blood Master, please behave yourself. You showed great kindness by saving me, but that doesn't give you the right to dishonor me! I'm Xuemei, not some 'boo'."

"Cut the crap!" Bai Xiaochun said, feeling less than pleased. He took another step forward, unleashing the power of his cultivation base to flash forward with incredible speed. In the briefest of instants, he was right in front of Xuemei.

At any other time, Xuemei's cultivation base would have been strong enough to resist him. But she was still recovering from a

grievous injury, and wasn't a match for him in any way. In the blink of an eye, he reached out, grabbed her mask, and pulled it off!

As her mask was plucked off of her face, black hair spilled down her shoulders like a waterfall. Bai Xiaochun threw the mask off to the side, and her face was revealed, ashen, with starkly cold beauty. She was clearly angry, but was so weak that her anger didn't burn as hot as it might have.

Although she wasn't soul-shakingly beautiful, her classic good looks were enough to put her on the same level as Song Junwan!

However, this person was not Du Lingfei!

Xuemei backed away further. Her face was pale, and her hair was disheveled. She was even trembling. Eyes flaring with coldness, she pointed at Bai Xiaochun and said, "What do you think you're doing, Nightcrypt!?!?"

Because of her overall weakness, the coldness in her eyes seemed more like humiliation.

When Bai Xiaochun saw her face, his expression flickered wildly, and a murderous aura sprang up around him. His eyes were instantly shot with blood.

"If you're not my boo," he said, "then who are you?!?!" His mind was spinning with shock and anxiety.

Xuemei's expression became even more icily angry than before. She almost couldn't believe the way Bai Xiaochun was acting. She had emerged to thank him for saving her life. But unexpectedly, he had ripped off her mask, and then started talking like a madman. Backing up again, a fierce look appeared in her eyes.

"Have you gone crazy, Nightcrypt? I'll say it again. I'm not your boo! I'm Xuemei!"

"You're not Xuemei!!" Bai Xiaochun's heart and mind were in chaos, and he felt like he was going insane. As he stared at Xuemei's face, he thought back to what he had occurred inside the Blood Ancestor. The last time that mask had fallen off her face, a very different face had been revealed!

"What do you mean I'm not Xuemei? What are you talking about?!" Xuemei continued to edge away nervously. She suddenly got the feeling that this version of Bai Xiaochun was very, very dangerous, like a bolt of lightning just waiting to strike.

"Who are you?" Bai Xiaochun shouted at the retreating Xuemei. "Why are you pretending to be Xuemei? Where's the real Xuemei!?!?" He needed answers. He couldn't accept a situation in which he walked away without an explanation. Flying forward, he reached out and, to Xuemei's horror, attempted to grab her arm.

However, it was in that moment that a light cough suddenly filled the spirit abode. To Bai Xiaochun, that light cough felt like thunder rumbling in his ears.

He staggered in place, and Xuemei managed to duck out of reach of the hand he had been reaching out toward her. She quickly performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the flickering image of a plum blossom to appear in front of her. She was now radiating a prickly killing intent, her mind seething with rage toward Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun shook his head violently, but the rumbling sound inside of him didn't stop. Face pale, he stopped in place and looked at the middle-aged man who was walking out of the room behind Xuemei.

He had stern features, and looked as dangerous as an unsheathed sword. Shocking pressure rolled into the room with him, making it impossible for Bai Xiaochun to even take a step.

“Patriarch Limitless!” Bai Xiaochun said, his pupils constricting. At any other moment, he would have been trembling in fear to face the pressure of a Nascent Soul patriarch, but at the moment he didn't care.

Patriarch Limitless had a very serious look on his face as he walked forward and patted Xuemei on the shoulder. Xuemei didn't seem pleased, but didn't dare to defy her father, and reigned in her killing aura.

“Father,” she said by way of greeting. Settling her qi and blood, she dissipated the blood-colored plum blossom.

“Patriarch Limitless, look at your daughter!” Bai Xiaochun said, glaring at him. “She’s not Xuemei!”

Clearly, he was so enraged that, despite the pressure weighing down on him, he wasn’t willing to back down.

Patriarch Limitless looked coldly at Bai Xiaochun and said nothing. However, the longer he went without talking, the more pressure roiled out. Bai Xiaochun began to tremble, until finally, he let out a roar, causing streams of blood qi to erupt out. That was blood qi from the Blood Ancestor, and when it fused with Bai Xiaochun, his energy grew even more powerful. It rose up higher and higher, until he was on a similar level as Patriarch Limitless!

Xuemei’s heart trembled as she looked at Bai Xiaochun, and then her father. There was a strange light in her father’s eyes that she recognized. When that light appeared, it meant that the person he was looking at was very important.

“I only have one daughter, and this is her!” Patriarch Limitless swished his sleeve, causing his own energy to dissipate.

In response to Patriarch Limitless’s words, Bai Xiaochun’s face drained of blood. However, he still wasn’t willing to give in, and said, “I saw Xuemei’s face in the heart cavity, and she didn’t look like that!”

“Take a close look at my daughter’s face,” Patriarch Limitless said. Although he spoke calmly, it was in a voice that could clearly tolerate no arguments. It was like heavenly thunder pounding in

Bai Xiaochun's mind.

Heart quivering, Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath and looked closely at Xuemei. Then he looked back at Patriarch Limitless. Finally, he took a few steps back, a look of confusion building up on his face.

The facial features of Patriarch Limitless and Xuemei were very similar. Most likely, even mortals would be able to notice the similarities, much less cultivators, who had much keener senses. Obviously, this was a father and a daughter!

The look on Bai Xiaochun's face grew even more blank. He thought back to what Du Lingfei looked like, and then compared it to Patriarch Limitless, and realized that the two of them didn't look anything alike.

"Then who did I see back in the heart cavity?" He staggered backward again, almost as if he had been struck physically. The confusion in his eyes grew more intense. He simply couldn't believe how everything was playing out. He suddenly started wondering if he was remembering things wrong....

If the woman in front of him really was Xuemei, then how could he have seen Du Lingfei in the heart cavity? Who exactly was Du Lingfei?!

Bai Xiaochun bitterly recalled everything which had occurred in the trial by fire for blood master. Gradually, he began to tremble as he thought back to the events which had played out in the Blood

Wasteland. In the moment before the teleportation, he remembered seeing a wound on Xuemei's hand, and also remembered that blood had been dripping down from behind her mask. Clearly, she had been wounded!

However, once they reached the tunnel beyond, Xuemei's wound had disappeared, and there was no blood on her face. In fact, all of her injuries had been healed!

Back then, he had assumed that she had used some special technique to heal herself, and hadn't paid much attention to the situation. But now, he realized that there was something very strange about the whole thing!!

Heart pounding, he looked up at Xuemei's hand, and then, began to shake. Right there on her hand was a scar, plainly visible for anyone to see!!

The sight of that scar caused incredible waves of shock to batter Bai Xiaochun's heart!

At that point, Patriarch Limitless's face turned somber, and he slowly said, "So, it seems you saw the mysterious person in question...."

Chapter 312: No One Can Handle That Responsibility Except For Me!

Bai Xiaochun understood. That scar explained everything. The person he had encountered in that tunnel in the blood master trial by fire had not been Xuemei.

“Mei’er doesn’t remember anything that happened after she entered the tunnel that day,” Patriarch Limitless said slowly, his expression serious. “That includes everything involving you becoming the blood master. She only remembers waking up outside of the Blood Ancestor.

“After realizing she had no memories of the events in the tunnel, her heart was filled with confusion and panic. She immediately came to report everything to me, and even I was shocked. I used all the power at my disposal to investigate the matter, but couldn’t come up with any explanation. If you know the person in question, tell me who it is!”

Bai Xiaochun opened his mouth to speak, but in the end, didn’t reveal Du Lingfei’s name. He suddenly realized that, considering he didn’t know who she really was, he also didn’t know if her name was even really Du Lingfei....

Everything about her was a big mystery. As he sank further into silence, he also realized that all the clues he had pieced together so far were useless.

Finally, he shook his head and clasped hands formally to

Patriarch Limitless and Xuemei. Then he turned and left. Xuemei sighed. Obviously, Bai Xiaochun had some sort of connection to whoever it was that had replaced her in the tunnel. She could also see that Bai Xiaochun had been struck with deep sadness.

Patriarch Limitless watched Bai Xiaochun leave, and did nothing to stop him. Bai Xiaochun had a very special position, and if there was something he didn't want to talk about, Patriarch Limitless couldn't force him to do so.

Bai Xiaochun walked down the street for some distance, then randomly selected an empty spirit abode to enter. Once inside, he looked up at the moonlit sky and thought back to everything he remembered about Du Lingfei. Then he reviewed what he had learned from Patriarch Limitless and his daughter. After a while, he sighed.

“Du Lingfei, just who exactly are you...?”

A month went by, during which time the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects slowly absorbed the Profound and Pill Stream sects. The enormous city became their new sect headquarters. As for the cultivators of the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, the time they had spent fighting together left many of them with close friendships.

Although the two sects were not yet fully united, there was much less friction than before. Occasional conflicts would break out, but overall, things were getting very calm.

Everyone seemed to be keeping themselves under control. After

all, the war wasn't over yet. Although there were no opponents to fight in the Lower Reaches, everyone knew their true goal was the Middle Reaches!

Only by becoming a Middle Reaches sect could the war truly be considered over!

That shared goal was like glue binding the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects together. As for the patriarchs and the Gold Core cultivators, they knew more than anyone that if the two sects worked together, they could be like a powerful weapon. However, any disunity could lead to mutual destruction!

Because of those realities, and because of Bai Xiaochun, the two sects' alliance continued to grow firm and strong.

After reaching an agreement with the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, Patriarch Crimson soul and the rest of the Profound Stream Sect did their best to join in the efforts. They wanted to be a part of the future Middle Reaches sect, and to have a chance to continue to pass down their traditions.

The Profound Stream Sect cultivators were very sincere in their desire to cooperate. They had been well and truly beaten, and now that a new sect was being founded by the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects, they wanted to be a part of it. They also wanted to go to the Middle Reaches and have access to the abundant resources there. Because of that, they didn't refuse any of the demands made of them, and worked hard in every aspect that was required.

It was the same with the Pill Stream Sect. As for those who had betrayed their sect in the past, mercy and understanding were shown, and they were allowed to return to their previous positions.

Those two sects had previously been bitter enemies, but now, in this new sect, they had no choice but to be subservient to the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects. If they wanted to have a say in the future affairs of the sect, they had to maintain good relations with the other sects, including the Profound Stream Sect. That was the only way to ensure that they got their share of the resources to be had in the Middle Reaches.

Bai Xiaochun didn't pay much attention to the goings-on between the sects. He knew that the patriarchs would handle affairs in the best way. Having little else to do, he went into secluded meditation. After burying the matter of Du Lingfei in his heart, he emerged refreshed. Just when he was about to go find Big Fatty Zhang and his other friends, the founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream Sect sent him a Dharmic decree, calling him to the grand hall in the middle of the city.

Bai Xiaochun wasn't interested in attending any meetings, but he didn't really have any choice. Sighing, he headed in the direction of the grand hall. Along the way, any disciples who caught sight of him would clasp hands and bow, expressions of respect and awe on their faces. Bai Xiaochun's heart immediately swelled with pleasure.

As he walked along, he would wave and call out greetings.

“Your hard work is much appreciated, Sect Nieces and Nephews!”

“Keep up the good work! Well done!”

“You have my support, all of you!”

Slowly but surely, his sour mood faded. Eventually, he reached the grand hall, and the disciples on guard duty clasped hands and cried, “Greetings, Junior Patriarch!”

Bai Xiaochun’s heart soared into the heavens.

Assuming the posture of someone of the Senior Generation, he clasped his hands behind his back and said, “Keep working as hard as you are, and one of these days, you might become junior patriarchs too!”

With that, he chuckled and strode into the grand hall.

As soon as he entered, he sucked in a deep breath. The pressure within the hall was so immense that the air was rippling. Right there up ahead of him was an entire group of patriarchs!

Patriarch Ironwood and the Song Clan patriarch had not come to join the main force. Without them present, that left four patriarchs from the Spirit Stream Sect and six from the Blood Stream Sect.

Four patriarchs were present to represent the Profound Stream Sect, including Crimson Soul. Finally, there were three patriarchs from the Pill Stream Sect. In total, there were seventeen Nascent Soul Daoist masters, whose soul fluctuations completely filled the enormous hall.

As soon as Bai Xiaochun entered, the eyes of all seventeen individuals focused on him. Different expressions could be seen in those gazes. The patriarchs from the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect were calm. The Profound Stream Sect patriarchs had conflicted expressions, especially Patriarch Crimson Soul, whose heart trembled with a certain sense of powerlessness.

As for the three Nascent Soul patriarchs from the Pill Stream Sect, their eyes shone with strange gleams of interest.

It all made sense, of course. The entire situation in the cultivation world of the Lower Reaches had been changed because of Bai Xiaochun!

To see so many Nascent Soul experts staring at him caused Bai Xiaochun to shiver. Suddenly, he was struck with the fear that the patriarchs might have decided to dispose of him now that his usefulness was over, or that they wished to settle accounts based on his past mistakes. His face turned pale, and his eyes widened. Looking around nervously, he became more convinced that he was right.

“Um, good morning, patriarchs....” he said cautiously. With the exception of the Spirit Stream Sect patriarchs, all of the other Nascent Soul experts gaped in surprise. However, none of them spoke. Instead, their gazes grew more profound as they stared at him, making it impossible to tell what they were thinking.

The Spirit Stream Sect’s founding patriarch looked at Bai Xiaochun and said, “Bai Xiaochun, there’s something you must–”

The looks on the faces of the patriarchs’ faces caused Bai Xiaochun’s heart to tremble. As soon as the founding patriarch started speaking, he was convinced that he was going to say something bad. It would definitely be some sort of dangerous mission or assignment. Bai Xiaochun’s face fell, and his heart began to beat rapidly.

He suddenly realized that he couldn’t allow the founding patriarch to finish that sentence. If he did, it would be very hard to refuse the request. Before he could finish speaking, Bai Xiaochun clutched at his chest and screamed, then coughed up a massive mouthful of blood. Staggering backward, his face turned a sickly pale color, and he gasped, “Patriarchs, I was seriously injured in the fighting, which opened up previously healed wounds! I need to go into secluded meditation to recover. Alright, I won’t disturb you any longer. Bye now!”

With that, he hurried toward the door.

Before he could take more than a few steps, the founding patriarch glared at him and said, “Stop right there!”

Bai Xiaochun stopped in place, looking like he might cry at any moment. Coughing up another mouthful of blood, he looked piteously over his shoulder at the founding patriarch.

“Patriarch, I really am injured. It’s bad. Really bad. Besides, I’ve gotten too famous recently. If I go out on my own, tons of people are going to be after my head. Why don’t you give the mission to someone else? I really can’t be going out into battle....”

The founding patriarch looked like he was being struck by a sudden headache, and was unsure of whether to laugh or cry. The other patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect were all smiling wryly. They had heard of Bai Xiaochun’s personality, but this was their first time seeing it firsthand, and they were struck speechless.

The patriarchs from the Blood Stream Sect were even more astonished. Patriarch Limitless almost couldn’t believe what he was seeing, and the arch-patriarch was shocked. It was hardly necessary to mention the Profound Stream Sect or the Pill Stream Sect. Patriarch Crimson soul’s eyes were wide as saucers, and his expression was one of complete incredulity, as if he had just seen a ghost. He almost couldn’t believe that the Bai Xiaochun he had seen on the battlefield was the same person as the one standing in front of him.

He even started to wonder if was hallucinating, or if Bai Xiaochun had somehow been replaced.

The three patriarchs from the Pill Stream Sect were completely

taken aback. The words Bai Xiaochun had just spoken were echoing in their minds, and they had a hard time reconciling that this was the person who had brought about such momentous changes to the eastern Lower Reaches.

“We don’t want you to go out on another mission!” said the founding patriarch, shaking his head.

Bai Xiaochun blinked, then asked for confirmation a few times.

“I already said, we don’t want you to go out on a mission. Just as you suggested before all of this started, we are discussing the founding of the new sect. We need a name for it, and were wondering if you had any suggestions.”

“Oh?” Bai Xiaochun said. Nervous, he began to blabber: “A sect name, huh? Hm. What about the Undying Sect? Or the Live Forever Sect? No, no, those won’t do. We’re going to the Middle Reaches of the river, right? We need something with the word ‘river’ in it. How about the River-Defying Sect? Or we could go with the Turtle River Sect. Hey, that’s a good name! Turtle River Sect! There’s some deep meaning in that one. Wait. Let me think some more. What about the Bastards of–”

“We’ll go with River-Defying Sect,” the founding patriarch interrupted, worried about where Bai Xiaochun would go next, and that he might say even more unseemly sect names. “There’s another matter to discuss. During the ceremonies, we need to officially name the junior patriarch of the sect. In addition to the name of the sect itself, we also wanted to ask your opinion on who to pick!”

“Officially name the junior patriarch?” Bai Xiaochun’s eyes widened, and finally, his heart eased up with the realization that they really hadn’t called him here to give him a dangerous mission. Breathing a sigh of relief, his expression turned from nervousness to solemnity. The blood disappeared from his lips, and the paleness of his expression turned into dignity. Suddenly, he looked like a mountain peak, standing there tall, reticent, and heroic.

Veins of steel pulsing and eyes flashing like lightning, he said, “No one can handle that responsibility except for me!”

Chapter 313: The Founding Of The River-Defying Sect!

The sudden change in Bai Xiaochun's demeanor caused more eyes to widen among the patriarchs who sat in the grand hall. That was especially true of Patriarch Crimson soul of the Profound Stream Sect, who couldn't help but rub his eyes a bit, and then look back at Bai Xiaochun in confusion.

It was the same with the Pill Stream Sect, and even the Blood Stream Sect patriarchs were shocked.

The patriarchs from the Spirit Stream Sect were smiling wryly in embarrassment. The founding patriarch glared at Bai Xiaochun for a moment, then rubbed his forehead. Sounding a bit displeased, he said, "It might be good for you to think about it for a while, don't you think...?"

"Patriarch, I don't think anyone else but me is suitable to become the junior patriarch of the River-Defying Sect. What's there to think about? I agree!" Bai Xiaochun stood there, looking off into the distance, fairly radiating energy. His hair swirled around him, and his eyes seemed to shine like the stars. He seemed like something beyond a Chosen, almost like a deity!

The Blood Stream Sect's arch-patriarch cleared his throat and said, "You're already completely famous. Why don't you give some of the other disciples a chance...?"

Bai Xiaochun flicked his sleeve and gazed up into the air, looking

completely stern and awe-inspiring. It was as if his righteousness could shake everything in heaven and earth. “Patriarchs, the reason I’m so famous is because I take my responsibilities seriously! That’s an important quality! I, Bai Xiaochun, am a person who loves my sect. How could I force other disciples to sacrifice themselves to handle my responsibilities? I could never treat them so unfairly! That’s not how Bai Xiaochun operates. Not ever! Fate has selected me for this role, and if the sect picks me, then I won’t frown even if I have to go through hell or high water!”

“But you’ve been wounded,” Patriarch Crimson Soul suddenly said, “and as the junior patriarch, you would likely encounter even more situations in which you could end up wounded.”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes widened, and for the first time, he actually took a moment to think. After a moment of indecision, he gritted his teeth and then chuckled casually. “As cultivators, which of us haven’t shed some blood? I, Bai Xiaochun, have a dream. I dream that for the rest of my life, the day will never come that I am forced to shed even a single tear for my sect. Even if I have to shed a lifetime of blood, I will make that dream become a reality. And that is because I... am the junior patriarch of the River-Defying Sect!”

Although Bai Xiaochun was smiling, it was a smile of utmost sincerity and solemnity. It contained his hopes for the sect, and his determination to stride into the future. As he spoke, his energy surged, and everyone in the grand hall was shaken inwardly.

Were it not for the fact that all of the patriarchs had witnessed Bai Xiaochun’s performance from earlier, they would all be

convinced that he was the epitome of righteousness and loyalty!

The hall fell into silence. Strange expressions could be seen on the faces of the patriarchs. A long moment passed, and finally the founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream Sect chuckled.

“Very well then. In a month, we’ll hold the ceremony. The River-Defying Sect shall be founded in the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world! Furthermore, we will send a petition to the Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect in the Upper Reaches, asking for permission to replace the Sky River Court!”

Laughing Loudly, Bai Xiaochun said, “I’ve been waiting for this war for a long time!”

After conferring a bit more with the patriarchs, he turned and left, heart swelling with pride.

Upon leaving the hall, his spirits did not fall. Everywhere he went, people looked over, at first in shock, and then with expressions of fervor and respect.

Upon arriving back at the spirit abode, he sighed comfortably, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

“Those old fogeys scared the daylights out of me. I thought they were going to give me a dangerous mission or something. Why didn’t they bring up the junior patriarch thing earlier?!” Feeling very pleased with himself, he shook his head and settled down

cross-legged.

“As the junior patriarch, I’m definitely going to be completely and utterly famous. Hahaha! Soon I’m going to need to change the rallying cry. I can’t use the Middle Peak blood master has infinite magical powers, the Spirit Stream Heaven-Dao expert can shake the whole world anymore! It’ll have to be the River-Defying junior patriarch is unparalleled under heaven!” Such thoughts got him even more excited than before.

“In terms of safety... hmph! Being the junior patriarch is definitely the safest of all. They’re not going to be sending me out on missions, that’s for sure. And I’ll definitely have lots of other disciples to guard me whenever I leave the sect.” Bai Xiaochun felt wonderful, and could hardly wait for the ceremony the following month.

The official founding of the River-Defying Sect became the hottest topic of conversation among the disciples of the four sects. Furthermore, word spread until the entire eastern Lower Reaches was abuzz!

All of the smaller sects, as well as countless cultivator clans and numerous rogue cultivators, were all completely shaken. To them, even a single one of the four great sects was a vast and important organization, but now, all of the four great sects had joined into one!

A powerful organization like that hadn’t ever appeared in the history of the eastern Lower Reaches. Before long, word spread to the cultivator clans and smaller sects in the delta region. However,

there was even more news that started to circulate, news that got everyone shaking with madness and astonishment!

The goal of the River-Defying Sect wasn't just to join together into one large sect. They wanted to fight their way into the Middle Reaches and take over the Sky River Court as the dominant sect there!

That news virtually drove people crazy. After all, if the River-Defying Sect succeeded, then it would mean that four slots would open up for new sects in the Lower Reaches!

The River-Defying Sect's thirst to become a Middle Reaches sect only continued to grow stronger. Likewise, the thirst of the delta sects and cultivator clans to establish their place in the Lower Reaches was just as strong!

And thus, disputes arose, as well as secret treaties. The entire eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world was shaken. As the commotion grew, everyone was focused on the grand ceremony to come!

The River-Defying Sect did not establish an official sect headquarters. As for the city in the mountains, it was only a temporary base. According to the River-Defying Sect, the only suitable headquarters was currently occupied by the Sky River Court!

Despite being only a temporary headquarters, it didn't take long for the more than 1,000,000 cultivators of the four sects to

renovate the entire city. They even expanded it, making it look more glorious than before. The reserve powers of all four sects were present, marked by enormous vortexes up in the sky, which emanated shocking pressure at all times.

As the ceremony approached, the sects and clans of the Lower Reaches used any and all means necessary to arrange for emissaries from their various organizations to hurry toward the city. As for those who weren't powerful enough to send people such a long distance in such a short time, they were simply out of luck.

Of course, the eastern Lower Reaches was a huge place, and most sects had connections to other cultivator clans, as well as forces in the delta regions. Because of that, a vast number of people converged on the city to attend the ceremony, so much so that the city itself couldn't contain them, forcing them to set up camp in the surrounding area.

More people arrived every day. Soon, the time for the ceremony arrived.

On that day, the cultivators of the River-Defying Sect decorated the entire city. They all wore new Daoist robes, and looked completely spectacular. The vortex above rumbled with power, and the seventeen patriarchs hovered in the air like seventeen gods. Beneath them were more than a hundred legacy echelon cultivators in the Gold Core stage, who were precious gems in the sect, and the hope for future glory.

Further down were the hundreds of prime elders, who shone like glittering stars. Then were the even larger numbers of Foundation

Establishment cultivators, whose energy caused brightly colored lights to flash in heaven and earth. The people outside the city who had come to observe the ceremony were completely shocked, and couldn't help but cry out in shock.

Suddenly, an archaic voice echoed out in all directions, a voice that boomed like thunder and caused the hearts of all cultivators who heard it to tremble on the verge of exploding. "Let heaven and earth bear witness! Let an oath be sworn to Time itself! This day is the day the River-Defying Sect is founded!"

"We, the Spirit Stream Sect, henceforth abandon the name of our sect, and join the River-Defying Sect!"

"We, the Blood Stream Sect, henceforth abandon the name of our sect, and join the River-Defying Sect!"

"We, the Profound Stream Sect...."

"We, the Pill Stream Sect...."

The voices of the patriarchs of the four sects began to ring out, one after another.

Their voices filled the entire world with intense rumbling sounds. As their oaths echoed out, it proved that in the eastern Lower Reaches, a sect was rising up the likes of which had never been seen before!

Bai Xiaochun's heart pounded with excitement as he hovered in midair, looking up at the ceremony going on.

It was then that a strange sign suddenly appeared in the sky!

Golden light flooded out, flickering, scintillating, as if a bolt of golden lightning had appeared. Then, a huge vortex appeared higher up in the sky, a vortex fully 30,000 meters wide!

It was as if the sky itself were collapsing. Intense pressure weighed down that affected even the patriarchs, the Gold Core cultivators, and the River-Defying Sect's reserve powers. This energy made them seem like fireflies looking up at the bright moon!

The pressure didn't just affect the River-Defying Sect. The entire city began to tremble, and the cultivators who had come to observe the ceremony started to shake. They felt as if heavenly might were crushing down on them, and they dropped to their knees, trembling, to kowtow.

Not a sound could be heard in all creation.

The River-Defying Sect's patriarchs were all trembling as they struggled to raise their heads. In the huge vortex up above, an enormous eye slowly opened. It was several thousand meters wide, and as it looked down, everyone who saw it was shaken.

It was as if the entire world were a bottle, and someone outside of

the bottle were looking into it through the bottleneck!

Bai Xiaochun's heart was pounding in shock; he could hardly believe what he was seeing.

The eye slowly took in the sights below, and then a powerful voice erupted out from the vortex to fill heaven and earth.

“River-Defying Sect, hear the decree of the Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect!”

Chapter 314: I Live For The Sect

The patriarchs of the River-Defying Sect exchanged enthusiastic glances. Then the arch-patriarch of the Blood Stream Division clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“We will comply with any decree!”

The ancient voice then continued: “The Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect approves your petition to go to war, and permits you to destroy the Sky River Court and take over its position.”

Each word spoken by the voice boomed like thunder, echoing out in all directions. When the last words were spoken, a golden beam of light shot toward the arch-patriarch, coming to a stop in front of him in the form of a jade slip!

Simultaneously, the vortex vanished. It was as if the giant figure from before had never been there. After a brief moment of silence, the arch-patriarch lifted the golden jade slip high above his head!

As he did, all of the cultivators of the River-Defying Sect, as well as all of the other cultivators who had come to observe the ceremony, broke out into uproarious cheering!

“Victory belongs to the River-Defying Sect!”

“Victory belongs to the River-Defying Sect!!”

“Victory belongs to the River-Defying Sect!!!”

The cacophony of their cheers echoed out to fill the entire world around them. The cultivators of the River-Defying Sect were extremely excited, especially those from the Spirit Stream Division and the Blood Stream Division. Of course, their enthusiasm quickly rubbed off on the disciples of the Profound and Pill Stream Divisions. Soon, all eyes were filled with confidence and anticipation.

After all, the best way for new allies to get used to each other was to fight side by side in war!

Under the bloody grindstone that was war, the four sects would truly become one, would truly transform, and would truly achieve glory!

Even as everyone was cheering at the tops of their lungs, the arch-patriarch's gaze swept across the crowd and came to rest on Bai Xiaochun. Then he spoke out in a voice that instantly suppressed all other noise, becoming the only thing people heard! “Bai Xiaochun, step forward for the official conferring ceremony!”

Bai Xiaochun shivered. The atmosphere already had his blood boiling, so he took a deep breath to calm himself, then strode out in front of the seventeen Nascent Soul patriarchs.

“Disciple Bai Xiaochun offers greetings, Patriarchs!” As he clasped hands and bowed, his expression was somber, and a murderous aura slowly began to build up around him. He seemed

as firm and unyielding as iron, like a celestial warrior who had seen hundreds of battles, a person possessing unmatched energy.

His features were somehow chiseled and grim, and deep in his eyes, stars, moons, and other heavenly bodies swirled about. The power of his blood qi flowed out, creating a blood-colored suit of armor around him, complete with a blood-colored cape!

As of this moment, Bai Xiaochun did not seem timid or cowardly, nor even the least bit naughty or mischievous. He stood as straight and tall as a mountain peak, and seemed as profound and deep as the ocean!

Everyone watching the scene was shaken, especially the cultivators who were just seeing him for the first time. They gasped, and looks of profound respect appeared in their eyes. They had all heard of Bai Xiaochun, and knew that he was the person responsible for all the momentous changes in the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world!

Now that they could see him for the first time in person, he looked exactly like the cool, collected Chosen that they had imagined. The same thing was going through all of their minds: he was obviously a person who lived up to his reputation!

“So that’s Bai Xiaochun?! He’s the ultimate Chosen!”

“I’ve only heard some stories about this Bai Xiaochun. Some people say that he’s wise, intelligent, and courageous, a natural-born prodigy, a star who shines with boundless light! However,

I've also heard more than a few people say that he's a greedy coward, completely despicable and shameless...."

"People like him are bound to be the subject of plenty of jealousy. Now that I think about it, I also heard some bad stories about him. But those stories are probably just made-up."

The people who knew him best were the cultivators from the Blood Stream Sect and the Spirit Stream Sect. Many of those cultivators were looking at him with wide eyes, almost as if they didn't even recognize him. Big Fatty Zhang gasped, and Hou Yunfei shook his head with a smile. Xu Baocai and many of Bai Xiaochun's other friends were all simply sighing at how skilled he had become at striking the right pose at the right time.

Bai Xiaochun felt very proud of himself, and was completely filled with anticipation at the glorious scene which would play out when he officially became the junior patriarch. However, none of those emotions showed on his face. His expression was somber, and his veins of steel were pulsing. He stood there coolly, looking just like he had when he was Nightcrypt. People immediately began to cheer. All the while, strange expressions could be seen on the faces of the seventeen patriarchs. However, inwardly, they were relieved. Many of them had been worried that Bai Xiaochun might act the way he had when he'd met with them earlier, and ruin the ceremony.

"Bai Xiaochun, as the junior patriarch of the River-Defying Sect, you must shoulder a weighty responsibility. Henceforth, you are a core element of our sect. Your life, your honor, and everything else about you are all inextricably linked with the sect.

“The glory of the sect is also your glory! The shame of the sect is also your shame! Likewise, your glory and shame will belong to the sect!

“No matter where you go, no matter how much time passes, your home, your roots, and your everything... are the sect!

“If the day ever comes that the sect falls, it will be your responsibility to restore it! If the day ever comes that the sect basks in unheard-of glory, it will be your responsibility to defend it! You must ensure that the River-Defying Sect never becomes divided, and never loses its heart and soul!

“Bai Xiaochun, are you prepared to shoulder such responsibility? Your answer please!” The arch-patriarch’s expression was unprecedentedly calm as he spoke in a voice as explosive as thunder, a voice which caused all hearts to tremble.

Bai Xiaochun shivered, and suddenly, all of his pride and complacency vanished. His desire to bask in glory faded away, and he stood there quietly, looking, in rare fashion, truly solemn and respectful.

He suddenly realized that the position of junior patriarch wasn’t just about glory and fame. It was a serious responsibility. For the rest of his life, he would never be able to separate himself from or part ways with the River-Defying Sect.

It would be his home, and also, the most precious thing in his

life. Bai Xiaochun suddenly found himself in a bit of a reverie. He thought back to Mount Hood in the Eastwood Mountains. He thought about his relatives in the village he had grown up in. He thought about how he had held his parents' hands as they passed away. He thought about all the times he'd lit that stick of incense. He thought about everything he'd done in the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect.

Without even thinking about it, he looked over at Li Qinghou among the legacy echelon cultivators. Li Qinghou's heart was filled with pride, pride that the same Bai Xiaochun he had brought to the sect was now grown up. To see Bai Xiaochun where he was now, and to see him looking over at him, caused Li Qinghou's face to fill with a smile of deep gratification.

When Bai Xiaochun saw Li Qinghou smile, he took a deep breath, and an expression of determination filled his face. Looking back at the Blood Stream Division's arch-patriarch, he clasped hands formally.

"Yes. I'm prepared." He spoke the words slowly, because they were words of utmost importance. After speaking them, the gazes fixed upon him didn't make him feel grand and impressive. Instead, he felt as if a very heavy responsibility had just come to rest on his shoulders!

The arch-patriarch gave Bai Xiaochun a profound look. Because of his age and his cultivation base, he could see that Bai Xiaochun had spoken from the bottom of his heart, with complete sincerity. The arch-patriarch nodded, and then looked over at the founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream Division. Both patriarchs could see

the looks of determination in each other's eyes.

Without any hesitation, the arch-patriarch said, "On this day, Bai Xiaochun is conferred with the title of junior patriarch of the River-Defying Sect!"

Trembling, the cultivators of the River-Defying Sect clasped hands and bowed to Bai Xiaochun.

"Greetings, Junior Patriarch!"

It wasn't just the Outer and Inner Sect disciples who bowed. The Foundation Establishment cultivators and the Gold Core experts also joined in. The junior patriarch of the sect occupied a position second only to the patriarchs themselves. It was even higher than the legacy echelon!

Song Que and the other Chosen all had no choice other than to bow their heads. Shangguan Tianyou's hands were clenched tightly, and bitterness gripped his heart, but he had no other options available.

Then, a thunderous rumbling filled the air as the countless other cultivators in the audience also offered formal greetings.

"Greetings, Junior Patriarch of the River-Defying Sect!"

The deafening sound flowed out to fill heaven and earth, causing everything to tremble. Bai Xiaochun looked around, his heart

surging. From the look on his face, he had many things he wished to say, and yet, wasn't sure how to express them.

A moment passed, and his thoughts slowly coalesced into a single sentence. Although he didn't speak it out loud, it settled down onto his heart, like an indelible mark that would be there for the rest of his life.

“I live for the sect!”

He only spoke the words in his heart, but from the expression on his face, the River-Defying Sect's Nascent Soul patriarchs could tell what he was thinking. As they looked back at him, their eyes were filled with reminiscence, encouragement, and deep sighs.

Meanwhile, on the roof of a certain spirit abode within the city, a monkey could be seen, sitting there, looking up at the goings-on with a faint smile on his face.

“The sect isn't going to let you down, kid!” the monkey murmured. Sitting next to the monkey was a rabbit, who was also staring up into the sky.

Chapter 315: Secrets Of Two Sects!

The grand ceremony to commemorate the founding of the River-Defying Sect was now over. However, the events which had just occurred became a daily topic of conversation among the countless people who inhabited the eastern Lower Reaches of the cultivation world.

Whether it was the Dharmic decree of the Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect, or the fact that Bai Xiaochun had been conferred the title of junior patriarch, it all left an indelible impression upon the minds of the people regarding the power of the River-Defying Sect.

Soon, the bustle in the temporary headquarters began to die down as the cultivators of the River-Defying Sect departed.

The Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect's response to the River-Defying Sect's request indicated that a new war was on the horizon. The four divisions of the River-Defying Sect took that war very seriously, and for many people in those sects, it was the culmination of their life's work!

They would be fighting to establish a new sect headquarters, to rise from the Lower Reaches into the Middle Reaches. It was a war of utmost importance!

There were many preparations to be made, and all of the various patriarchs agreed that they needed to go all out, to hold nothing back!

The Pill Stream Division and the Profound Stream Division returned to their former territories to prepare everything for departure, including their reserve powers....

According to the agreement that had been reached by the patriarchs, they would head to the Blood Stream Division in two months' time. From there, they would set out onto the Heavenspan River, and head upstream toward the Sky River Court!

As the divisions left their temporary headquarters, Bai Xiaochun had various sect matters to attend to due to his status as the junior patriarch. On one particular evening, the founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream Division had a long discussion with him.

The discussion was held in a grand hall, along with Patriarch Ironwood and the other Nascent Soul patriarchs. Also present were Zheng Yuandong and Li Qinghou.

Before beginning to speak, the founding patriarch waved his hand, sealing the entire area so that their words would remain private. Even more surprising to Bai Xiaochun was that the other patriarchs all lent their power to the sealing. Clearly, they were being very cautious.

In a final display of caution, the founding patriarch produced a Feng Shui compass, which, upon activation, sent black and white light streaming out to form yet another sealing layer.

Bai Xiaochun could sense terrifying pressure coming from that Feng Shui compass. Although it looked ordinary, and even a bit

worn, he could tell that it contained a level of power similar to the reserve powers of the sects.

However, the compass was so dilapidated that it apparently only had the strength left to seal down an area, and nothing more.

When the sealing was done, the founding patriarch sighed and looked over at Bai Xiaochun, a very serious expression on his face. “This Immortal-Executing Compass was passed down by the ancestors. With it here, not even a Deva Realm expert would be able to eavesdrop on us, at least not without expending significant effort.

“Xiaochun, the information I’m about to tell you must be kept completely confidential. If word spread, it could lead to a complete and utter disaster!”

Bai Xiaochun was already starting to get anxious, and was actually wondering if it would be better to not hear this information. After all, it meant that in the future, the mere slip of the tongue on his part could result in him losing his poor little life. Even as he hesitated over the matter, the founding patriarch continued.

“We didn’t originally intend to reveal these matters to you, but since you are now the junior patriarch of the River-Defying Sect, there are some things that can’t be kept secret. If certain events played out in the future, and you weren’t aware of the truth, it could cause problems for you.”

Bai Xiaochun could only focus, take a deep breath, and look intently at the founding patriarch.

“Our Spirit Stream Division’s origins do not lie in the eastern cultivation world!” Not even paying attention to Bai Xiaochun’s reaction, the founding patriarch looked up, a gleam of reminiscence flickering in his eyes. “We come from the northern cultivation world, from a riversource sect that was called the Frigid School!”

“What?” Bai Xiaochun said, immediately shaken. Never could he have imagined that the founding patriarch would have something like this to say. To find out such information about the origins of the Spirit Stream Sect came completely out of the blue, leaving Bai Xiaochun a bit taken aback. Furthermore, when the founding patriarch mentioned the Frigid School, it instantly caused him to think about the Frigid School Medicine Manual.

“Long ago, the Frigid School was the dominant sect at the mouth of the river in the north. It was just as prominent as the Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect. However, because of an unexpected rebellion, the Frigid School collapsed and was supplanted. The survivors had no other choice but to swallow their humiliation and flee for their lives. Eventually, they came to the eastern cultivation world, where they set down new roots!

“Only two survivors actually made it here. One of them was my Master, and the other was the true spirit of the Frigid School!

“My Master secretly helped the Spirit Stream Sect become one of the four major sects in the Lower Reaches. As for that true spirit,

she is the true reserve power within the Spirit Stream Division!” The other patriarchs in the hall maintained silence. As for Zheng Yuandong and Li Qinghou, both of them had looks of solemnity and shock; apparently, this was also their first time hearing this information.

“However, the true spirit was gravely injured, and could do little more than sleep in the form of a frigid corpse. In all the years that have passed, she has never awakened. The only method to awaken her is to use something called the River-Defying Pill. With that medicinal pill, the true spirit can be temporarily awakened to resolve virtually any crisis.

“The truth is that back when we were about to go to war with the Blood Stream Sect, our final hope rested in the true spirit. Unfortunately, we only have one River-Defying Pill, and can use it only in the absolutely direst of circumstances!” As the founding patriarch spoke, his words seemed to contain a profound level of ancientness.

Bai Xiaochun’s heart was already reeling from the waves of shock that pounded against it. He could hardly even breathe steadily.

“Over the years, we have tried every possible method to concoct another River-Defying Pill. Unfortunately, all such efforts have failed. After we get back to the headquarters, I need you to go offer formal greetings to the true spirit, and also, think of a way to concoct a River-Defying Pill, before we get to the Middle Reaches!

“If you can, then the Spirit Stream Division will be able to provide crucial assistance to the River-Defying Sect as a whole!!”

Anticipation shone in the eyes of the founding patriarch as he looked at Bai Xiaochun. As for Bai Xiaochun, he took a deep breath; his mind was spinning, and he almost couldn't believe what he was hearing. After a moment, he thought back to the formula for the River-Defying Pill.

His research into the pill had led him to the conclusion that it was very, very strange. It was only now that he realized that it was specifically intended to help a true spirit.

"The River-Defying Pill and the Frigid School Medicine Manual," he murmured.

The founding patriarch nodded. "A Senior member of the sect gave those two items to you."

"It was that monkey, wasn't it?" Bai Xiaochun asked suddenly.

After a moment of hesitation, the founding patriarch nodded. Suddenly, numerous puzzle pieces clicked into place in Bai Xiaochun's mind.

The matter at hand was a weighty one, and he needed more time to digest all the information. After leaving the hall, he returned to his spirit abode, still marveling in disbelief at everything he'd heard. Settling down, he pulled out the Frigid School Medicine Manual, as well as the formula for the River-Defying Pill, which he began to study closely.

“River-Defying Pill....” he murmured softly. He was suddenly extremely curious about the true spirit the patriarch had mentioned, and very much wanted to see what she looked like.

The following day, the last of the Profound and Pill Stream Divisions left. As for the Blood Stream Division cultivators, they were still making preparations for departure. They had something very important to do back in the former location of their sect.

Before leaving, the arch-patriarch came to find Bai Xiaochun, who was still ruminating over the information about the origin of the Spirit Stream Division. As Bai Xiaochun would soon find out, the information the arch-patriarch had to share was just as shocking as the information he had learned from the Spirit Stream Division.

The arch-patriarch quickly set up a spell formation seal, then looked over at Bai Xiaochun, his expression very serious as he said, “Xiaochun, do you know where our Blood Ancestor came from?”

“Huh? Where the Blood Ancestor came from?” Bai Xiaochun was taken aback, and couldn’t help but wonder why these two sects had so many secrets. Both of them had impressive backgrounds, the truth of which left him reeling.... He was almost in a daze as he looked at the arch-patriarch.

The arch-patriarch sighed disappointedly. “Oh, so you don’t know. I’d assumed you would have learned something when you accepted the legacy....”

All Bai Xiaochun could do was smile wryly in response.

“Well, the truth is that none of us know the true origins of the Blood Ancestor, so let’s not worry about that for now. The Blood Stream Sect researched the Blood Ancestor for many years. Eventually, that research led to our theory regarding the legacy of the Blood Lord. Now we know that we were correct. All of those years of research paid off.

“However, there was more to the theory. Based on all of the research, we are fairly certain that the body of the Blood Ancestor can still move!!”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes were getting wider and wider. Never could he have imagined that the body of the Blood Ancestor could be controlled and moved. Then he thought back to how he had temporarily felt himself take over the body of the Blood Ancestor back when he had received the legacy, and he began to pant.

“The body of the Blood Ancestor is enormous, and exists mostly beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River. You are aware of the grand spell formation set up on the five mountain peaks that are the five fingers of the Blood Ancestor, correct? The true function of that spell formation is to allow the Blood Stream Division to control the body of the Blood Ancestor!” Bai Xiaochun immediately thought back to when Patriarch Limitless and Xuemei had tapped into the spell formation on Middle Peak to influence the blood qi in the area.

After becoming a blood master, Bai Xiaochun had been able to directly sense the spell formation; it almost seemed like a set of

clothing that existed on the surface of the Blood Ancestor.

By this point, he was starting to understand what the Blood Stream Division was planning to do.

“Succeeding at such a task will be extremely difficult, and the Blood Stream Sect prepared years to do just that. We have even set up spell formations inside of the Blood Ancestor’s body. However, up til now, we have been missing a core element!

“We need someone who can take all of the blood qi from all of the cultivators of the Blood Stream Division and focus it together. That is the power that can be used to control the body of the Blood Ancestor. According to our research and speculations, only the Blood Lord can do such a thing!

“My hope is that you will return to our headquarters, enter the body of the Blood Ancestor with us, and take control of it! Then we will head up the river and launch our assault on the Sky River Court!

“With the help of the Blood Ancestor, the River-Defying Sect’s chances of successfully defeating the Sky River Court will be greatly increased!” The arch-patriarch’s eyes were glowing with a profound light; after all, this was everything he had worked toward throughout his entire life.

After a long moment of silence, Bai Xiaochun nodded. He was also filled with anticipation at the thought of controlling the body of the Blood Ancestor. The arch-patriarch smiled, then made

arrangements for exactly when to take Bai Xiaochun inside the Blood Ancestor. Afterward, he left with the rest of the Blood Stream Division to go back and make the necessary preparations.

A few days later, the Spirit Stream Division forces began to depart. Bai Xiaochun joined them as they left the city, and it was only then that he was certain that no one else was going to come reveal more secrets to him.

“So many secrets....” he thought, sighing. He was a bit proud of himself. Obviously, he was the type of person who people trusted enough to share secrets with.

Chapter 316: The True Spirit's Eyes Open!

Now that the four divisions had made their departure, the city was mostly empty, occupied only by a small garrison of cultivators that had been left behind.

The forces of the Spirit Stream Division were the last to leave, mostly because of the vast number of people they had to transport. Furthermore, they weren't in Spirit Stream Division territory anymore, so moving the ninth mountain peak involved a huge effort. In fact, it would take several teleportations to get it all the way back to the sect headquarters on the Eastwood Continent.

Of course, Bai Xiaochun didn't have to get involved with the actual movement of the army, nor did the patriarchs have to waste energy on it. Zheng Yuandong was the sect leader, and it was in times like this that his authority was in full swing.

Some prime elders and even a patriarch stayed behind with the main force to escort them, but the founding patriarch took Bai Xiaochun and the other legacy echelon cultivators away ahead of them.

To use the teleportation powers of the ninth mountain peak required a significant wastage of power. However, as long as too many people weren't on the mountain, the sect could pay the price. It didn't take long before the light of teleportation was rising up into the sky. Countless cultivators looked up into the sky with respectful adoration at Bai Xiaochun and the other legacy echelon cultivators.

Sighing, Bai Xiaochun looked down at the earth far below. He wished he could take Big Fatty Zhang with him, as well as Hou Yunfei and his other friends. Even Zhou Xinqi. However, he didn't bother annoying the patriarchs with such a request. After all, with each additional person to be teleported, even more resources would have to be wasted.

"It's not that I don't want to help you out, brothers and sisters," he murmured, waving at his friends down below. "I just can't..." Even as Shangguan Tianyou looked on with gritted teeth, and Ghostfang gazed up somewhat blankly, Bai Xiaochun vanished.

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and Bai Xiaochun's vision swam. The power of teleportation gripped his mind for a while, and when things became clear, he found himself in midair above Mount Daoseed in the middle of the Spirit Stream Division.

The discomfort that came from teleportation didn't affect Gold Core cultivators, and as for Bai Xiaochun, he had a powerful fleshly body and a Heaven-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivation base. Although his face went a bit pale, and his cultivation base trembled unstably for a moment, after taking a few deep breaths, he felt fine. That caused the surrounding legacy echelon cultivators to look twice at him.

That was especially true of Li Qinghou, who seemed particularly pleased. It was on more than one occasion that, when in private with Xu Meixiang, he had brought up how proud he was of Bai Xiaochun.

"Come with me, Xiaochun!" said the founding patriarch, his

expression serious as he strode forward. As for the other legacy echelon cultivators, they went back to the sect with the other patriarchs to begin making various important preparations. One of the reasons they had been teleported across continents to return was their status in the sect, but another reason was that they had an important task ahead of them.

They needed to create a fleet of ships, enormous vessels that could carry the divisions up the Heavenspan River. They would create a small fleet of Heavenspan Battleships!!

To make the trip to the Middle Reaches over land would be virtually impossible, and also incredibly dangerous. There were even some areas of the land that would be virtually impassable. The resources involved in making such a trip were difficult to imagine, and such wastage would put them in a bad position in the fighting to come. Therefore, after much discussion, the more than ten patriarchs of the River-Defying Sect reached their decision.

They would travel up the river!

Obviously, any ship that could go against the current in the Heavenspan River would be something completely beyond ordinary. The materials used to construct it would have to be meticulously selected. Obviously, neither the Pill Stream Division nor the Profound Stream Division was in a position to make such a vessel. Therefore, this vitally important task had come to rest on the shoulders of the Spirit Stream Division.

Although the Profound and Pill Stream Divisions had provided many of the materials necessary to make the ships, they still lacked

material to make the keels!

The best thing to use for the keels would be the spine of some gigantic beast, and after much discussion, the Spirit Stream Division made a decision on what to use. What was now necessary was for the legacy echelon cultivators and the patriarchs to procure that beast spine, and then craft the battleships as quickly as possible. Then, they would have their Heavenspan Battleships, which would be able to carry the more than 1,000,000 cultivators of the four great sects!

Everyone immediately got to work without taking even a moment to rest. As for Bai Xiaochun, he followed the founding patriarch toward a restricted area behind Mount Daoseed.

“Xiaochun, your task is to do your best to concoct a River-Defying Pill. First, I’ll take you to where the true spirit rests in slumber. Perhaps that will be of some assistance to you in your concocting work.” Bai Xiaochun couldn’t help but be nervous at the founding patriarch’s serious tone. However, he was very curious about this most profound of the sect’s reserve powers. At the same time, his heart was filled with respect.

“True spirit....” he murmured to himself. He followed the founding patriarch into the restricted area, and after having taken only a few steps, everything around him started to turn blurry, almost as if it were an illusion. Bai Xiaochun’s heart skipped a beat, and he hurried along nervously behind the founding patriarch. For some reason, he had the feeling that they were now somewhere deep underground, even beneath the Heavenspan River itself!

Soon, things became clear, and Bai Xiaochun saw an enormous karst cave up ahead!

Four cave entrances could be seen leading into the cave, with Bai Xiaochun and the founding patriarch standing in one of them. Down below, golden water could be seen. The glow of spell formations lit the entire area, which Bai Xiaochun quickly realized were connected to both the mountain peaks of the south and north banks, but also to the Heavenspan River itself! Furthermore, the spell formations seemed to be siphoning water from the river!

It wasn't an offensive spell formation, it was solely defensive.

Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but gasp at the sight of it. After looking around, his gaze came to rest in the middle of the karst cave, where he saw a coffin.

The coffin had no lid, and from his current vantage point, he could see that inside of it rested the corpse of a baby girl.

Despite being a corpse, the girl seemed to contain signs of life, as well as a profoundly ancient air....

Bai Xiaochun's mind instantly began to spin, as though something were sucking away at his consciousness. Suddenly, he felt as if he could see a supremely elegant woman walking toward him.

He felt like his soul and his body were suddenly beyond his own

control. He forgot everything, even life and death. Even as he gazed blankly out at nothing, shivering, the founding patriarch whispered, “This is the true spirit of the Frigid School!”

Bai Xiaochun’s mind began to recover, and he took a few steps back. His face was ashen, and his body was covered with cold sweat. The fear which he had felt moments ago continued to grip his heart.

The founding patriarch reached out and placed his right hand on Bai Xiaochun’s shoulder. “Your cultivation base is too low, so you can’t look at her for too long. However, with my assistance, you should be able to last for about ten breaths of time. Hopefully that will be of some assistance in your concocting of the River-Defying Pill.”

With that, he sent boundless cultivation base power into Bai Xiaochun, causing him to shiver as he once again looked over at the corpse of the baby girl.

This time, his mind didn’t feel so much like it was being sucked away. He looked at the corpse as closely as possible, trying to commit every detail to memory.

Soon, the ten breaths of time were almost up. After a brief moment of hesitation, Bai Xiaochun decided that simply looking with his naked eye wouldn’t provide much help to him in concocting the River-Defying Pill. Gritting his teeth, he opened his Heavenspan Dharma Eye.

The instant his third eye opened, what he saw was no longer the corpse of the baby girl. Instead, it was a supremely elegant woman lying there. Her eyes were closed, and she was completely unmoving. She was surrounded by writhing black mist that resembled countless maggots, which constantly attempted to chew their way into her body. Clearly, it was the spell formation and the water of the Heavenspan River that slowed their progress.

Inside of the woman's chest was a cauldron that emanated deep blue light. Apparently, the black mist maggots were terrified of the cauldron, and the light which shone out of it; they avoided it at all costs.

Unfortunately, the glow of the cauldron was very faint, as though it only contained the slightest scrap of power left within it....

Then, to Bai Xiaochun great surprise, something happened that he almost suspected was an illusion. The woman's eyes opened, revealing complete and utter blackness as she looked at Bai Xiaochun. "The River-Defying Pill draws life from the Heavenspan River water. Converge the energy of heaven and earth to stir the might of the frigid cauldron and suppress the power of the nine devils...."

Bai Xiaochun shivered and impulsively cried out, "She opened her eyes and said—"

Before he could finish speaking, the founding patriarch's face turned ashen, and blood began to ooze out of his mouth. Even still, a look of delight filled his face and he looked over at Bai Xiaochun.

“You saw the true spirit open her eyes? She spoke?!”

Bai Xiaochun nodded incredulously. The founding patriarch excitedly clasped hands and bowed to the baby girl, then led Bai Xiaochun away, peppering him with questions the entire time.

Even after stepping back onto Mount Daoseed, his eyes still flashed with excitement.

“The fact that the true spirit opened her eyes indicates that she also believes you have the potential to concoct the River-Defying Pill. Come. I’ll take you to look at the one River-Defying Pill we have in the sect. After studying it, you can try to concoct your own!” He clasped Bai Xiaochun by the arm, and the two of them vanished. When they reappeared, they were outside an immortal’s cave on the ninth mountain peak, a place heavily sealed by numerous spell formations. The founding patriarch immediately waved his hand, causing a box to fly out of the cave. When the box landed in front of Bai Xiaochun, the lid opened, revealing a violet medicinal pill.

It seemed completely ancient, as though it had been concocted countless years in the past. As soon as it appeared, strange colors flashed, and a huge wind kicked up. Bai Xiaochun could immediately sense an indescribable life force power within the pill.

“River-Defying Pill....”

Chapter 317: I'm The Little Turtle!

The life force was so incredible that grass and plants sprouted up beneath Bai Xiaochun's feet. It spread out rapidly, until everything within 300 meters was a world of lush vegetation, complete with blooming flowers.

The power of the life force only continued to explode out, but before too much time could pass, the founding patriarch waved his sleeve, sealing the River-Defying Pill back into the little wooden box. As soon as the lid of the box closed, the life force vanished.

The plants and vegetation in the area rapidly withered up, and within the space of a few breaths of time, they had vanished, almost as if they had never existed to begin with.

Bai Xiaochun looked around with wide eyes.

He had never seen any medicinal pill like this one. The power of the life force he had just felt was almost unbelievable, and was also terrifying to the extreme.

“The River-Defying Pill can't be brought out into the open for too long. Every moment that this box is opened, some of the medicinal strength fades away....” The founding patriarch obviously didn't want to waste even the slightest bit of the pill that wasn't necessary, and as he looked over at Bai Xiaochun, a look of pain could be seen in his eyes.

“This medicinal pill is a Ten Breaths River-Defying Pill.

According to the legends, if the pill is created perfectly, the result will be an Eternal River-Defying Pill, which would permanently awaken the true spirit.

“Xiaochun, whatever you need to concoct the River-Defying Pill, just say it. The sect will support you in any way possible!”

Bai Xiaochun didn't say anything at first. He thought back to the moment he had looked at the true spirit, and also the terrifying power of the medicinal pill from moments ago. He didn't feel confident at all in being able to succeed, and had to force himself to nod in agreement. Then, he made his way off slowly.

After returning to his immortal's cave on Mount Daoseed, he sat down cross-legged to think. On the one hand, the River-Defying Pill was very important to the sect, and on the other hand, the mere sight of the terrifying power of the pill was very enticing.

“How do you make a pill with such terrifying life force power? Furthermore, I didn't get the sense that there were any plants and vegetation in that pill. Apparently, it really doesn't use plant ingredients.” He had attempted to concoct the River-Defying Pill in the past, and knew that it involved absorbing Heavenspan River water and then using one's own body as the pill furnace.

“But if there are no plant ingredients, only Heavenspan River water, how can you produce such intense life force power?” Frowning, he sat there and continued to ponder the situation.

The next day, he looked very tired. However, he took out the

formula for the River-Defying Pill to study it a bit further, as well as the Frigid School Medicine Manual. After some time, he gritted his teeth and put them away, then produced the Holy Pill Wall Fragment he'd acquired in the Profound Stream Sect city.

“I really don't think my current skill in the Dao of medicine is high enough to concoct a River-Defying Pill....” he thought, sighing. With that, he peered at the Holy Pill Wall Fragment, doing the best he could to try to gain further enlightenment of the Dao of medicine which was contained inside. Soon, his gaze began to empty as he sank into his pursuit of enlightenment.

Time passed. Before long, half a month had gone by. During that time, Bai Xiaochun remained in seclusion, seeking enlightenment. As for the legacy echelon cultivators and the patriarch, they were busy working on the Heavenspan Battleships. Slowly but surely, the cultivators from the army were returning to their headquarters. Patriarch Ironwood came back, and so did Hou Xiaomei.

The Spirit Stream Division once again began to bustle with activity. Everyone was involved in the preparations for the campaign to the Middle Reaches, and the Sky River Court.

One day, a tremor ran through Bai Xiaochun, and the blankness in his eyes faded away. Now, they were glowing brightly. He immediately opened the Frigid School Medicine Manual, and sure enough, it looked different than before.

There were many areas he couldn't understand before, places that looked like a blur. But now, he understood the deeper

meaning. His eyes began to shine even brighter. A few days later, he put the Frigid School Medicine Manual away, and then closed his eyes for a long moment. After some time passed, his eyes opened again.

“I need Heavenspan River water!” he murmured. With that, he pulled out a jade slip to send a message to the sect leadership.

The patriarchs had appeared to be completely engrossed in working on the Heavenspan Battleships, but they had been secretly looking over at Bai Xiaochun the entire time. As soon as they heard that he needed Heavenspan River water, Patriarch Ironwood personally went to deliver a bucketful to him.

Bai Xiaochun looked at the Heavenspan River water with rising anticipation. Waving his right finger, he caused a drop to fly up in front of him, whereupon he opened his mouth and sucked it in. Instantly, the Heavenspan River water entered him, and caused intense rumbling sounds to echo out throughout his body.

“Use my body as the pill furnace, merge life force into the Heavenspan River water, cause the life force to flourish, transform it into a spirit medicine!” Eyes closed, he continued to manipulate the Heavenspan River water inside of his body, attempting to fuse it with his own life force.

The following day, rumbling sounds filled the immortal’s cave. Bai Xiaochun’s hair was in complete disarray, and his immortal’s cave was filled with a completely noxious odor. However, he wasn’t ready to give up yet. Taking out another drop of Heavenspan River water, he decided to try again.

Before long, another half a month had gone by. During that time, rumbling sounds echoed out constantly from Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave, along with a noxious stench that soon filled all of Mount Daoseed. However, no one complained. The founding patriarch had long since personally spread word that Bai Xiaochun was working on a very important medicinal pill for the sect!

“Not enough life force. Just not enough!!” After spending half a month without any sleep or rest, Bai Xiaochun was looking a bit gaunt. His hair was completely disheveled, and his eyes were bright red. He looked like he was going crazy. He had used more than half of the bucket of Heavenspan River water, and had failed every time time.

The main reason for that was that he lacked enough life force. After some calculations, he realized that his own life force wasn't enough to fill 1/100,000th of the required amount of life force to finish a single River-Defying Pill.

“I think that even if the other cultivators in the sect sacrificed life force to help, it would take 100,000 Foundation Establishment cultivators to make even a Ten Breaths River-Defying Pill....

“Either 100,000 Foundation Establishment cultivators or 10,000 Gold Core cultivators. Maybe 1,000 patriarchs. How is this pill even possible to concoct...?” He shook his head. Although it was theoretically possible to make such a pill, it just didn't seem realistic. The Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect probably couldn't succeed, let alone the Spirit Stream Division of the River-Defying Sect.

“Maybe I’ve been going about it the wrong way....” he thought, frowning. However, no amount of thought provided any additional ideas. Finally, he had no choice but to find the founding patriarch and declare sadly that he was giving up.

Although the founding patriarch sighed inwardly in disappointment, he felt bad at how exhausted Bai Xiaochun looked. He also knew that the River-Defying Pill was something that could not be concocted casually; after all, one generation after another in the Spirit Stream Sect had failed to produce one.

“It doesn’t matter,” he said consolingly. “You can’t force success in this matter, Xiaochun. In three days, myself and the other patriarchs will take the legacy echelon cultivators into the chasm on the north bank. Why don’t you come along? Within the chasm is an arcane pocket realm that we discovered in the past. Years ago, I saw the skeleton of a deva beast there, although I was unable to take it away at the time.

“There are many places inside that no one has ever explored. Although there are certain to be some dangers, there will also be opportunities to seize destiny. Who knows, perhaps you might be able to come across some good fortune before the war begins.”

Bai Xiaochun nodded tiredly. It was quite a blow to him to have failed, so it was with great disappointment that he trudged back to his immortal’s cave. There, he sat down to meditate and ponder everything he had done with the River-Defying Pill.

Hou Xiaomei was back, but she could tell that it wasn't a good time to disturb Bai Xiaochun, so she stayed away. Big Fatty Zhang and his other friends did the same. Three days went by quickly, and Bai Xiaochun slowly recovered. Soon, his cultivation base was back at the peak, and his disappointment at failing to concoct the River-Defying Pill had temporarily vanished.

That was when the jade slip in his bag of holding began to vibrate, and he opened his eyes. When he took out the jade slip, the words of the founding patriarch echoed into his ear, summoning him to the meeting place in the Beast Conservatory.

"I did my best," he murmured, "and can't concoct the River-Defying Pill at the moment." Taking a deep breath, he looked around at the sect he knew so well, then shot forward in a beam of light toward the north bank.

Along the way, the Spirit Stream Division cultivators who spotted him had very respectful looks on their faces as they bowed in greeting. Such reception brightened Bai Xiaochun's mood, and he subconsciously clasped his hands behind his back and assumed the posture of someone of the Senior generation. Smiling, he nodded back at those who greeted him.

He was especially happy to see so many of the exuberant and youthful female disciples blushing when they looked at him out of the corners of their eyes. Soon, his mood was fully restored. Clearing his throat, he stopped trying to look like someone from the Senior generation and tried to seem a bit more dashing and energetic. Smiling broadly, he flew through the air in dramatic fashion, reveling in the excited cries which echoed out behind him.

“Hahaha! It turns out that I really am quite the dashing fellow! Ai. I guess it’s just my fault. I’m simply too attractive.” Feeling more wonderful than ever, he continued to fly along until he happened to spot Zhou Xinqi. When their eyes met, Bai Xiaochun smiled, and she frowned and made to pass him by.

Bai Xiaochun narrowed his eyes. From what he could tell, there had been some misunderstandings between himself and Zhou Xinqi, so it was with great solemnity that he suddenly said, “Sect Niece Xinqi, please wait a moment.”

Zhou Xinqi stopped and looked over at him calmly.

“Do you have orders for me, Junior Patriarch?”

Clasping his hands behind his back, he tried to look as melancholy as possible as he stuck his chin up into the air. “There’s something I’ve been wanted to tell you for quite some time now, but I never found the right opportunity. Today, I’m going to boldly tell you the truth. And that is... that I’m the little turtle!”

With that, he pondered what to say after Zhou Xinqi expressed her shock.

“Oh, I know,” Zhou Xinqi said, her expression the same as ever. With that, she flew off in a beam of light.

“Huh?” Bai Xiaochun said, jaw dropping as he looked at Zhou Xinqi making her way off into the distance. Her reaction had been completely and utterly calm, which was not at all what he had been expecting.

Before he could react, raucous laughter exploded out from his bag of holding.

“You’re the little turtle? Hahaha! Ohhhhhh, I get it. Well, since you love Lord Turtle so much, I won’t insult you as much in the future.”

Chapter 318: Everyone In Your Family Is A Tadpole

Bai Xiaochun smacked his bag of holding in frustration. The little turtle had become quite the headache for him, but there was nothing he could do about the situation. Sighing, he watched Zhou Xinqi leaving, then slowly shook his head and turned to head in the direction of the Beast Conservatory on the north bank.

It was impossible to say where exactly Bruiser was. When Bai Xiaochun arrived on the north bank, the only thing that met him was a distant howl. Even Bruiser was ignoring him. Bai Xiaochun felt more depressed than ever.

“The child has grown up,” he said with a sigh, “and now he just ignores his father!” With that, he headed into the Beast Conservatory.

The Beast Conservatory was like a second home to Bai Xiaochun. As soon as he arrived, the battle beasts looked over and let out happy roars of greeting.

“Come on, be a good boy, Blackie. Don’t bully poor Daisy!”

“What are you doing, Mr. Blackbear? Fighting again? What did I tell you last time? Alright, you’re in time out for the next two hours!”

Bai Xiaochun greeted the battle beasts as he went along, and soon

he had a whole group clustered around him as he headed toward the chasm where the Heavenhorn ink dragon lived. The patriarchs were already gathering at the edge of the chasm, as well as the legacy echelon cultivators. All of them had very serious expressions on their faces.

When Bai Xiaochun was reminded that his cultivation base was the weakest of the group, he waved the battle beasts away. Then he sidled up to the edge of the chasm and looked inside. Deep down, he was just able to make out a shadowy form that was the Heavenhorn ink dragon.

Soon, everyone had gathered, and the founding patriarch looked over the group and said, “Many years ago, I saw the skeleton of a deva-level beast inside the chasm. However, no amount of effort on my part was enough to bring it back with me. Now, we are on the verge of marching to war, and are in the middle of constructing the Heavenspan Battleships. The spine of that beast would be perfect to use as ship keels!

“We five patriarchs will do our best to retrieve the remains of the beast. As for the rest of you, feel free to join us, or to explore the depths of the chasm. Perhaps you can find some good fortune therein!

“The pocket realm inside the chasm is a land of treasures, and contains things from the ancient era. There are many places that even I haven’t visited. There are places of destiny, and places of danger. Remember not to stray too far. If anything untoward happens, crush this jade slip of retreat to be returned to us immediately!” With that, he waved his sleeve, sending jade slips

flying out to everyone present.

Bai Xiaochun took the jade slip and examined it. He could immediately sense the teleportation power of the ninth mountain peak on it, and felt a bit more at ease. After all, this pocket realm was part of the Spirit Stream Sect, and was covered by numerous sect spell formations. As such, it should be a relatively safe place.

After all the explanations were made, the founding patriarch looked down into the chasm, his eyes shining brightly.

“Heavenhorn, open the arcane pocket realm!”

The Heavenhorn ink dragon gave a thunderous roar in response, and then raised its head. Eyes shining with mysterious light, it shot downward into the chasm.

Intense rumbling sounds spread out through the ground. All of the battle beasts in the Beast Conservatory went silent, and the rest of the beasts throughout the north bank began to tremble. Bruiser had been in the middle of pacing in circles around a female battle beast that resembled a qilin, when suddenly, he shivered and looked up.

At the same time, an enormous vortex appeared at the very bottom of the chasm. A wild wind belched out from within it, causing everyone's clothing to whip about wildly. Black mist erupted up, filling the area with a sensation of profound ancientness.

Even at their current distance from the vortex, it was obvious that another world existed on the other side. They could just barely see numerous lushly vegetated mountains, as well as an enormous dragon-like creature with leathery wings flying about in the air. As soon as the vortex appeared, the creature looked over and then began to fly in their direction.

However, the Heavenhorn ink dragon was even bigger than the winged dragon. It stuck its head out of the vortex, and then a crunching sound could be heard, along with an agonized shriek, as the winged dragon was gobbled up.

The ink dragon's enormous frame slid through the vortex to appear within the arcane pocket realm, where it let out a roar that could shake heaven and earth. Instantly, the entire world went quiet....

The confidence shown by the Heavenhorn ink dragon showed that it was familiar with the arcane pocket realm. That made sense considering that it had originally come from that place!

Even as Bai Xiaochun gasped, the founding patriarch spoke once more.

“Heavenhorn will stand guard. The entrance will remain open for a month, after which time you must return!” With that, the founding patriarch and the other four patriarchs flickered into motion, turning into five beams of light that shot into the vortex and then disappeared over the horizon.

The legacy echelon cultivators were all proud people, and although they had a measure of respect for Bai Xiaochun, he was still only in the Foundation Establishment stage, while they were all in the Gold Core stage. After nodding curtly to Bai Xiaochun, they all shot toward the vortex.

“Xiaochun, don’t go very far in,” Li Qinghou said. “If anything bad happens, crush that jade slip immediately!” With that, he offered a few more warnings. By this point, the other legacy echelon cultivators were getting impatient, so he flew down to meet them. They were planning to go to a place that would be too dangerous for Foundation Establishment cultivators, making it inappropriate to bring Bai Xiaochun along.

Besides, opportunities for good fortune like this were not easy to come by.

Bai Xiaochun watched Li Qinghou making his way off into the distance, and then stood at the edge of the chasm, looking down hesitantly as he tried to decide whether or not to go in.

“Come, come, child,” the Heavenhorn ink dragon said, smiling. “It’s quite safe in here. Just stay within 500 kilometers of the entrance, and I can protect you personally!”

Bai Xiaochun coughed dryly as he thought the matter over again. Finally, he decided that since this place was a pocket realm belonging to the sect, and he also had a teleportation jade slip, it couldn’t be too dangerous. He was also curious to see what the pocket realm looked like. Finally, he flew out into the air and then shot down toward the vortex. A moment later, he was in another

world.

The first thing he noticed was the wild wind that screamed through the entire world. It was different from the wind on the outside, stronger, seemingly mad as it attempted to freeze everything it touched.

He took a deep breath and looked up at the sky, where an enormous vortex could be seen, beyond which was the Spirit Stream Sect. The Heavenhorn ink dragon was swirling through the air near the vortex. It looked down at him and smiled.

“Don’t worry. I know this place well. Other than a few terrifying entities that you shouldn’t provoke, everything else in here should be safe. Besides, those terrifying entities are all sleeping. Fear not! Here, take some of my aura to protect you as you go along!” Laughing, the Heavenhorn ink dragon spat out a stream of black mist, which coalesced into the form of a dragon scale that floated down toward Bai Xiaochun.

Elated, Bai Xiaochun grabbed the scale, and then clasped hands and bowed to the Heavenhorn ink dragon. “Many thanks, Senior!”

With that, he flew further into the world, reminding himself not to go further than 500 kilometers away from the entrance.

The cold wind buffeted him as he flew along. Down below, the lands were covered with green vegetation, as well as seemingly endless rolling mountains that seemed rife with secrets and mystery. As far as Bai Xiaochun was concerned, this place seemed

like a completely wild and savage land.

The sky was dark. There were no clouds, and no sun, but it wasn't completely black. After flying along for some time, Bai Xiaochun finally spotted the horizon, where the sun lurked and cast a bit of light out into the world.

Strange odors reached his nose, something like the aroma of animals and their droppings. Although it was faint, it immediately got him feeling a bit nervous.

There were no signs of human life, but the auras of countless wild beasts could be detected. After having traveled only about 50 kilometers away from the entrance, he could sense that there were eyes looking up at him from the jungle below, eyes belonging to vicious and terrifying creatures.

However, he had the Heavenhorn ink dragon scale, which cast fear into the hearts of such creatures. Even those who seemed comparable to the Gold Core stage weren't willing to get near him.

At one point, he spotted a leopard-like beast which suddenly grew to 300 meters in length before gobbling down an ox-like creature that was several dozen meters long. It even swallowed the creature's bones! Then it shrank back down to its original size, looked coldly at Bai Xiaochun, and disappeared into the jungle.

"This place is so dangerous...." he thought, shivering. Looking over his shoulder, he spotted the vortex up in the sky behind him, and breathed a sigh of relief. Then he proceeded on for another 50

kilometers or so. Eventually, he sat down on a boulder at the top of a mountain, looking around at the majestic terrain rolling out in all directions.

“So boring,” he said, picking up a pebble. “This place isn’t fun at all....” With that, he tossed the pebble down into the forest. A moment later, the vegetation rustled, and then several two-headed bird-like creatures appeared. They were about half as big as an average human, and let out deafening cries as they glared at Bai Xiaochun, who shivered in response. The birds soared around in the air for a bit before diving back down into the jungle.

“Forget this! I’m going back. None of these beasts are friendly at all.” Swallowing, he turned to head back in the direction of the Heavenhorn ink dragon.

However, in the same moment that he flew up into the air, an enraged roar echoed out from one of the distant mountain peaks.

It was only a single roar, but it caused the entire world to shake. Countless mountain peaks trembled, and numerous beasts cried out in anguish, not daring to even lift their heads.

Bai Xiaochun felt like his scalp was about to explode. His mind was reeling, and his ears twinged with pain as he looked over at a familiar figure flying toward him from off in the distance.

“Aren’t you just a little tadpole? What’s so special about you? How dare you threaten me! Last time Lord Turtle awoke, I saw your dad! You’re a tadpole and so was he! Everyone in your whole

family is a tadpole....”

Chapter 319: Swallowed Up

The figure flying toward him looked very familiar. The beam of light it created as it shot through the air was dazzling, and its voice echoed about in grand fashion.

It was none other than the little turtle.

Bai Xiaochun's jaw dropped, and his hair began to stand on end. He felt like his mind was being struck by 100,000 bolts of lightning, with accompanying thunder pounding into his ears. He immediately let out a shout of alarm.

“When did you get out of my bag of hold–”

Before he could finish speaking, he saw what was happening behind the little turtle. The mountain peak was exploding into a cascade of rocks and rubble. The ground trembled, and numerous birds and beasts fled in terror as a gargantuan toad emerged from under the surface of the earth.

The toad was huge, more than 30,000-meters long.... As it flew up into the air, it blotted out the sun, and cast an enormous shadow down onto the ground. At the same time, an aura of indescribable madness and brutality echoed out!

The toad's eyes were crimson with fury as it glared down at the flea-sized little turtle. Then it let out a howl that caused the grounds to shake violently and the sky to distort!

AAOOOWWW!

The air was torn to shreds as a sonic boom rolled out in all directions.

As the little turtle barreled along, it also seemed enraged, and let loose a torrent of abuse.

“What are you screaming for? I know you’re male! You’re not even worthy of your own parents, you degenerate! Last time Lord Turtle was around, you were just a tadpole, and I could have crushed you to death in a second! No wait. I could have crushed your dad to death! No wait. Crushed your grandpa!!”

The toad’s eyes burned with bright red light as it slammed down onto the ground, causing everything within 3,000 meters of it to collapse. Crevices snaked out like spiderwebs as the toad then launched itself back up into the air, flying madly toward the little turtle.

Bai Xiaochun’s hair whipped around him madly, and he was sent staggering backward, screaming the entire time.

“Damn you, you bastard turtle! I hate you!!” Bai Xiaochun appeared to be on the verge of tears. The toad seemed ferocious and brutal to the extreme. Although it wasn’t as terrifying as the golden crocodile, it definitely was the type of creature to avoid provoking. And yet, the little turtle had managed to completely enrage it. Bai Xiaochun wanted to kill the little turtle, especially

for the fact that he was flying straight toward him. Feeling very much like he was going crazy, he unleashed all the speed he could muster to flee in the opposite direction.

He used his Heavenly Demon Body, his wings, and what little of the powers of gravity and repulsion he could control. Then he added the Mountain Shaking Bash, going all out to become nothing more than a blur of afterimages.

Although the speed he was capable of couldn't be described as slow, the little turtle was faster. In the blink of an eye, he was right next to Bai Xiaochun.

Looking over at him, he stuck his bottom lip out mockingly and said, "What are you scared of? Lord Turtle's here! Years ago, I crushed tons of those tadpoles. Aiya. Lord Turtle is tired now. I need to rest for a bit. Don't disturb me, or else I'll insult you to death!" The little turtle yawned, then became a blur of light that vanished into Bai Xiaochun's bag of holding.

In the moment before disappearing, he hollered, "Hey little tadpole! If you think you've got what it takes, go ahead and fight with my master! Don't come looking for me until you can beat him!"

Bai Xiaochun howled in rage, and was just going to start cursing the little turtle when an even more intense roar echoed out behind him, and he looked back to see the huge toad glaring at him with utter madness!

Looking back down at his bag of holding, tears welled up in his eyes. “I’m sorry!” he said. “Lord Turtle, please, let me off the hook! I actually really like turtles....” However, the little turtle didn’t respond at all.

Bai Xiaochun was wracked with grief. He thought back to the golden crocodile, and realized that if things kept going on like they were, the little turtle might cost him his poor little life....

“You’ll get what you deserve one of these days!!” he howled as he sped into motion again. “Senior Heavenhorn, save me!!”

Off in the distance, the Heavenhorn ink dragon was still soaring about in the air. As soon as it heard the cry of the toad, it looked over in surprise, and its eyes widened.

Then it heard Bai Xiaochun, and saw him fleeing at top speed, and all of the scales on its body stood on end.

“Dammit!” it roared. “How did you manage to get the old toad so pissed off!?!?” The Heavenhorn ink dragon was actually trembling inwardly. Although it seemed like a powerful creature, there were some older beasts within this world that even it didn’t dare to provoke. As it turned out, this toad was one of them.

“Stay away!” the dragon cried. “Don’t come over here!” Of course, Bai Xiaochun wasn’t listening, and sped in the direction of the dragon as quickly as he could.

Even as the Heavenhorn ink dragon trembled, the toad let out another roar. Then, the terrified dragon's eyes turned bright red, almost as if it were on the verge of unleashing its fury.

Bai Xiaochun was instantly moved at how well the old dragon was treating him, and pushed forward with greater speed.

“Senior Heavenhorn, how kind and virtuous of you! I, Bai Xiaochun, will always remember this, and I'll definitely pay you back once I get to the sect....”

Bai Xiaochun's gratitude seemingly knew no ends. From what he could tell, the dragon still must be grateful for how much he'd helped it all those years back. Suddenly, the toad roared again, but this time, it also shot out its tongue, which was indescribably long, and moved with a speed that was difficult to put into words.

In the blink of an eye, the Heavenhorn ink dragon had become the target. Clearly, the toad wanted to wipe out the dragon first, and then take care of Bai Xiaochun afterward.

The dragon's eyes went wide as an intense sensation of deadly crisis surged through it.

“Fellow Daoist Toad, did this punk provoke you? I'll take care of him for you! Kiddo, how dare you provoke my big bro. Do you have a death wish!?” Although the Heavenhorn ink dragon's words echoed out in dramatic fashion, inwardly, it was trembling. As for the old toad, it seemed taken aback. Its tongue stopped moving, and instead of continuing to attack the Heavenhorn ink dragon, it

suddenly shot toward Bai Xiaochun. Before he could react, it wrapped around him and hauled him off of his feet.

Bai Xiaochun screamed. Although he wanted to weep, the tears wouldn't come. Before he could do anything else, the sound of rushing wind blasted past his ears, and everything turned dark.

All the Heavenhorn ink dragon could see was the huge tongue wrap around Bai Xiaochun and then, in the blink of an eye, roll back up into the toad's mouth.

The Heavenhorn ink dragon was trembling, but it put an ingratiating smile on its face as the toad glared at it, then turned and hopped off into the distance.

After confirming that the toad was gone, the Heavenhorn ink dragon took a deep breath.

“That's it. Game over. Young Bai Xiaochun was eaten by the old toad. Although, now that I think about it, the toad takes a long time digesting things. Bai Xiaochun's fleshly body is pretty tough. He should be safe for a while.” The dragon quickly reached out to make contact with the patriarchs in the hopes of rescuing Bai Xiaochun as quickly as possible.

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Bai Xiaochun was now inside the toad. Everything around him was black at first, but slowly his vision adjusted, whereupon his

face drained of blood. He was surrounded by mucus and other fluids. Everything was wriggling. It was too terrifying to even describe with words, and furthermore, a horrifically acidic odor filled the air that caused Bai Xiaochun to nearly throw up.

He was currently plastered down against a swath of flesh, and when he tried to lift his arm, numerous strings of mucus spread out and drooped down.

“Heaven-damned little turtle, I hate you!!” To his horror, he realized that his clothing was slowly dissolving. Thankfully, his Undying Live Forever Technique and powerful fleshy body ensured that he was not harmed.

It took a lot of effort, but he managed to struggle into a sitting position. Then he rose to his feet and looked around, frowning.

“That toad definitely swallowed me up. I must be inside of it now....” Sighing in despair, he was just about to try to walk out, when he realized that the way ahead was completely sealed shut. Anger surging, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and summoned a blood qi sword. Without any hesitation he slashed it down in front of him.

“Open up!”

A sound rang out like metal scraping on metal, and not a single scratch was visible.

“This won’t work. I need to figure out some other way to open the toad’s mouth. I guess I should go further in. Maybe... dammit! Could it be that the world-famous cultivator Bai Xiaochun... will have to use the back door?!” Scowling on the verge of tears, he kept struggling to make a decision. He tried using the teleportation jade slip, but found that it didn’t work in this location. Sighing piteously, he began to make his way further into the depths.

His clothing continued to melt. Thankfully, his fleshly body was strong enough that he could hold on for the moment. As he walked along, his feet stuck to the sticky ground, causing him to almost throw up on multiple occasions.

“I’m gonna kill you, little turtle!!” Enraged, he rifled through his bag of holding several times, but wasn’t able to find even a trace of the little turtle.

Chapter 320: Eternal Parasol!

Feeling like he had no other choices at hand, Bai Xiaochun proceeded onward, step by step. Eventually, he lost track of exactly how many steps he'd taken. Thankfully, his cultivation base was in late Foundation Establishment, and his seventh spiritual sea was on the very cusp of being fully crystallized. Because of that, his spiritual power reserves were deep, allowing him to hold his breath for very long periods of time.

Most important of all was his powerful fleshly body. Despite the stinging sensation and the acrid odor, he was able to grit his teeth and proceed onward.

“Worst case scenario, I just wait to be saved. That old dragon might fear death, but he'll definitely inform the patriarchs of what happened....” He couldn't believe he was so unlucky, and at the same time, his hatred for the little turtle grew even stronger.

Cursing the entire way, he proceeded deeper. Every once in awhile, he saw the corpses of various animals that were apparently difficult for the toad to digest. Some of the bones had been dissolved down until they were pitch black, but still refused to melt completely. Bai Xiaochun shuddered.

“I don't want to become a skeleton....” he murmured, hurrying forward. He didn't want to stay in this place for even a moment longer than necessary.

As he walked along, the little turtle suddenly stuck his head out

of his bag of holding. Looking around, he blurted, “Wow, you really ended up inside here!”

Bai Xiaochun’s eyes bulged with madness, and his hand shot down to grab him. However, the little turtle ducked his head back into the bag of holding, and Bai Xiaochun grabbed nothing but air.

“Get out from inside there!” Bai Xiaochun roared, shoving his hand into his bag of holding.

The turtle chuckled coldly. “You think I’ll come out just because you tell me to? What do you take Lord Turtle to be, a complete blockhead? I’m not going anywhere!”

“Y-y-you....” Bai Xiaochun rifled angrily through his bag of holding, but was unable to find a trace of him.

Tears began to well up in his eyes. He truly couldn’t handle this situation anymore. The little turtle was just too good at causing disasters. Every time he provoked terrifying entities, Bai Xiaochun ended up feeling like he was going to get killed. “I’m sorry.... Lord Turtle... if things keep going like this, I’m going to end up dead thanks to your games.”

“Well, considering you’re being so well-behaved, Lord Turtle will give you some good fortune. You do what I tell you, and you might find something very interesting in this place.” The turtle slowly stuck its head out of the bag of holding, but only by a little bit. Bai Xiaochun almost tried to grab him, but knew that the little turtle was always completely on guard, making it difficult to succeed.

Sighing, he decided to follow the little turtle's directions. After going back and forth for awhile, they reached a wall of flesh in a very remote location.

“This is the place. Alright, come on, hurry up! This is one of the weakest spots here. Use as much strength as you can to break open a hole. This is the place I remember noticing when I was strolling around before. There's a treasure buried here!” The little turtle immediately got excited.

“Buried treasure?” Bai Xiaochun said, a look of shock appearing on his face.

“You heard me!” the turtle said, sighing. “It's a good thing Lord Turtle had nothing better to do than get you swallowed by this big toad. It's just too bad that you didn't get swallowed by that golden crocodile. It had a treasure inside of it too.”

Bai Xiaochun looked dejectedly at the wall of flesh in front of him, then gritted his teeth and began to rotate his cultivation base. The power of his spiritual seas surged, and the image of a heavenly demon appeared behind him. When his cultivation base was at its highest level, he howled and then lashed his right hand out with lightning-like speed. At the same time, his thumb and index finger closed in on each other as he used the Throat Crushing Grasp.

A boom rumbled out, and a crack opened up in the spot the little turtle had indicated. The body of the toad trembled, and then twitched, causing a rain of acid to splash about inside of it.

The acid was very powerful, and the bits that landed onto Bai Xiaochun caused white smoke to rise up into the air. It actually hurt quite a bit. The acid started to build up to the point where Bai Xiaochun wasn't sure how much longer he could hold on. Soon it was up to his ankles, like a rising tide. Screaming, he continued to unleash powerful attacks.

“Faster, faster,” the turtle urged. “Come on!”

“You're doing great, Bai Xiaochun. You can do it!”

“I support you!”

The little turtle continued to shout out encouragement until Bai Xiaochun couldn't take it anymore and yelled, “Shut up...!”

After unleashing quite a few attacks, the crack opened up wide enough that he was able to grab the sides with his hands and rip it open even further.

A crevice was torn open wide enough for Bai Xiaochun to fit through. There was no time for contemplation. The acid was rising dangerously high, and his entire body hurt. Without any hesitation, he dove into the crack.

He was now in a tunnel, and surprisingly, the walls were made, not from flesh, but rather, stone. Even more surprising was that there was no acidic aroma anymore, but instead, a delicate fragrance that felt quite refreshing.

Even as he looked around in surprise, the little turtle flew out of his bag of holding, an excited expression on his face.

“Hahaha! Lord Turtle has finally dusted off the old tools of the trade. This is incredible. Come on, let’s see what treasure there is to be had....” Eyes shining, the little turtle shot down toward the end of the tunnel, which opened up into a small stone chamber!

Bai Xiaochun hurried along. After entering the stone chamber, he looked around in astonishment. It was roughly 300 meters in diameter, and was surrounded by what appeared to be countless red and green vines that bored into and out of the stone itself.

The red and green vines were very thick, and were all wriggling and writhing. Closer examination revealed that they were most likely part of the toad’s body.

“This place....” Bai Xiaochun murmured. He looked down toward the middle of the stone chamber, and noticed a stone dais, upon which was a jade slip and a black parasol. He quickly realized that the fragrant aroma was coming from the parasol.

“There really is treasure hidden here!”

Before he could examine the area any further, the little turtle’s eyes began to shine, and he said, “Now this is impressive. Someone used a powerful divine ability to get this giant toad under control right before it reached the level of a beast king. Not only did that person manage to slow its progress toward becoming a beast king,

he converged all of the toad's nerves into this location. It's not quite a magical sealing, but it's almost the same. It brought the toad under control, and basically turned it into a mobile immortal's cave!!

“Unfortunately, that parasol is only half-completed. Some accident must have befallen the owner of this immortal's cave before he finished his work. Otherwise the toad would have eventually become a beast king. Hm, methods like these, controlling a beast king, turning it into an immortal's cave, using its life force to extend one's own.... Those are all the methods of the ancient cultivators of the Dao of the devils!”

As the little turtle flew excitedly around the immortal's cave looking around, Bai Xiaochun's heart began to pound. Although he didn't quite understand everything the little turtle was talking about, his final words were completely astonishing.

“A cultivator from ancient times? That could control a beast king...?” Bai Xiaochun wasn't completely unfamiliar with beast kings. Bruiser was a battle beast who had the potential to become a beast king in the future. Although he wasn't fully in the beast king level, he could already control countless other battle beasts, enough to shake an entire sect.

As Bai Xiaochun took a breath to calm himself, the little turtle landed in front of the stone dais in the middle of the immortal's cave. As he looked at the jade slip and the black parasol, his eyes shone with an intense glow.

“Hurry up and see what's written on that jade slip, kid. It's

definitely going to explain who did all of this. Maybe there's even a teleportation technique in there to get us out of here. If so, we can leave right now."

Bai Xiaochun walked nervously over to the jade slip. After a bit of hesitation, he leaned over to look at it more closely, and when he was sure it was safe, he picked it up and poured some spiritual power inside. Instantly, an ancient voice spoke in his mind.

"The ancestor wisheth to wage war, and assist I shall. I will likely meet my downfall. This parasol doth be named Eternal. Were the parasol to be completed, it would be a heaven-tier spirit weapon.

"This beast is named Blueland, and it doth be a natural-born traitor. Only if thee possess the power of a Deva can thee control it. If thy cultivation base doth not suffice, use my technique to absorb the beast's life force, and raise thine own!"

The voice faded away, and then the technique for absorbing the beast's life force appeared in Bai Xiaochun's mind. He put the jade slip down. Feeling a bit dazed, he looked over at the parasol, and then his eyes began to shine brightly.

"After it's complete, it will be a heaven-tier spirit weapon? A spirit weapon!? The treasures which make up the reserve powers of entire sects are called heaven-tier!?" Panting, he stepped forward and picked up the black parasol.

The instant he touched it, the parasol began to glow with flickering light, and a blast of cold air spread out from it. Bai

Xiaochun felt almost like he was being frozen in place, as though his blood were solidifying. A sensation of deadly crisis filled him, and yet, he fought it under control. However, he was unable to open the parasol. Eyes shining, he looked at it and then started laughing.

However, picking up the parasol had apparently opened a magical seal. Suddenly, the entire immortal's cave began to tremble, and a muffled roar could be heard outside the immortal's cave. At the same time, intense pressure began to weigh down.

Apparently, the huge toad had detected what was going on, and was doing everything it could to crush the immortal's cave into dust!

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out, along with cracking sounds. The tunnel outside of the immortal's cave collapsed, and massive amounts of acid flooded in, along with a noxious odor. The immortal's cave couldn't hold on much longer, and began to collapse. Bai Xiaochun was trembling, and the pressure weighing down on him caused his knees to tremble, and blood to ooze out of the corners of his mouth.

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Chapter 321: The Might Of The Eternal Parasol!

Bai Xiaochun's face fell. Even as he recalled the words spoken to him from within the jade slip, the little turtle shrieked and flew back into his bag of holding.

“If you die, kid, I'll burn some incense for you! It's too bad that Lord Turtle just escaped the clutches of evil, only to get stuck in this place....”

Bai Xiaochun was completely infuriated. Gritting his teeth, he howled, “Shut your mouth!”

However, now was not the time to worry about the little turtle. “Listen up, you big toad! I know you can hear me! Let me go, and I won't hurt you!

“I agree that the cultivator from ancient times pushed things too far with you. That doesn't have anything to do with me. I'm innocent, alright!? Let me go! We don't have any grudges with each other.... Let's talk things over! There's no need to hurt each other, okay? When I really attack, I frighten even myself!”

Even as his words were still echoing about, rumbling sounds filled the inside of the huge toad, and intense pressure exploded out. Bai Xiaochun trembled, coughing up a mouthful of blood as his bones creaked ominously.

Within the intense pressure, he could sense a raging malice, as though the hatred the toad felt for the ancient cultivator was now being transferred to Bai Xiaochun. Apparently, no matter what Bai Xiaochun said, it wouldn't listen at all.

"You...." he said, trembling, a sensation of deadly crisis rising up within him. However, before he could say anything else, the pressure mounted, and the immortal's cave began to collapse even more quickly. The little turtle was screaming, and Bai Xiaochun was on the verge of going mad.

"You big bully!!" he cried, wounds opening up all over him, soaking his robes with blood. There was no time for rumination. The toad was clearly attempting to kill him. Gritting his teeth, he followed the instructions within the jade slip, reaching out with his right hand to grab the black parasol. Then, he stabbed it viciously down into the ground.

The razor-sharp tip of the parasol slid smoothly into the ground, and then down into the flesh and blood of the toad!

As blood spurted out, Bai Xiaochun's eyes gleamed, and he tightened his grip on the parasol. With the other hand, he performed an incantation gesture and simultaneously muttered some incomprehensible words of enchantment. Then, just in the moment that the immortal's cave was about to completely fall to pieces, he roared, "Eternal!"

In response, black light exploded out from the Eternal Parasol. In the blink of an eye, it filled the immortal's cave, and then began to spread out to cover other parts of the toad's body.

As the black light spread, it stimulated various restrictive spells which had been placed throughout the toad. The spells began to rumble, and yet, apparently because of the vast amount of time which had passed, most of them were weakened and in complete disrepair. In the end, only a few thousand activated fully. However, each one of that small group alone managed to create a massive gravitational force, something like a black hole!

The thousand or so restrictive spells were like a thousand black holes inside the huge toad, with the Eternal Parasol forming the nucleus of them all.

As the gravitational force spread out, the toad began to tremble, and emit increasingly intense roars. Bai Xiaochun was shaking as, all of a sudden, the black holes began to gobble up the life force of the toad and send it toward the Eternal Parasol!

An indescribably boundless power of qi and blood then began to flow through the parasol into Bai Xiaochun's right hand!

RUMBLE!

Bai Xiaochun's mind was spinning. His gaze was vacant, and his hair whipped around him. It felt like his soul was about to fly out of his body. His mind slowly became a blank as the seemingly endless power of qi and blood flowed into him!

Qi and blood could also be considered life force, and as it flowed madly into him, Bai Xiaochun's Undying Live Forever Technique

began to spin of its own accord. It was almost like immortal nectar being poured down onto cracked, parched ground. The technique rapidly advanced until Bai Xiaochun was shaking where he stood. His fleshly body began to grow stronger at an incredible, explosive rate!

A third heavenly demon appeared!

A fourth heavenly demon appeared!

Almost immediately, four heavenly demons appeared behind him, their heads thrown back as they howled, sending boundless might out in all directions. However, the struggling of the toad only intensified.

Unceasing rumbling sounds echoed out as the more than one thousand restrictive spells began to collapse, causing miserable shrieking sounds to echo out inside of the toad's body.

However, the gravitational force persisted. With every breath of time that passed, boundless life force flowed through the restrictive spells and into the Eternal Parasol, to be absorbed by Bai Xiaochun. As it did, more heavenly demons formed!

A fifth!

A sixth!

The little turtle cautiously peeped out of the bag of holding, and

then his jaw dropped. He even started to feel a little jealous.

“Dammit, what kind of luck is this!?!?” Finally, he simply rolled his eyes in a rare moment of speechlessness. By this point, he could tell that, in truth, not even 10,000 Bai Xiaochuns put together would be a match for the huge toad. However, the toad was filled with countless restrictive spells, all of which were focused onto the parasol.

More accurately, Bai Xiaochun wasn’t the one absorbing the toad’s life force, it was the parasol. All Bai Xiaochun had to do was recite the correct enchantment.

“Who exactly put this immortal’s cave here?” the turtle thought. “This kind of thing is really rare!”

Meanwhile, in the wild mountains outside, the huge toad was roaring so loudly that brightly colored light flashed in heaven and earth. A huge wind screamed in all directions, and mountains in the area were collapsing into pieces as the toad flailed back and forth, withering visibly the entire time.

Birds and beasts alike were shaking in fear, and many were killed in the quaking. The entire 5,000-kilometer area was being turned into nothing more than ruins as the toad descended into madness. Beyond that region, the five patriarchs of the Spirit Stream Sect were closing in at top speed, along with the legacy echelon cultivators.

The Heavenhorn ink dragon was with them, leading the way.

The founding patriarch's expression was grave; they had been at a critical juncture in extracting the beast skeleton when the news came in from the dragon. Although they couldn't stop the process in the middle, they had been able to speed up their work. After successfully collecting the beast skeleton, they summoned the legacy echelon, and then used the Heavenhorn ink dragon scales they all possessed to head over to rescue Bai Xiaochun.

“That toad probably has battle prowess in the late Nascent Soul stage,” the founding patriarch said through gritted teeth. “If it dares to hurt our junior patriarch, I’m going to sever its tendons and skin it alive!!” Patriarch Ironwood, Li Zimo, and the other two patriarchs were all extremely anxious; if something bad happened to Bai Xiaochun, it would be a disaster for the River-Defying Sect.

Although they would still be just as powerful as before, there would surely be schisms and divisions in the near future.

Li Qinghou's eyes were completely bloodshot, and he radiated icy killing intent as he shot through the air.

The Heavenhorn ink dragon was feeling very nervous, and didn't dare to say much. All it could do was lead the way as quickly as possible. Soon, they were within the 5,000-kilometer area that was affected by the toad's rampage. Before the Heavenhorn ink dragon could even comment, intense booms could be heard, and mountains could be seen collapsing. The ground was shaking violently, and countless birds and beasts were dying. The patriarchs and legacy echelon cultivators all gasped.

“What's going on!?!?”

Shocked, and even more nervous than before, the group headed forward at top speed.

It was around that time that Bai Xiaochun's seventh heavenly demon roared into existence.

After that was the eighth, and then the ninth!

Nine heavenly demons all appeared behind him, causing his fleshly body to rocket to unprecedented heights. The cultivation of the Undying Live Forever Technique required life force; with enough of it, the potential for progress was virtually limitless.

Back in the Blood Stream Sect, he had been able to use the blood qi of the Blood Ancestor to quicken his progress. Now, he was using the qi and blood from this huge toad to make terrifyingly quick progress toward the second level of the Undying Live Forever Technique.

The tenth heavenly demon was rapidly forming, and once it was complete, Bai Xiaochun would reach the Asura Body level of the Undying Live Forever Technique!

After the Asura Body was the highest level, the Undying Heavenly King Body!

When that time came, he would be able to break through the second shackle of life, and potentially form a Fleshly Body Nascent

Core, which was also more commonly known as an Undying Heavenly King Core!

RUMBLE!

Bai Xiaochun was trembling visibly. As the life force poured into him and the tenth heavenly demon took shape, a miraculous transformation was occurring in his spiritual seas.

His seventh spiritual sea suddenly crystallized, and then his eighth! In fact, the process was going along so rapidly that his ninth spiritual sea was already about half crystallized, and was continued to grow more solid by the second.

He was growing stronger in all aspects. To Bai Xiaochun, this was an incredible good fortune, and all of it was because of the Eternal Parasol!

The parasol seemed to radiate an evil aura as it rapidly sucked in the life force of the toad through the restrictive spells. By this point, the toad was like a candle flickering on the verge of being extinguished!

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Chapter 322: Trifling Toad Monster

The toad wanted to fight back, but all it could do was roar in frustration. As the gravitational force continued to suck away at its life force, it let out a miserable shriek and withered down even more....

As that happened, Bai Xiaochun's ninth spiritual sea reached a state of ninety percent crystallization. With ten percent more, he would reach the great circle of Foundation Establishment, a level of power vastly greater than before. It was in that moment that...

His tenth heavenly demon fully formed!

In the blink of an eye, the ten heavenly demons superimposed, instantly becoming a blurry field of mist.

The mist seethed and roiled, sending out terrifying fluctuations; apparently, a completely awe-inspiring Dharma incarnation was forming!

Then, a magical halo of fire appeared within the mist, a fire that seemed to contain infinite screaming souls.

Beneath the fiery halo, two red dots appeared that looked like eyes. Only half a moment later, though, two more red eyes appeared next to the first two. Then a third pair appeared!

From the look of it, the figure within the mist had three heads!

Within the following short few breaths of time, two enormous, pitch-black arms stretched out from inside the mist. However, things weren't over yet. A second pair of arms appeared, and then a third! After that was a black suit of armor!

The image which was forming was something that seemed powerful enough to prop up heaven and earth, a figure of incomprehensible power!

It had three heads and six arms, and radiated terrifying might. This was none other than the manifestation of the Undying Asura Body!

Bai Xiaochun shook as his fleshly body power skyrocketed. He was now vastly stronger than he had been before, and when he opened his eyes, they shone so brightly that they could surpass the light of the sun and the moon!

It was in the moment that his eyes opened that his soul seemed to return. Pulling the Eternal Parasol out of the toad's flesh, and thus ending the absorption of life force, he blurred into motion. Howling, he reached out, tore a huge opening in the wall, and shot out into the open!

As he flew up into the air, he probed his cultivation base and saw that it was only a hair away from the great circle of Foundation Establishment. Then he confirmed that he had upgraded from the Heavenly Demon Body to the Asura Body, whereupon elation filled his heart.

The huge toad was now completely emaciated and panting for breath. Before, it could have easily defeated Bai Xiaochun, but now that much of its life force had been sucked away, it could do little more than gasp and look pleadingly at Bai Xiaochun, as if begging for mercy.

Fear had truly gripped its heart. Earlier, it had completely ignored Bai Xiaochun's suggestion, and had hoped to take him by surprise and kill him, and thus completely change its own fate. But now, the only emotions in its eyes as it looked at Bai Xiaochun were supplication and terror.

That was especially true when it looked at the black parasol he held, the mere sight of which left the toad trembling.

Bai Xiaochun felt a bit bad for the toad. Sighing, he said, "I mentioned in the beginning that we could have worked things out, but you decided to bully me. Like I said, when I attack, I frighten even myself. Still don't believe me?"

He shook his head and sighed even more deeply at how much of a straightforward and upright person he was. Whenever he attacked people, he always gave them a warning, but sadly, no one ever believed him.

Even as he prepared to sigh some more, several beams of light appeared off in the distance. Heart thumping, and having no time to ponder his next action, he quickly performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pointed his finger at the toad.

Trying to look as threatening as possible, he stuck his chin up and coolly said, “How dare you, mister invincible, unsurpassable toad monster! You think you can fight with me, Bai Xiaochun? Hmmmphhh! Well, do you surrender or not!?”

In almost the same moment, the patriarchs and legacy echelon cultivators burst onto the scene, and saw the shocking sight of the withered toad.

The toad didn’t look huge and impressive like before. It looked almost like a mere pile of skin, lying there gasping for breath, its eyes shining with terror as it looked at the person standing in front of it....

That look in its eyes seemed to be one of complete and utter dread.

As for the person standing in front of the toad, it was none other than Bai Xiaochun.

When they heard Bai Xiaochun’s words, the newcomers exchanged dismayed, even confused, glances. They had rushed over here from distant locations with the intention of rescuing Bai Xiaochun. How could they ever have imagined that a scene like this would meet them upon their arrival?

Li Qinghou was dumbstruck, and the legacy echelon cultivators were left gasping. Even the patriarchs’ jaws had dropped.

A look of incredulous disbelief could be seen on the face of the Heavenhorn ink dragon. The sight of the emaciated toad seemed completely unbelievable, to the point where the dragon was starting to question whether it had made a mistake in judgement earlier.

After a moment of silence, the founding patriarch looked over at Heavenhorn. "Heavenhorn, um... are you sure this is the toad you mentioned earlier?"

"I...." mumbled the Heavenhorn ink dragon. After a moment of contemplation, it was sure that this was the same huge toad. However, the scene playing out before them seemed completely unbelievable. The dragon couldn't help but look over at Bai Xiaochun, reverence rising up in its heart.

Pretending that he'd just noticed the new arrivals, Bai Xiaochun turned his head to look at them. His veins of steel were pulsing, his murderous aura roiling out in all directions. Clasp hands and bowing, he coolly said, "Greetings, Patriarchs. I very much appreciate your expression of goodwill. However, I, Bai Xiaochun, have already vanquished this unbeatable toad monster!"

Strange looks appeared on everyone's faces. Clearly, they knew he was showing off, and yet there was nothing they could say by way of retort. They began to smile wryly as they realized that, apparently, Bai Xiaochun was never going to truly grow up.

"How did you do this?" the founding patriarch asked. He could see that the toad's cultivation base really was at the late Nascent Soul stage, perhaps even in the great circle. It was actually very

close to being in the Deva Realm.

“I was born with the power of the gods,” Bai Xiaochun replied, clasping his hands behind his back and sticking his chin up. “As someone who has reached Heavenstring Foundation Establishment, I can shake the heavens. I called countless bolts of Heaven-Dao lightning down upon this creature, seriously injuring it. The only reason I showed it mercy in the end was because I pitied it.” His casual tone mixed with the words he spoke caused everyone present to wish they could give him a good smack across the face.

Even Li Qinghou felt the same way. Seeing Bai Xiaochun show off like this left him chuckling wryly inside.

“Patriarchs and other Fellow Daoists, thank you for coming to save me. I was injured in the process, and yet single-handedly defeated this unsurpassable monster. Even still, your expression of friendship will forever be inscribed upon my heart. To return the favor, allow me to present this monster as a gift to the sect!” With that he flicked his sleeve.

“After all, with the snap of a finger, I, Bai Xiaochun, can reduce any kind of beast to ashes....”

The founding patriarch’s cheek twitched. He really couldn’t take any more of this. With a final glare at Bai Xiaochun, he looked over at the toad. Inside, he was delighted. Waving his hand, he collected the toad into his bag of holding. Although the toad’s vital energy had been seriously damaged, with time and rest, it would recover, and could prove to be another powerful spirit beast guardian for

the Spirit Stream Sect.

There was even a bit of beast king aura left on the toad. The patriarchs were delighted. They could sense its life force had recently been drained away, but they didn't say anything.

Although they had their suspicions, they kept them to themselves. As for the legacy echelon cultivators, they all approved. When a disciple acquired good fortune, it belonged to that disciple. If others in the sect tried to steal it away, it would lead to discord within the sect.

Besides, Bai Xiaochun was the junior patriarch. Not even Nascent Soul masters would go overboard in dealing with a person like that.

Soon, the group was on their way back, and Bai Xiaochun was in their midst looking exactly like a lonely hero. Of course, inside, he was bursting with joy!

“So,” he thought, “this place really did turn out to have some good fortune. Excellent. Very excellent. I guess I won't get rid of the little turtle after all. Perhaps he will lead to more good fortune in the future.” Although he felt completely pleased, he suddenly recalled what the Heavenhorn ink dragon had done, and looked over at it with a glare.

Heavenhorn's heart trembled. It had been able to tell earlier that ninety percent of the toad's life force had been drained away, and that fact left the dragon trembling in fear. It wasn't sure what

secret method Bai Xiaochun had used to accomplish such a task. Regardless, it was a terrifying thing. Now, an ingratiating expression could be seen on its face when it looked at Bai Xiaochun. Actually, its behavior earlier was quite similar to how Bai Xiaochun himself would have acted....

Bai Xiaochun nodded magnanimously at the dragon. It was in that fashion that the group returned to the entrance, flew through the vortex, and found themselves back in the Spirit Stream Sect.

After everyone emerged, the vortex vanished, and the Heavenhorn ink dragon sank back down into the chasm to stand guard.

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Chapter 323: Gathering At The Blood Stream Sect!

Now that the patriarchs and the legacy echelon cultivators were back, the final work on the Heavenspan Battleships began. Everyone in the sect helped out as the deva beast spine was used to craft the keels of the ships!

There were a total of three, each one a different size. The largest was 300,000 meters long, and completely awe-inspiring in appearance. It hadn't started moving yet, but it looked like a gigantic mountain that caused all of the Spirit Stream Sect disciples who saw it to tremble in awe and reverence!

And that was just based on its appearance! The largest of the Heavenspan Battleships emanated a shocking aura that surpassed that of a Nascent Soul patriarch. It was at a completely different level altogether; the aura of a deva!

After the Nascent Soul stage was the Deva Realm. This battleship had been made with the spine of a deva beast, and even though it couldn't necessarily unleash the full might of the Deva Realm, it was still incredibly powerful. It would make their trip up the Heavenspan River much safer. That, coupled with the Dharmic decree from the riversource Starry Sky Dao Polarity Sect, would ensure that they faced almost no hazards along the way.

Of course, the largest of the battleships was big enough to contain all of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators who were going to war!

The second of the battleships was a bit smaller, being only 210,000 meters in length, and had been prepared specifically for the Profound Stream Sect. The last of the battleships was the smallest, being only 90,000 meters long. However, it had been constructed in the same fashion as the largest, and radiated the aura of the Deva Realm.

Before leaving their temporary headquarters, the patriarchs of the four sects had already agreed that the Blood Stream Division didn't need a Heavenspan Battleship. Apparently, they had their own way of traveling up the Heavenspan River.

When the third Battleship was completed, all the disciples in the Spirit Stream Division felt shaken. Everyone knew that the most critical part of the war was coming!

They would soon travel up the river to destroy the Sky River Court and take its place!

Bai Xiaochun had no desire to see anyone die. However, he was no saint either, and didn't allow such feelings to extend to people he didn't even know. What he cared about were his family and friends!

Half a month later, the founding patriarch's voice echoed out through the sect, accompanied by the tolling of bells. "All disciples of the River-Defying Sect's Spirit Stream Division who have been assigned to fight will now board the battleship! Our next destination is the Blood Stream Division, further up the

Heavenspan River!”

The Spirit Stream Division instantly stirred into action. There was no chaos. Thanks to the arrangements made by Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong, as well as the various peak lords, all disciples and battle beasts boarded the battleship in an orderly fashion.

The precious treasures and reserve powers of the sect were also loaded onto the battleship. Bai Xiaochun even saw a familiar coffin, which was now covered. Under the patriarch’s care, it was placed in a secret location on the battleship!

Bai Xiaochun knew at a glance that the coffin contained the true spirit!

“They’re even bringing the true spirit....” he murmured to himself. The Spirit Stream Division was clearly going all out in this war effort!

It took three full days to move the Spirit Stream Division’s ninth mountain peak onto the battleship. By this point, the Spirit Stream Sect seemed empty. There were only some Outer Sect disciples left behind to operate the grand spell formation and protect the headquarters.

The two unused battleships vanished by means of the teleportation power of the ninth mountain peak.

Bai Xiaochun stood on the battleship looking back at the old

headquarters, a profound look in his eyes. Hou Xiaomei stood next to him. Looking a bit scared, she edged closer.

Heaven-shaking, earth-shattering rumbling sounds then echoed out as the Spirit Stream Division's Heavenspan Battleship vanished!

When it reappeared, it was beyond the Luo Chen Mountains, which was the limit of its teleportation power. As soon as it appeared in Blood Stream Division territory, the people who had been sent out to receive the Spirit Stream Division bowed respectfully, and at the same time, gasped in shock at the sight of the huge ship.

It wasn't just them. Any living beings in the area who could see the Heavenspan Battleship with its deva pressure were shocked. Everything went completely silent.

The Blood Stream Division disciple led the way. Rumbling sounds echoed out that could break all barriers as the Heavenspan Battleship headed in the direction of the Blood Stream Division headquarters.

As Bai Xiaochun stood there at the front of the battleship looking out at the lands in front of him, he felt a great sense of familiarity. The battleship was incredibly fast, even faster than Nascent Soul patriarchs. It only took about six hours before the Heavenspan River became visible off in the distance. There, the hand of the Blood Ancestor could be seen stretching out of the river, forming the mountain peaks of the former Blood Stream Sect!

For most cultivators of the Spirit Stream Division, this was their first time seeing the headquarters of the Blood Stream Division. Although they had heard stories, to see it personally was completely different, and all of them were left astonished.

“That’s a hand!!”

“Heavens! I can’t believe there’s actually a huge hand stretching out of the Heavenspan River. If the five fingers of that hand can each make a whole mountain peak, then how big is the rest of the giant...?”

“So this is the Blood Stream Division, huh...?”

Even as everyone marveled, the Heavenspan Battleship slowly approached the headquarters. The Profound Stream Division and the Pill Stream Division had not been tasked with creating their own Heavenspan Battleships, so they had long since come to the Blood Stream Division headquarters and set up camp outside. Earlier, the camps and the sect headquarters had been quite bustling, but the arrival of the Heavenspan Battleship changed that. Now everyone was looking over and gasping in shock.

Even the cultivators of the Blood Stream Division had that reaction.

The Spirit Stream Division was shaken by the sight of the huge hand, and the Blood Stream Division was shaken by the Heavenspan Battleship. Even the patriarchs of the other three

divisions were taken aback, and their eyes began to shine brightly.

“A deva beast’s spine as the keel, crafted into a Heavenspan Battleship!!”

“The Spirit Stream Division truly is adept at keeping secrets. Of our four divisions, they are the best at concealing their resources!”

Even as everyone gave voice to their astonishment, the 300,000-meter-long Heavenspan Battleship descended into the Heavenspan River itself. Massive golden waves rolled about, leading to quite a bit of nervousness on the part of the onlookers. Eventually, though, the huge battleship came to rest calmly on the surface of the Heavenspan River!

The water didn’t corrode the ship or hurt it in any way. The Deva Realm aura rolled out, and even the vicious spirits which inhabited the waters avoided it....

At first, silence reigned, but then, wild cheering broke out. Although most gazes shone brightly, Patriarch Crimson soul from the Profound Stream Division didn’t seem very happy, and gave a cold harrumph.

“Patriarch Frigidsect, we gave you enough materials to make at least five Heavenspan Battleships!”

“Don’t be so impatient, Crimson soul. I’ve already made all the preparations for the Profound Stream Division and the Pill Stream

Division.” The founding patriarch of the Spirit Stream Sect laughed heartily as he waved his hand. Immediately, a second battleship appeared and began to descend toward the Heavenspan River, followed by a third.

Finally, a smile broke out on Patriarch Crimson Soul’s face, and his eyes burned with anticipation as he looked at the 210,000-meter-long Heavenspan Battleship. As for all of the materials he had provided, that didn’t matter anymore. A battleship with the might of a Deva Realm beast was far more than worth it.

As for the patriarchs of the Pill Stream Division, they felt slightly left out. However, their 90,000-meter battleship was still formidable, and they knew they were the weakest of the four divisions.

As Bai Xiaochun looked around at everything that was happening, the gathering of the four divisions of the sect, and the familiar Blood Stream Division headquarters, he felt more content than ever.

“With my help, four great sects united and became the River-Defying Sect. Maybe the name isn’t that amazing, but it was my idea!” As he looked around proudly, he happened to catch sight of Song Junwan on Middle Peak.

She was smiling as she looked over at Bai Xiaochun, and he was just about to wave to her when he suddenly found that he couldn’t move his arm. Looking over, he realized that Hou Xiaomei was casually holding it in her own arm. First, she glared at Song Junwan, and then she pointed up into the sky and excitedly said,

“Look, big bro Xiaochun, an irispetal ibis!”

Without even thinking about it, Bai Xiaochun looked up and saw a bird flying through the air. Suddenly he shivered....

Meanwhile, Chen Manyao was standing behind one of the patriarchs in the Pill Stream Division’s camp, looking at the battleships. When she saw Bai Xiaochun, an imperceptible flicker passed through her eyes, but then it vanished. A moment later, her skin began to prickle as she realized that someone was looking at her, someone who was on the Spirit Stream Division’s battleship.

It wasn’t Bai Xiaochun, but rather, another disciple in the Spirit Stream Division, a graceful, beautiful young woman!

She wore a long green garment that did little to conceal her curvaceous form. An unreadable expression could be seen on her face, as well as an enigmatic smile.

Chen Manyao suddenly felt icy cold, inside and out. There was an instinctual terror that rose up inside of her. Her heart began to beat, and she quickly averted her gaze.

“Who is she...? How come her gaze is so terrifying!?!?”

—

Chapter 324: Merge The Qi, Wake The Ancestor

The young woman who had been looking at Chen Manyao was none other than Gongsun Wan'er. Smiling slightly, she looked around, apparently feeling somewhat bored.

She didn't seem to be interested either in the previous battles or the fighting to come. Only when she turned to look at Bai Xiaochun standing somewhat stiffly next to Hou Xiaomei did her eyes brighten in a way that no observer could notice.

“What's your connection to that old bastard, huh big bro?” She chuckled, and for a brief moment, her pupils turned white. However, no one noticed, and the effect quickly passed.

Under the leadership of the various patriarchs, the cultivators of the Profound Stream Division and the Pill Stream Division flew up toward their respective Heavenspan Battleships to begin familiarizing themselves with them.

Meanwhile, in the Blood Stream Division, arch-patriarch Master Godwind hovered in midair looking at the three battleships. After a moment, he turned to the Spirit Stream Division's Patriarch Frigidsect.

After realizing that Master Godwind was looking at him, Frigidsect laughed and said, “Master Godwind, river transportation has been arranged for the other three divisions. I'm curious to see how your Blood Stream Division plans to head

upriver.”

From the way he laughed and spoke, he clearly felt very proud of himself. After all, creating three Heavenspan Battleships was definitely a major accomplishment.

Arch-patriarch Master Godwind snorted and said, “No need to get nervous. You’ll see soon enough.”

In his heart were mixed emotions including jealousy, as well as anticipation. With that, he looked in Bai Xiaochun’s direction.

“Nightcrypt, my boy, are you ready?!” When the cultivators from the other three divisions heard his words, they looked in surprise toward Bai Xiaochun.

Bai Xiaochun was currently feeling a headache coming on as he looked up in the sky in the direction that Hou Xiaomei had pointed. Off in the distance, Song Junwan was smiling, but there was a coldness in her eyes which made a million needles look soft. Bai Xiaochun had no idea how to resolve the situation. Therefore, when he heard the arch-patriarch’s words, he was inwardly delighted. Putting on a very somber expression, he said, “Patriarch, disciple is ready!”

With that, he struggled free from Hou Xiaomei’s devilish clutches and flew up into the air.

Smiling proudly, Hou Xiaomei looked away from Bai Xiaochun

toward Song Junwan standing there on Middle Peak. Song Junwan snorted coldly. After Bai Xiaochun had escaped from the Luo Chen Mountains, she and Hou Xiaomei had clashed and bickered constantly. Neither of them liked the other very much at all.

Looking very excited, the arch-patriarch spoke out in a voice that boomed like thunder, “Very well. Foundation Establishment and Gold Core cultivators of the Blood Stream Division, present yourselves! The time has come to activate our greatest reserve power!”

To the shock of the other three divisions, numerous beams of light flew out from the Blood Stream Division headquarters.

All of the Foundation Establishment Dharma protectors, grand elders, blood masters, prime elders, and blood rippers were there. Not a single one was missing!

All seven patriarchs were present. Even Patriarch Limitless looked very excited.

Master Godwind’s right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and blood qi erupted from the assembled crowd. Instantly, the sky began to vibrate, and blood clouds began to form. The clouds rapidly began to converge upon themselves, shrinking down into a bolt of blood-colored lightning which shot down toward the enormous hand stretching up out of the river.

In response, the magical symbols on the spell formations in that area flickered and shone as they seemingly melted, revealing a

large gap. That gap had apparently already existed on the skin of the Blood Ancestor's hand, an ancient wound that had existed for countless years.

From a distance, the wound almost looked like a huge canyon.

The cultivators from the other three divisions were amazed, especially the patriarchs. Their eyes went wide as they realized what the Blood Stream Division intended to do.

“That’s... that’s... impossible!” Frigidsect said, a look of complete incredulity on his face.

Looking extremely proud of himself, Master Godwind said, “Blood Ancestor. Fleshly body: 108 major acupoints!”

He had been looking forward to this day for a very, very long time, and been making preparations for countless years. This was the culmination of generations of hard work and research on the part of numerous Blood Stream Sect cultivators!

As his words echoed out, the Foundation Establishment cultivators of the Blood Stream Division began to fly forth with solemn looks on their faces. Song Junwan, Song Que, Jia Lie, and Master God-Diviner were among them, as were the blood masters and grand elders. All of them headed directly toward the gap which had been opened up in the hand.

After they vanished inside, secret means were employed to

teleport them to the various 108 major acupoints located elsewhere in the Blood Ancestor's body.

Some were transported to various locations on their own, others went in teams. After taking their places, streams of life force power began to rise up from the Heavenspan River, causing rumbling sounds to echo about in the sky.

Looking even more excited, Master Godwind said, "Blood Ancestor. Fleshly body: 72 blood apertures!"

In response, the prime elders' expressions flickered, and they let out excited cries as they shot toward the opening in the arm.

The 72 apertures had to be manned by 72 Gold Core cultivators. In the case of some of the cultivators who were weaker than the others, a team of two was necessary. Before Bai Xiaochun's arrival, they had run various drills to prepare, but this was the moment of truth!

As the prime elders disappeared into the enormous arm, it was possible to see dots of light shining up from the Blood Ancestor's enormous body beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River.

Those glowing dots of lights, some of which were visible on the hand, extended out of the river, numbering exactly 72!

The cultivators from the other three divisions were all gasping. Even Gongsun Wan'er's eyes were glittering with surprise.

Voice rising to a roar, the arch-patriarch said, “Blood Ancestor. Fleshly body: 37 meridians!”

Instantly, the eyes of the blood rippers began to glow, and their blood qi erupted out as they shot toward the opening. They disappeared in the blink of an eye. By this point, every bit of the Blood Ancestor’s body was glowing with blood-colored light!

The light was so intense that it was rising up beyond the surface of the golden river water. At the same time, an indescribable pressure was spreading out, causing the vicious spirits within the river to scream and flee. None of them dared to get even close, and they were clearly more terrified than they had been upon sensing the Deva Realm aura from earlier.

“Three spiritual souls, seven physical souls. One Nascent Soul Daoist master for each physical soul. If the spiritual souls are lacking, the Blood Ancestor’s body will not move. Nightcrypt, my boy, you will fill the position of the three spiritual souls! You are well prepared, all of you. Whether or not the Blood Ancestor’s body can move will be up to you!” Laughing loudly, the arch-patriarch flew toward the opening, as did the other six patriarchs, giving Bai Xiaochun a glance just before disappearing.

Moments later, rumbling like thunder echoed out, and the river water began to churn as the seven powerful patriarchs took their positions in the head of the Blood Ancestor, where they became the physical soul!

Shockingly, well over two hundred Foundation Establishment cultivators, over a hundred Gold Core experts, and dozens of blood rippers, plus seven Nascent Soul patriarchs, were unleashing shocking power inside the body of the Blood Ancestor, to give him the strength to rise to his feet once again!

Although it was a simplistic movement, it would still be shocking enough to cause the wind to scream and the ground to quake.

However, as the arch-patriarch had said, the truly critical factor, Bai Xiaochun, had not yet gone into action. The Blood Stream Division had actually performed this exercise before, but they had been unable to get the Blood Ancestor to move even an inch.

Bai Xiaochun took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment. Upon opening them, he sent blood qi exploding out of him, becoming a pillar of crimson light that shot up into the sky. At the same time, he blurred into motion, heading directly toward the opening in the Blood Ancestor's hand.

As soon as he entered, it felt as if the Blood Ancestor's body were calling to him. That call helped him to speed along even faster through the body; he didn't need any special techniques or magics. He proceeded forward without the slightest obstacle.

"The Foundation Establishment cultivators are the acupoints. The Gold Core experts are the apertures. The blood rippers are the meridians. The patriarchs are the physical soul. And I'm the spiritual soul!" Eyes shining with a strange light, he shot toward his destination, which was located in the Blood Ancestor's chest. He was heading toward the heart!

That was also the last place where he had seen Du Lingfei!

Nothing blocked his path, and before long he was traveling the same path he had gone along once before. Eventually, he arrived in the heart cavity, the same place he had entered not so long ago in the past!

When he saw the withered heart, and the countless blood vessels filling the area, he took a deep breath. Then he shot toward the heart itself. In the blink of an eye, he fused into the heart, completely replacing it!

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Chapter 325: The Blood Ancestor's Eyes Open!

The beating of his heart echoed out into the Blood Ancestor, becoming the Blood Ancestor's heart. The blood vessels around him began to tremble as his consciousness spread out through them. He could soon sense the Foundation Establishment cultivators in the 108 major acupoints, the prime elders in the 72 apertures, the blood rippers in the 36 meridians, and even the 7 patriarchs who had become the physical soul!

"I... am the Blood Ancestor!" Bai Xiaochun roared. Although his voice couldn't be heard on the outside, all Blood Stream Division cultivators inside could hear it clearly!

It was like a signal calling out to them, prompting all of them to roar at the tops of their lungs, and unleash all of the blood qi they possessed!

The blood qi began to surge through the Blood Ancestor, starting from the acupoints, then moving through the blood apertures, then the qi passageways, and into the seven physical souls. Then it converged upon Bai Xiaochun's consciousness. No other person could do this but him, the Blood Lord. When he received the legacy of the Blood Ancestor, he became connected to the Blood Stream Sect, and thus, all of the cultivators in it. He was related to the Blood Ancestor!

The only thing they had lacked was the consciousness, something that could link everyone together. The only person who could do that was obviously the Blood Lord!

Rumbling sounds echoed out from inside the body of the Blood Ancestor as his enormous frame twitched, a motion that sent countless waves surging across the Heavenspan River, and caused the headquarters of the Blood Stream Division to quake violently.

The countless Blood Stream Division disciples who had long since packed their belongings and evacuated the headquarters now stood on the banks of the river, watching excitedly as the scene played out.

“Stand up!!”

“Stand up!!!” It was hard to say who said it first, but soon, all of the cultivators of the Blood Stream Division were shouting it. The other three sects looked on with complete astonishment.

However, controlling the Blood Ancestor was no simple task. Even with all the preparations they had made, for the following seven days, the only thing that happened was that the Blood Ancestor continued to twitch here and there.

The Blood Stream Division cultivators’ nervousness mounted, and eventually, they stopped shouting. However, in their hearts, they were cheering as loudly as ever.

The other three divisions stopped paying very close attention, especially the Profound and Pill Stream Divisions, who were focused on working with their Heavenspan Battleships.

Suddenly, on noon of the seventh day, the hand which had once been the headquarters of the Blood Stream Sect moved, accompanied by muffled rumbling!!

That simple movement was enough to cause the Blood Stream Division cultivators to let out shouts of joy. The cultivators of the other three divisions looked over in shock to see Middle Peak slowly bending over!

As it did, countless buildings and structures were destroyed and began to fall down. However, no one seemed to care about that. Everyone was paying attention to the Blood Ancestor's body, submerged beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River, as it slowly twitched again.

River water churned, and huge waves rolled out. Slowly but surely, the other fingers on the hand began to move. The cultivators of the Blood Stream Division were going mad with excitement, and the other cultivators were gasping constantly.

Indescribable rumbling sounds echoed out. Everyone who was witnessing this event felt as if they were watching a myth play out before their own eyes.

Despite having prepared mentally, the shock which rose up in the hearts of those present was impossible to avoid. All cultivators, even the patriarchs of the other three divisions, looked on with flickering expressions and wide eyes.

Founding patriarch Frigidsect was sweating as he murmured, “If the Blood Ancestor of the Blood Stream Sect can truly stand up....”

As it turned out, Bai Xiaochun was even more important to the Blood Stream Division than he had previously imagined!

Patriarch Crimson soul also gasped when he saw the huge fingers bending. He swallowed hard, and beads of sweat popped out on his forehead. Suddenly, he felt relieved that the Spirit and Blood Stream Sects hadn’t mobilized the Blood Ancestor to attack the Profound Stream Sect. If that had happened, they would have been lucky to come out of the fight with even half of the people they currently possessed.

Things didn’t end with the moving of the finger. In the following days, boulders continue to fall down into the waters below. The former Blood Stream Sect headquarters didn’t just look like mountains anymore, but rather, an actual hand!

In fact, some places on its surface truly resembled skin!

The Profound and Pill Stream Divisions had finally completed their work with their Heavenspan Battleships, and just like the cultivators from the Spirit Stream Division, they were now ready to begin traveling. It was at that point that the Blood Ancestor’s entire hand moved!

On that day, under the eyes of countless onlookers, the five fingers which had once been the headquarters of the Blood Stream Sect slowly clenched together into an enormous fist!

Intense rumbling echoed out, and countless boulders were shattered, causing a hail of rubble and rock to rain down. Countless cries of shock rang out as, unexpectedly, the entire arm moved!

Although it was only a simple motion, because the arm was actually connected to both the land and the river, everything quaked violently, and huge rifts snaked out in all directions. Massive portions of land surrounding the Heavenspan River simply collapsed.

The river itself surged with huge waves, waves so powerful that the Pill Stream Sect's Heavenspan Battleship actually began to rock back and forth.

“What’s happening...?”

“The arm just moved. Don’t tell me....”

“Don’t tell me that hand is going to push down onto the ground and lift up the rest of the body!” After the words left Patriarch Crimson soul’s mouth, everything went silent. By now, everyone could see what was about to happen. The patriarchs of the three divisions, as well as all of the other disciples, could do nothing but watch in muted silence. As for the Blood Stream Division, they yet again began to call out.

“Stand up!”

“Stand up!!”

“Stand up!!!”

Their voices were louder this time as they gave voice to the emotions which had been building up for the past half month.

Amidst the cheering, the Blood Ancestor's arm continued to move. Cracking sounds rang out, and more boulders and rubble fell. Inside of the Blood Ancestor, the Foundation Establishment and Gold Core cultivators, along with the patriarchs, were all sending explosive cultivation base power out, which was continuously fusing with the Blood Ancestor.

The most difficult job, though, was up to Bai Xiaochun!

Not only did he have to merge the consciousnesses of everyone present into one, he had to send that merged consciousness back out into the rest of the Blood Ancestor's body. He was the crux of it all, and every time he made even the slightest mistake, it led to failure.

During the past half month, he had performed numerous tests, and had failed on countless occasions. However, he never gave up. The cultivators of the Blood Stream Division were giving him their support, their strength, and their divine sense. What he had to do was take that and use it to give the Blood Ancestor the strength to stand up!

Currently, he was sitting cross-legged in the heart of the Blood Ancestor, trembling visibly. His heart was pounding, and boundless blood qi was flowing through the blood vessels out into the Blood Ancestor.

“I... am the Blood Ancestor!!” he roared. Everything he had experienced in the past half a month had led up to this moment. Not only was he guiding the consciousnesses of everyone present, he was doing so without the slightest misstep, sending power to all corners of the Blood Ancestor’s body.

His eyes were completely bloodshot as he howled at the top of his lungs. His mind was reeling as he experienced something very similar to when he had received the legacy. He was now the Blood Ancestor!

The feeling was even more intense than before. Bai Xiaochun took a long, deep breath as he seized hold of the feeling, then lifted his right hand and pushed it forward.

In that exact same moment, the cultivators of the three divisions were looking on with wide eyes. Suddenly, people began to cry out in shock!

“It’s....”

“It’s moving!!”

Everyone watched as the enormous hand which had once housed the headquarters of the Blood Stream Sect rose up, angled down, and then planted itself onto the ground. It was almost as if the body attached to that hand were about to use it to push itself into a standing position!!

Deafening booms filled the area, and countless crevices opened up in the ground. Dust billowed out in all directions, sweeping about like a cyclone as a huge depression opened up in the land.

Massive waves rolled out over the surface of the river in completely unheard-of fashion. At the same time, two enormous beams of light suddenly shone up from beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River!

They were eyes! The eyes of the Blood Ancestor, and the eyes of Bai Xiaochun!

After countless years of silence, the two eyes on the enormous head down below had opened!!

Chapter 326: Destination: Middle Reaches!!

The cultivators of the four divisions of the River-Defying Sect would never be able to forget the unbelievable event they were witnessing. It was now burned down into their minds, into their very souls, and would be there for all eternity!

As the hand settled onto the surface of the ground, the rest of the arm shot out from beneath the surface of the water!

The river surged with powerful waves that sent even the Profound Stream Division's 210,000-meter Heavenspan Battleship rocking back and forth. As for the Pill Stream Division's battleship, the patriarchs had to intervene to keep it stable.

The minds of all onlookers were left blank as they stared at the enormous arm sticking up out of the Heavenspan River.

Amidst the silence which prevailed, the two beams of light continued to shoot up into the sky. Intense rumbling sounds were accompanied by flashes of multi-colored light, as well as a powerful wind. Then, everyone could sense an indescribably powerful energy radiating out as the hand shoved down.

Something like an island appeared in the middle of the Heavenspan River, which was actually a head that slowly rose up from the surface of the water!

By now, even the 300,000-meter long Heavenspan Battleship was affected by the surging waves. All three of the huge battleships

were being pushed away down the river, causing gasps to ring out among the onlookers.

Even Gongsun Wan'er's eyes were wide, and an extremely rare expression of shock could be seen on her face.

Slowly, the head rose up, revealing two eyes that would leave anyone who saw them completely shaken to the core. Next, a nose became visible, and then the lips. Finally, a roar shot out from the mouth, a roar which could shake the heavens.

The sounds filling heaven and earth exceeded thunder. The Blood Ancestor's hand continued to push down as, next, his neck was revealed!

Before anyone could even react, the Heavenspan River virtually exploded, sending 300-meter-tall waves rolling out as another hand stretched out from the water and planted itself onto the opposite bank.

The ground quaked as crevices opened up and portions of the land completely collapsed. Beneath the hand of the Blood Ancestor, the seemingly rock-hard earth became as soft as putty.

Now that both hands were firmly planted, everything was cast into shadow as an unforgettably enormous figure slowly rose to a standing position above the Heavenspan River.

The head, the neck, the shoulders, and the chest rose up to an

unimaginable height. 300 meters. 3,000 meters. 30,000 meters. Soon, the portion of the Blood Ancestor which rose up above the river reached a height of tens upon tens of thousands of meters.

His broad shoulders were almost as wide as the Heavenspan River itself. Every scrap of muscle on his body radiated terrifying pressure, and his waist was so narrow that it almost formed a triangle with his shoulders....

Although everything beneath his waist was below the surface of the river, anyone who possessed the ability to do so would be able to see that the Blood Ancestor's feet were already planted on the river bottom!

To cultivators, the Heavenspan River was profoundly deep, but to the Blood Ancestor, that was not the case!

Although it was the Blood Ancestor who was standing up, Bai Xiaochun was now the Blood Ancestor's soul, and its entire body was under his control. As he looked out of the Blood Ancestor's eyes, heaven and earth seemed much smaller. To him, the mountains were nothing more than playthings, and the mighty river below him was like a stream.

The mightiest of trees were like grass, and the cultivators were like tiny ants.

The feeling was difficult to describe. As he lifted his gaze, he felt as if he could reach up and pluck the heavenly bodies out of the sky. His heart swelled, and after a moment, he couldn't help but

throw his head back and let loose a long cry!

That cry shook the highest heavens, and filled the entire continent. Birds and beasts trembled in terror, and the waters of the Heavenspan River surged. The huge golden crocodile which lay beneath its surface looked up, and even it appeared to be shaken.

There were other enormous beasts who were similarly terrified, and left shaking.

“Blood Ancestor!” murmured founding patriarch Frigidsect. His scalp was tingling, and he was shaking visibly. Next to him, Li Zimo, Patriarch Ironwood, and the other patriarchs were similarly ashen-faced and incredulous.

“I can’t believe it actually moved....”

“Now that is how to make an impression. The Blood Stream Division is going to use the body of the Blood Ancestor to move upriver!!” Patriarch Crimson soul was struck speechless, and the other Nascent Soul Daoist masters from the Profound Stream Division were all completely taken aback.

It was even more the case with the Pill Stream Division. All eyes were focused on that towering figures which blotted out even the sun!

If even the patriarchs were reacting in such a way, there was little need to mention the Gold Core and Foundation

Establishment experts. All cultivators from all four divisions were shaken and excited. Of course, most excited of all were the cultivators from the Blood Stream Division. All of them dropped to their knees to kowtow to the Blood Ancestor, calling out at the tops of their lungs.

“Greetings, Blood Ancestor!!”

“Greetings, Blood Ancestor!!” The words echoed out throughout the lands in shocking fashion!

Meanwhile, aboard the Spirit Stream Division’s Heavenspan Battleship, Gongsun Wan’er was looking at the Blood Ancestor with a strange expression on her face. She seemed confused, and was frowning; apparently, she was trying to recall something, but was having trouble doing so.

Then she saw the Blood Ancestor’s eyes, and she felt as if she were looking at Bai Xiaochun’s eyes. At that point, a mysterious light rose up in her own gaze.

There was another woman who had a very strange expression on her face, an expression of both reverence and fear, as well as a level of incredulity that surpassed virtually everyone else present.

That young woman was in the Pill Stream Division. She was so beautiful as to cause almost any male to lose control around her... Chen Manyao.

There was another shadowy figure that no one else detected, not even Bai Xiaochun. In the moment that he took full control of the Blood Ancestor, that figure appeared high up in the sky.

He wore a long black robe, and it was impossible to make out his facial features. However, he was clearly very old, and was permeated with an aura of death.

He was looking at the Blood Ancestor with mixed emotions, including reminiscence.

If Bai Xiaochun had been able to see him, he would have recognized him immediately. That old man was the same man he had run into in the nameless mountains, the person who had saved his life. The gravekeeper!!

After a moment, the gravekeeper sighed, and then vanished without a trace....

As the Blood Ancestor rose to his feet, massive amounts of Heavenspan River water flowed off of him, pouring down like rain toward the surface of the earth. The patriarchs gasped and immediately drove the water away from the cultivators of their various divisions. After all, that water was so powerful it could instantly melt many of the weaker cultivators upon contact.

Bai Xiaochun looked back down at the area around him. He was still not quite used to the new sensations he was feeling. However, after seeing that his disturbance of the Heavenspan River water hadn't hurt anyone, he breathed a sigh of relief. As of this

moment, he realized that his own body was actively benefiting from having seized control of the Blood Ancestor, and was slowly growing more powerful.

His Asura Body was improving!

“It’s too bad the Blood Ancestor is dead. I can control his body, but can’t unleash the true power he was capable of in life. Even the fleshly body power I can unleash is only a small portion of his true potential.” After taking some more time to analyze his connection to the Blood Ancestor, he had a better idea of the situation.

Even the small portion of power he controlled was enough that a single fist strike on his part was more than a Nascent Soul patriarch could withstand!

After a bit more contemplation, he sensed the thoughts and fluctuations of the other Blood Stream Division cultivators inside the Blood Ancestor. He could even sense the divine sense of arch-patriarch Master Godwind. With that, he stretched out the hand that had once been the headquarters of the Blood Stream Sect, and placed it back down onto the ground.

When he spoke, his voice caused all the lands to shake.

“Blood Stream Division, to me!”

The excited Blood Stream Division disciples excitedly flew forward toward the opening in the hand. After they were all safely

inside of the Blood Ancestor, Bai Xiaochun lifted the hand back up, and then pointed up the river.

“Army of the River-Defying Sect, let us begin our march!!”

As his thunderous voice boomed, Bai Xiaochun sent one of the Blood Ancestor’s legs forward, and he began to walk up the river!

Spirit Stream Division founding patriarch Frigidsect took a deep breath and then waved his hand, sending the Spirit Stream Division into action. The 300,000-meter Heavenspan Battleship erupted with shocking power as it began to slice through the water after the Blood Ancestor.

The Profound Stream Division and the Pill Stream Division similarly sent their battleships into motion. Soon, they were all following along, traveling up the Heavenspan River toward the Middle Reaches!

The sun was beginning to set. A huge giant was in the lead, followed by three enormous battleships. As they proceeded up the river, the heavens shook and the lands quaked. It was a majestic sight!

All beasts who inhabited the Heavenspan River were completely incapable of hindering their path, and did nothing but flee from them.

End of Book 2

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